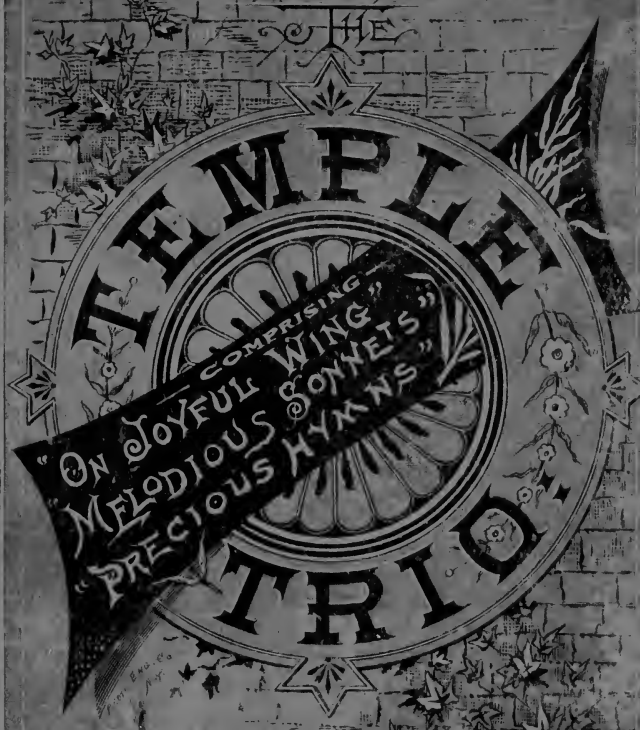


EDITORS
OF
MUSIC,
JOHN P. SWENEY & W. J. KIRKPATRICK




JOHN J. HOOD
PHILADELPHIA,
PA.

SCC
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Benson

COMPRISING
Redemption Songs, Joyful Sound,
Showers of Blessing.



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ON JOYFUL WING.

1

Sing with Me.

J. P. D.

Rev. J. P. DIMMITT.

1. Sing with me of a Saviour's love, Sing how he left his throne above,
2. Sing of him who the hungry fed, And by his word restored the dead,
3. Sing, oh, sing of the thorns he wore, Sing of the load of sin he bore,
4. Sing his vic-to-ry o'er the grave, Sing of his mighty power to save,

Sing of his birth in low - ly stall, Sing how he loved us one and all.
Sing of the blind re-ceive-ing sight, Sing of his works of wondrous might.
Sing how he hung up-on the tree, Sing of his death for you and me.
Sing how he in - tercedes a-bove, Sing of his ev - er-last-ing love.

CHORUS.

Sing, sing, ev - 'ry one, sing, Sing of a Sav - iour's love;

Sing, sing of Je - sus our King, Reigning in heav-en a - bove.

2 Praise the Lord Jehovah's Name.

JENNIE GARNETT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. Hail, all hail, the Prince of glo-ry! Shout for joy, ye saints a - bove! -
2. Bring our hearts, a willing off'ring, Come with songs before his throne;
3. Ev - er - last - ing are his mer - cies; Like a rock his promise stands;
4. Let our grateful souls a - dore him For his kind and gracious care;



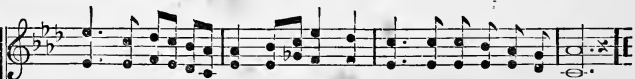
Tell, O earth, the grand old sto - ry Of Je - hovah's mighty love.
 We are his, for he has made us,—We are his, and not our own.
 Praise from ev - 'ry liv - ing crea - ture He by sov'reign right demands.
 Let our grate - ful souls a - dore him, And our lives his truth declare.



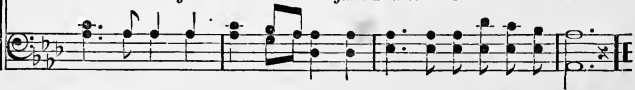
CHORUS.



Hal - le - lu - jah! winds and waters Send a - far the glad ac - claim;



Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Praise the Lord Jehovah's name!



Hear us, O Father.

Mrs. R. N. TURNER.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Be-fore thee, O Father, our souls would draw near, In fervent and
 2. How sweet to approach with our burden of sin, And feel it roll
 3. We drink from the fountain unfathomed and clear, That flows from the
 4. Oh, bliss without measure! the light of the throne By faith we can

sup-pliant prayer; O bend from the throne of thy mercy and hear The
 light-ly a-way! How sweet to be filled with thy presence within, While
 heart of our King; And reaching us, kneeling in suppli-ance here, Its
 joy-ful-ly see; In glad conse-ration thy glo-ry we own, And

CHORUS.

ear-nest pe-ti-tions we bear. Hear us, O Fa-ther, Al-
 low at thy foot-stool we stay!
 sweet-est re-freshment doth bring.
 yield our de-vo-tion to thee.

rall.

might-y and true, Throned in thy in-fin-ite love;

a tempo.

Waken our souls to devo-tion a-new, Hear our pe-ti-tions a-bove.

Looking unto Jesus.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Looking un - to Je - sus, Nev - er need we yield, O - ver all the
 2. Look a - way to Je - sus, Look a - way from all, Then we need not
 3. Looking un - to Je - sus, Wond'ringly we trace Heights of power and
 4. Looking up to Je - sus, On the em'rald throne, Faith shall pierce the

ar - mor Faith the bat - tle - shield; Stand - ard of sal - va - tion,
 stum - ble, Then we shall not fall; From each snare that lur - eth,
 glo - ry, Depths of love and grace; Vis - tas far un - fold - ing
 heavens, Where our King is gone; Lord, on thee de - pend - ing,

In our hearts unfurled; Let its el - e - va - tion O - vercome the world.
 Foe or phantom grim, Safe - ty this ensureth, — Look away to him.
 Ever stretch be - fore As we gaze, beholding Ev - er more and more.
 Now contin - ual - ly, Heart and mind ascending, Let us dwell with thee.

CHORUS.

Look - ing un - to Je - sus, Look - ing un - to Je - sus, Look - ing un - to

Je - sus, Nev - er need we yield; Look - ing un - to Je - sus,

Looking unto Jesus. — CONCLUDED.

Looking un - to Je - sus, O - ver all the armor Faith the battle shield.

5

I will Trust in Thee.

In answer to question of leader at Ocean Grove "Who will trust?"
 W. H. G. many rose, saying, "I will." W. H. GEISTWEIT.

1. Blessed Saviour, my sal - vation, I will trust in thee; I am saved from
 2. Sanctify and cleanse me, Saviour, I will trust in thee; Let me know thy
 3. Here I stand and thee confessing, I will trust in thee; Pour up-on my

CHORUS.

condemn - a - tion, I will trust in thee. Yes, I will, yes, I will,
 lov - ing fa - vor, I will trust in thee.
 heart thy blessing, I will trust in thee.

I will trust in thee; Thou, my Strength and Song forever, I will trust in thee.

6 We are Marching Home to Zion.

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

GEO. F. ROOT.

1. We are marching home to Zi-on, We are marching day by day ;
2. We shall see the King in beau-ty, We shall see him on his throne ;

We are marching home to Zi-on, We are pil-grims on the way :
He shall shine, a sun in splendor That a guid-ing light has shown ;

In the name of God our banners In the morning light we raise,
Day by day his grace increas-es, Bright-er hopes our spir - its fill ;

D. S.—We are marching home to Zi-on, We are marching day by day ;

Fine.
And with bursts of glad ho-san-nas Ev - 'ry day we end in praise.
Day by day our songs of triumph Near-er draw to Zi-on's hill.

We are marching home to Zi-on, We are pil-grims on the way.

CHORUS. *D. S.*
Marching on - ward, marching onward, Marching onward day by day ;
Marching onward, marching onward, Marching day by day, day by day ;

R. JUKES.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. My heart is fixed, e - ter-nal God, Fixed on thee, Fixed on thee, And
 2. In him I see the Godhead shine, Christ for me, Christ for me; He
 3. Let others boast of heaps of gold, Christ for me, Christ for me; His
 4. In pin-ning sickness, or in health, Christ for me, Christ for me; In

my im-mor - tal choice is made, Christ for me, Christ for me; He
 is the Ma - jes - ty Divine, — Christ for me, Christ for me; The
 rich - es nev - er can be told, Christ for me, Christ for me; Your
 deep - est pov - er - ty or wealth, Christ for me, Christ for me; And

is my Prophet, Priest, and King, Who did for me sal - va-tion bring,
 Father's well-belov - ed Son, Co - partner of his roy - al throne,
 gold will waste and wear away, Your hon - ors per - ish in a day;
 in that all-import - ant day, When I the summons must o - bey,

And while I've breath I mean to sing, Christ for me, Christ for me.
 Who did for hu-man guilt a - tone, Christ for me, Christ for me.
 My por-tion nev - er can de - cay, — Christ for me, Christ for me.
 And pass from this dark world a-way, Christ for me, Christ for me.

Trusting in the Name of Jesus.

CARRIE M. WILSON.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. In perfect peace I now can say, Trusting in the name of Je - sus, I
 2. I came with guilt and sin oppressed, Trusting in the name of Je - sus, I
 3. Beneath the hallowed mercy-seat, Trusting in the name of Je - sus, I

walk with God from day to day, Trusting in the name of Je - sus; I
 took his yoke and found sweet rest, Trusting in the name of Je - sus; How
 sit en - raptured at his feet, Trusting in the name of Je - sus; And

walk by faith and not by sight, Trusting in the name of Je - sus, His
 light my burdens now ap - pear, Trusting in the name of Je - sus; I
 when my span of life is o'er, Trusting in the name of Je - sus, My

Fine.
 love my theme from morn till night, Trusting in the name of Je - sus.
 have no time for doubt or fear, Trusting in the name of Je - sus.
 soul shall fly to yon - der shore, Trusting in the name of Je - sus.

D. S.—walk with God from day to day, Trusting in the name of Je - sus.

CHORUS.

D. S.

Trusting in the name of Je - sus, On - ly in the name of Je - sus, I

Lift Up Your Voice.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. O Saviour, precious Saviour, Whom yet unseen we love, O name of night and
 2. O Bringer of salvation, Who wondrously hath wrought, Thyself the reve-
 3. In thee all fulness dwelleth, All grace and power divine; The glory that ex-
 4. Oh, grant the consummation Of this our song above, In endless ad-o-

fa - vor, All oth - er names a - bove; We worship thee, we bless thee, To
 la - tion Of love beyond our thought; We worship thee, we bless thee, To
 cel - leth, O Son of God, is thine; We worship thee, we bless thee, To
 ra - tion And everlasting love; Then shall we praise and bless thee, Where

thee alone we sing; We praise thee and confess thee, Our holy Lord and King.
 thee alone we sing; We praise thee and confess thee, Our gracious Lord and King.
 thee alone we sing; We praise thee and confess thee, Our gracious Lord and King.
 perfect praises ring, And evermore confess thee, O gracious Lord and King.

CHORUS.

Lift up your voice and praise him, Lift up your voice and praise him,

With thankful heart and cheerful voice, Oh, praise our God and King.

Precious Blood of Jesus.

F. R. HAVERGAL

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Precious, precious blood of Je - sus, Shed on Cal - va - ry;
 2. Precious blood that hath redeemed us! All the price is paid;
 3. Precious, precious blood of Je - sus! Let it make thee whole;

Shed for reb - els, shed for sin - ners, Shed for me!
 Per - fect par - don now is of - fered, Peace is made.
 Let it flow in might - y cleans - ing ' O'er thy soul.

CHORUS.

Precious, precious blood of Jesus, 'Tis flowing, ev - er flowing free;

Oh, believe it, oh, receive it, 'Tis for thee.

4 Though thy sins are red like crimson,
 Deep in scarlet glow,
 Jesus' precious blood can make them
 White as snow.

5 Precious blood! by this we conquer
 In the fiercest fight;
 Sin and Satan overcoming
 By its might.

1. I've been to the field with the reapers, And there I have gleaned all day;
 2. O sweet was the song of the reapers, And bright was their golden grain.
 3. And still by the side of the reapers I ask that my place may be,

But my task was light, and my heart was glad, For I heard the Master say:
 As it waved in the light of the mid-day sun, And it smiled o'er the harvest plain.
 Till the sun shall set, and my work is done, And the Master calls me home.

CHORUS.

Rest by and by, rest by and by, Rest in the field a - bove; There is

rest by and by, happy rest by and by, And a crown of e - ter - nal love.

1. See the faithful now returning From the battle and the strife, They have
 2. See the reapers in the distance From the summer harvest-plain, To the
 3. Then the grand old ship of Zion Drops her anchor in the bay, Where her
 4. Oh, the meeting with the loved ones That were parted many years! Oh, the

held their post with val-or, And have reached the gate of life; There a-
 feet of their Redeem-er Bear-ing sheaves of golden grain; And a-
 thousands and her millions She has car-ried man-y-a day; And the
 bright, ce-les-tial dawning That shall nev-er set in tears! O, to

mid the shout of an-gels, While they ent-er one by one, Robe and
 mid the joy-ful welcome, With the ransomed host they sing, Hal-le-
 ar-mies of the faithful, And the reap-ers as they come, To the
 join that countless number In a land of fadeless flowers, Who would

CHORUS.

crown, and palm of triumph, Tell of du-ties no-bly done. They are
 lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! Till the hallowed arch-es ring.
 mar-in-ers re-turn-ing Shout a-gain the welcome home.
 mind the cares and heart-aches In this fleeting world of ours?

com-ing, they are com-ing To the kingdom and the mansions of the blest;

They are Coming.—CONCLUDED.

- They are coming, they are coming, Hallelujah! they are coming home to rest.

13

Ever Singing.

Mrs. E. C. ELLSWORTH. "With songs and everlasting joy"—Isa. xxxv. 10.

S. J. ROBSON.

1. On my way to Zi - on Songs my lips em - ploy; Ev - er fresh the
2. Songs of joy be - fore me Shall my soul in - cite, For I'm pressing
3. God my hand is hold - ing, And a song he gives, With the sweet as -
4. When with foes I'm fighting For the vic - to - ry, Songs of great de -

CHORUS.

good - ness, Ev - er new the joy. I am ev - er sing - ing,
 on - ward To the gold - en light.
 sur - ance, My Redeem - er lives.
 liv - rance Set my spir - it free.

Singing all the way; Singing thro' the darkness, Singing thro' the day.

ELLEN LAKSHMI GORCH,
A native of India.

Rev. D. C. JOHN.

1. In the se - cret of his presence How my soul delights to hide! Oh, how
2. When my soul is faint and thirsty, 'Neath the shadow of thy wing There is
3. Only this I know, I tell him All my doubts and griefs and fears; Oh, how
4. Would you like to know the sweetness Of the secret of the Lord? Go and

precious are the lessons Which I learn at Jesus' side! Earthly cares can never
cool and pleasant shelter, And a fresh and crystal spring; And my Saviour rests be-
patiently he listens! And my drooping soul he cheers. Do you think he nev'er re-
hide beneath his shadow And received this blest reward. But whene'er you leave the

vex me, Neither tri - als lay me low; For when Sa-tan comes to
side me, As we hold commu - ion sweet; If I tried I could not
proves me? What a false friend he would be, If he nev - er, nev - er
si-lence Of that hap - py meet - ing place, You must always bear the

tempt me To the secret place I go, To the se - cret place I go.
utter What he says when thus we meet, What he says when thus we meet.
told me Of the sins which he must see, Of the sins which he must see.
im-age Of the Mas - ter in your face, Of the Master in your face.

15 Dear Saviour, Cleanse Me Now.

FRANK GOULD.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



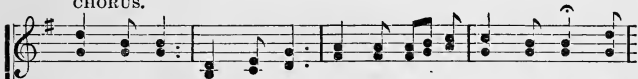
1. A trembling soul I come to thee, And, if there yet is room for me In
2. I come in simple faith alone, To plead thy merits,—not my own; I
3. I long to feel thy power divine, To see thy light around me shine, And
4. My life and breath, my heart and soul, I gladly yield to thy control; Oh,



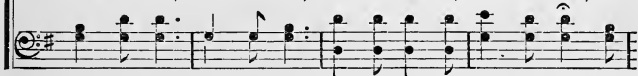
yon - der fount so full and free, Dear Saviour, cleanse me now.
 lay my heart be-fore thy throne, Dear Saviour, cleanse me now.
 know henceforth that I am thine, Dear Saviour, cleanse me now.
 let the heal - ing wa - ters roll, Dear Saviour, cleanse me now.



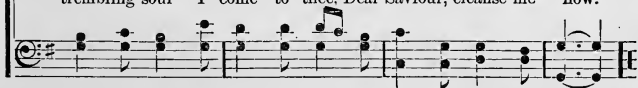
CHORUS.



Cleanse me now, cleanse me now, Bles - sed Saviour, cleanse me now; A

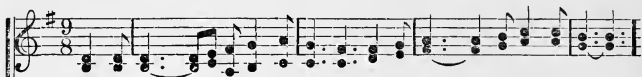


trembling soul I come to thee, Dear Saviour, cleanse me now.

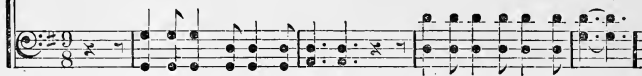


ALEXCENAH THOMAS.

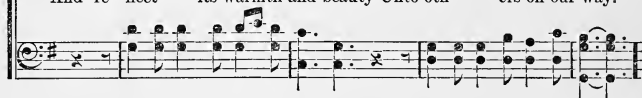
JNO R. SWENEY.



1. Look not on the clouds that gather Darkly o'er thy path to-day,
2. See! the gold - en rays are streaming From a lov - ing Father's hand,
3. Let us catch the blessed sunshine In our lives and hearts to-day,



But be - hold the blessed sunshine God hath strewn along thy way.
 Coming down our food to rip - en And to beau - ti - fy the land.
 And re - flect its warmth and beauty Unto oth - ers on our way.



CHORUS.



Catch the ra - diant beams of beauty, Emblem of his life di - vine;



Let his truth and blest exam - ple In thy life fore - er shine.



The Home-Land.

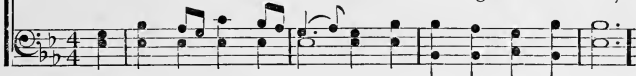
"To bring them unto a goodly land."—Ex. iii. 8.

REV. H. R. HAWES, M. A. (altered.)

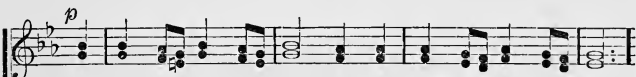
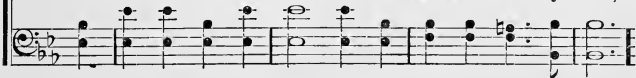
W. A. OGDEN.



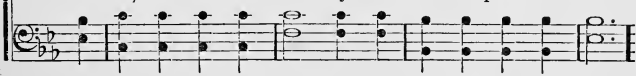
1. The home-land! oh, the home-land! The land of the free-born;
2. My Lord is in the home-land, With an-gels bright and fair;
3. For loved ones in the home-land Are wait-ing me to come,



No gloom-y night is known there, But aye the fade-less morn.
 No sin-ful thing nor e-vil Can ev-er en-ter there;
 Where neith-er death nor sor-row In-vade their ho-ly home;



I'm sigh-ing for the home-land, My heart is ach-ing here;
 The mu-sic of the home-land Is ring-ing in my ears,
 O dear, dear na-tive coun-try! O rest and peace a-bove!



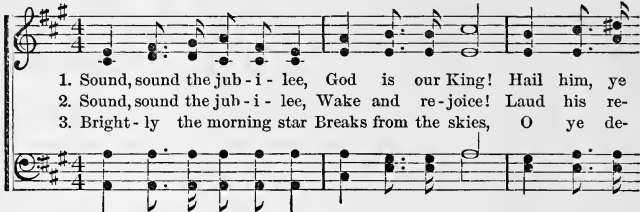
No pain is in the home-land To which I'm draw-ing near.
 And when I think of home-land, My eyes grow dim with tears.
 Lord, bring me to the home-land Of thy e-ter-nal love!



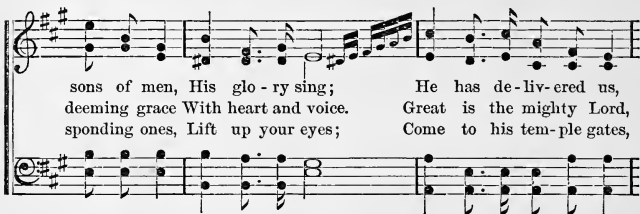
Sound the Jubilee.

MARTHA J. LANKTON.

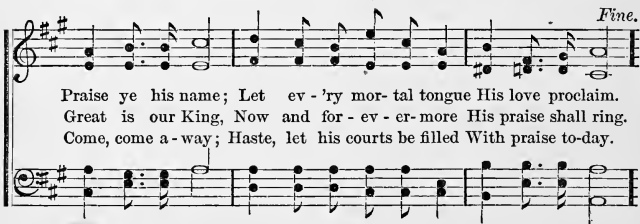
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Sound, sound the jub - i - lee, God is our King! Hail him, ye
 2. Sound, sound the jub - i - lee, Wake and re-joice! Laud his re-
 3. Bright - ly the morning star Breaks from the skies, O ye de-



sons of men, His glo - ry sing; He has de - liv - ered us,
 deeming grace With heart and voice. Great is the mighty Lord,
 sponding ones, Lift up your eyes; Come to his tem - ple gates,



Fine.
 Praise ye his name; Let ev - 'ry mor - tal tongue His love proclaim.
 Great is our King, Now and for - ev - er - more His praise shall ring.
 Come, come a - way; Haste, let his courts be filled With praise to-day.



a little slower.
 Our wonder - ful, wonder - ful Lord and Sav - iour,
 Oh, joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly come u - nit - ed,
 He ten - der - ly comforts the wea - ry - heart - ed,
 Our wonder - ful, wonder - ful Lord, our wonder - ful Lord and Sav - iour,
 Oh, joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly come, oh, joy - ful - ly come u - nit - ed,
 He tender - ly comforts the wea - ry, comforts the wea - ry - heart - ed,

Sound the Jubilee.—CONCLUDED.

Who rul-eth and reigneth from shore to shore,
 To hon-or and worship the Prince of Peace;
 His mer-cy en-dur-eth for-ev - - er - more;

Who ruleth and reigneth, who rul-eth and reigneth from shore to shore,
 To hon-or and worship, to hon-or and worship the Prince of Peace;
 His mer-cy en-dureth for-ev - er, en - dureth for-ev - er - more;

To him shall the princes of earth be gath - ered,
 Oh, joy-ful-ly, joy-ful-ly spread his tri - umph,
 Oh, wonder-ful, wonder-ful love of Je - sus!

To him shall the princes of earth, the princes of earth be gath - ered,
 Oh, joy-ful-ly, joy-ful-ly spread, oh, joy-ful-ly spread his tri - umph,
 Oh, wonder-ful, wonder-ful love, oh, wonder-ful love of Je - sus!

Use first four lines as Chorus, D. C.

And ag-es e-ter-nal his name a - dore.
 And get him the glo-ry that ne'er shall cease.
 We'll sing of its rapture when time is o'er.

And ag-es e-ter-nal, and ag-es e-ter-nal his name a - dore.
 And get him the glo-ry, and get him the glo-ry that ne'er shall cease.
 We'll sing of its rapture, we'll sing of its rap-ture when time is o'er.

1. The gold - en spires are gleaming Just on the oth - er side! I
 2. The fade-less flowers are blooming Just on the oth - er side, And
 3. With joy we soon shall gath - er Just on the oth - er side, While
 4. Yes, wait - ing, ev - er wait - ing Just on the oth - er side— Be-

see the turrets glis - ten Hard by the flowing tide; The pearly gates are
 down life's shining riv - er The crystal waters glide; The sons of glo - ry
 endless songs of triumph Come floating o'er the tide; In Eden's star-lit
 yond the roll - ing riv - er, Across the surging tide; Yes, waiting, ev - er

o - pen, The highway's large and free, And angel bands are wait - ing To
 lin - ger Beneath each spreading tree, And angel bands are wait - ing To
 mansions Our home shall ever be, And angel bands are wait - ing To
 wait - ing Up - on the Jas - per Sea, The angel bands are wait - ing To

CHORUS.
 welcome you and me. Wait - ing, wait - ing, beautiful forms I
 Waiting for you, waiting for me,

see, The an - gel bands are wait - ing To welcome you and me.

I Want to be a Worker.

I. B.

"The laborers are few."—Matt. ix. 27.

I. BALTZELL.

1. I want to be a worker for the Lord, I want to love and trust his holy
 2. I want to be a worker ev-'ry day, I want to lead the erring in the
 3. I want to be a worker strong and brave, I want to trust in Jesus' pow'r to
 4. I want to be a worker; help me, Lord, To lead the lost and erring to thy

word; I want to sing and pray, and be bu - sy ev -'ry day In the
 way That leads to heav'n above, where all is peace and love In the
 save; All who will tru-ly come, shall find a hap-py home In the
 word That points to joy on high, where pleasures never die In the

CHORUS.

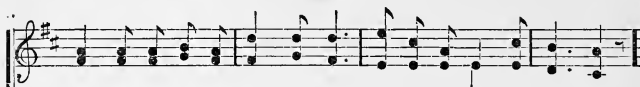
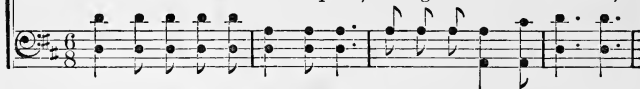
1. vineyard of the Lord. I will work, I will pray, In the
 2, 3, 4. kingdom of the Lord. I will work and pray, I will work and pray,

vineyard, in the vineyard of the Lord; of the Lord; I will work, I will

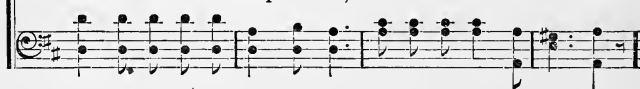
pray, I will la - bor ev -'ry day In the vineyard of the Lord.



1. Who - so - ev - er will come to me,—Wonder - ful words of Je - sus!
2. Who - so - ev - er! oh, there I cling, Trusting a - lone in Je - sus;
3. Who - so - ev - er a - thirst may be, Come with thy heart to Je - sus,
4. Who - so - ev - er will faithful prove, Do - ing the will of Je - sus,



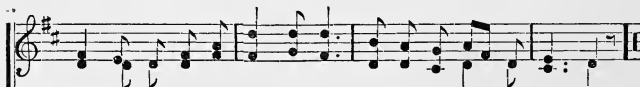
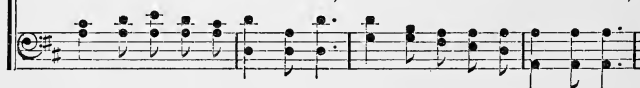
Shall not per - ish, but saved shall be;—Wonderful words of Je - sus!
 There my comfort and help I bring, Trusting a - lone in Je - sus.
 Drink the wa - ter of life so free, Come with thy heart to Je - sus.
 Life e - ter - nal shall reap a - bove, Hid in the life of Je - sus.



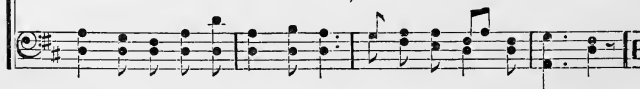
CHORUS.



Who - so - ev - er will now believe, Who - so - ev - er will Christ receive,



Who - so - ev - er will look shall live;—Wonderful words of Je - sus!



Call and I will Answer Thee.

"Call unto me and I will answer thee."—Jer. xxxiii. 2.

E. A. BARNES.


WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. A - mid these cares and sor - rows, When courage sinks a - way,
 2. A - mid these toils and tri - als, When I am worn and weak,
 3. To com - fort and sus - tain me, A - long this rug - ged way,

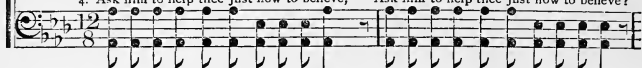
Out of the words that are divine, And sweetly to this heart of mine, I
 Out of the words of hope and love, That I may look to him above, I
 Out of the truths that ever shine, To sweetly win this soul of mine, I

rit. CHORUS.
 hear the Saviour say: Call and I will answer thee, Call and I will
 hear the Saviour speak:
 hear the Saviour say:

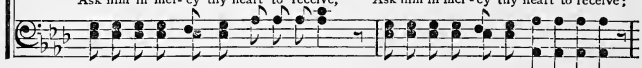
repeat pp ad lib.
 answer thee; Call in thy faith, call in thy need, And I will answer thee.



1. Wea - - ry and thirst - y, oh, why wilt thou roam?
 2. All the day long by the wayside he stands,
 3. Why wilt thou slight him, so faith - - ful and true?
 4. Ask him to help thee just now to be - lieve;
 1. Weary and thirsty, oh, why wilt thou roam? Weary and thirsty, oh, why wilt thou roam?
 2. All the day long by the wayside he stands, All the day long by the wayside he stands,
 3. Why wilt thou slight him, so faithful and true? Why wilt thou slight him, so faithful and true?
 4. Ask him to help thee just now to believe, Ask him to help thee just now to believe?



Why wilt thou wand - er, an ex - - ile from home?
 Show - ing the print of the nails in his hands;
 Night is approach - ing, and what wilt thou do?
 Ask him in mer - cy thy heart to re - ceive;
 Why wilt thou wander, an exile from home? Why wilt thou wander, an exile from home?
 Showing the print of the nails in his hands, Showing the print of the nails in his hands;
 Night is approaching, and what wilt thou do? Night is approaching, and what wilt thou do?
 Ask him in mer - cy thy heart to receive, Ask him in mer - cy thy heart to receive;



Come to the wa - ters that spar - kle so free,
 Come, or for - ev - er too late it may be,
 Deep - - er and deep - er the dark - ness will be,
 Come, and this mo - ment his child thou wilt be,
 Come to the wa - ters that sparkle so free, Come to the waters that sparkle so free,
 Come, or forev - er too late it will be, Come, or forev - er too late it will be,
 Deeper and deeper the darkness will be, Deeper and deeper the darkness will be,
 Come, and this moment his child thou wilt be, Come, and this moment his child thou wilt be,



Je - - - sus thy Sav - iour is plead - - ing with thee.
 Now thy Redeem - - er is plead - - ing with thee.
 Haste, while the Sav - iour is plead - - ing with thee.
 Grieve not the Sav - iour now plead - - ing with thee.
 Je - sus thy Sav - iour is pleading with thee, thy Saviour is pleading with thee.
 Now thy Redeem - er is pleading with thee, Re - deem - er is pleading with thee.
 Haste, while the Saviour is pleading with thee, the Saviour is plead - ing with thee.
 Grieve not the Saviour now pleading with thee, the Saviour now pleading with thee.

Pleading with thee.—CONCLUDED.

CHORUS.

Plead - - ing with thee, plead - - ing with thee,
Pleading with thee, pleading with thee, pleading with thee, pleading with thee,

Wait - - ing so pa - tient-ly, plead - ing with thee;
Wait-ing so patient - ly, pleading with thee, Waiting so patient - ly, pleading with thee;

Come to the wa - ters that spar - kle so free,
Come to the wa-ters that sparkle so free, Come to the waters that sparkle so free,

Je - - - sus thy Sav - iour is plead - - ing with thee.
Je-sus thy Sav-iour is pleading with thee, thy Saviour is plead-ing with thee.

E. A. BARNES.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. I will sing when morning cometh, And the shadows drift a - way,
 2. I will sing when I am bu - sy, Toil-ing on in hope and cheer,
 3. I will sing when evening cometh, And the light it steals a - way,

And I wake with grateful spir-it To be-hold an-oth-er day;
 Hap-py in the ma-n-y blessings That a-long my path ap-pear;
 And I rest a-mid the shadows, From the du-ties of the day;

'Tis the Lord who watches o'er me Thro' the night so still and long,
 I will sing when I am wea-ry With the burdens that I bear,
 To the Lord who reigns forev-er 'Mid the glad ce-les-tial throng,

And to him who ev-er hear-eth I will lift a morning song.
 For the Lord will ev-er keep me In his ten-der love and care.
 To the Lord, my hope of heav-en, I will sing an evening song.

CHORUS.

I will sing, I will sing, Making melo-dy unto the Lord, the Lord,

Making Melody.—CONCLUDED.

Repeat pp.

I will sing, I will sing, Making melo - dy un - to the Lord.

Detailed description: This block contains the musical score for the first piece. It features a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature. The melody is written on a single staff, with lyrics underneath. The lyrics are "I will sing, I will sing, Making melo - dy un - to the Lord." The music concludes with a repeat sign and a dynamic marking of *pp.* (pianissimo).

25

Care for the Desolate.

FRANK GOULD.

J. R. S.

1. Care for the des - o - late, Homeless and cold, Out in a
 2. Go to them lov - ing - ly, Go in his name; Oh, what a
 3. Plead with them pa - tient - ly,—Faith can - not fail; Pray for them
 4. Leave not the work undone,—Toil with your might; "Rest aft - er

Detailed description: This block contains the musical score for the second piece. It features a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F-sharp) and a 3/4 time signature. The melody is written on a single staff, with lyrics underneath. The lyrics are numbered 1 through 4. The music concludes with a repeat sign.

CHORUS.

wil - derness, Far from the fold. Hark! 'tis the Master calls,
 ble - sed work, Souls to re - claim!
 ear - nest - ly,—Prayer will pre - vail.
 la - bor comes, Morn aft - er night." Hark!

Detailed description: This block contains the musical score for the chorus of the second piece. It features a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F-sharp) and a 3/4 time signature. The melody is written on a single staff, with lyrics underneath. The lyrics are "wil - derness, Far from the fold. Hark! 'tis the Master calls, ble - sed work, Souls to re - claim! ear - nest - ly,—Prayer will pre - vail. la - bor comes, Morn aft - er night." Hark! The music concludes with a repeat sign.

Hear and o - bey: Care for the per - ish - ing,— Seek them to - day.

Detailed description: This block contains the musical score for the final part of the second piece. It features a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F-sharp) and a 3/4 time signature. The melody is written on a single staff, with lyrics underneath. The lyrics are "Hear and o - bey: Care for the per - ish - ing,— Seek them to - day." The music concludes with a repeat sign.

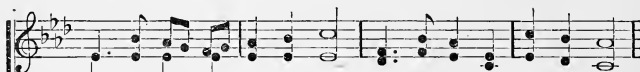
Show me the Rock.

WM. R. LONDON.

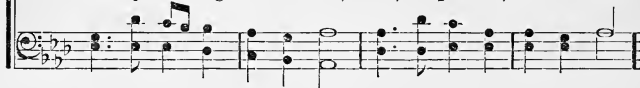
JNO. R. SWENEY.



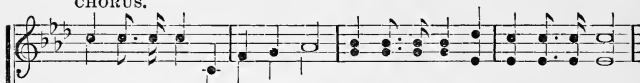
1. Saviour, break this heart of mine, Melt it now with love di-vine;
2. Bend thine ear and hear my cry, Leave me not in sin to die:
3. Reach thy hand and lift my soul From the waves that o'er me roll;
4. Save me now and ev - er - more; Lord, I would thy name a - dore;



On - ly thou my help must be, On - ly thou canst set me free.
 This my hope, my on - ly plea,—Thou didst come to res-cue me.
 Where for ref - uge can I flee? Lord, I per-ish; save thou me.
 Hide my trembling soul in thee; Lord, I per-ish; save thou me.



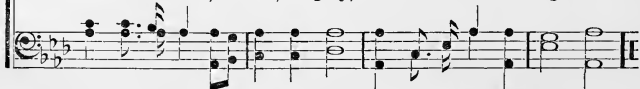
CHORUS.



Out of the deep and mi-ry clay Take me a-way, oh, take me a-way;



Show me the Rock, O Lord, I pray, Rock of e-ter-nal ag - es.



1. Je - sus, my on - ly hope, Friend ev - er dear, Bend to my
 2. Je - sus, my on - ly hope, Grant me thy grace,—Teach me in
 3. Je - sus, my on - ly hope, Je - sus, my King, Help me with
 4. Je - sus, my on - ly hope, Be thou my guest,—Un - der thy

earnest prayer Thy gracious ear; Come from thy throne above, Come and my
 joy or pain Thy hand to trace; Keep thou my heart in peace, Bid ev-'ry
 heart and voice Thy praise to sing; Now let thy beams divine Bright o'er my
 might-y wings, O, let me rest, Rest till the angel band—Home to the

dross re-move, Fill me with per-fect love, Sav-iour, to thee.
 mur-mur cease, Come and my faith increase, Sav-iour, in thee.
 pathway shine, Draw me, O Sav-iour mine, Clos-er to thee.
 promised land—Bear me at thy command, Sav-iour, to thee.

From "Our Sabbath Home," by per.

28

Nearer, my God, to Thee.

Tune above.

- 1 NEARER, my God, to thee!
 Nearer to thee,
 E'en though it be a cross
 That raiseth me;
 Still all my song shall be,
 Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee!
- 2 Though like the wanderer,
 The sun gone down,
 Darkness be over me,
 My rest a stone,
 Yet in my dreams I'd be
 Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee!
- 3 There let the way appear,
 Steps unto heaven;
 All that thou sendest me,
 In mercy given;

- Angels to beckon me
 Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee!
- 4 Then with my waking thoughts
 Bright with thy praise,
 Out of my stony griefs
 Bethel I'll raise,
 So by my woes to be
 Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee!
- 5 Or if on joyful wing
 Cleaving the sky,
 Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
 Upward I fly,
 Still all my song shall be
 Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee!

REV. J. DEMSTER HAMMOND

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. The whole wide world for Jesus, This shall our watchword be, Upon the highest
 2. The whole wide world for Jesus, Inspires us with the thought That ev'ry son of
 3. The whole wide world for Jesus, The marching order sound, Go ye and preach the
 4. The whole wide world for Jesus, In-the Father's home above Are many wondrous

mountain, Down by the widest sea. The whole wide world for Je - sus, To
 Adam Hath by the blood been bought. The whole wide world for Jesus, O
 gos - pel Wherev - er man is found. The whole wide world for Je - sus, Our
 mansions, Mansions of light and love. The whole wide world for Je - sus, Ride

him all men shall bow, In ci - ty or on prairie, The world for Jesus now.
 faint not by the way! The cross shall surely conquer In this our glorious day.
 banner is unfurled, We bat - tle now for Jesus, And faith demands the world.
 forth, O conquering king, Thro' all the mighty nations, The world to glory bring.

CHORUS.

The whole wide world, the whole wide world, Proclaim the gos - pel

tid - ings thro' the whole wide world, Lift up the cross for Je - sus, His

The Whole Wide World.—CONCLUDED.

banner be unfurled, Till ev'ry tongue confess him, thro' the whole wide world.

30

From This Hour.

RACHEL ELLIOT.

JNO R SWENEY.

1. We are praying, bles - sed Saviour, For a clos - er walk with thee;
2. We are praying, bles - sed Saviour, That thy will in us be done,
3. We are praying, bles - sed Saviour, That our lives thy praise may show,
4. And at last, when all is ov - er, And our languid eyes we close,

Fine.

We are pray - ing that thy spir - it In our hearts may ev - er be.
 We are ask - ing for a un - ion That in thee shall make us one.
 And thy gracious hand di - rect us In the way that we should go.
 May our souls a - wake re - joicing Where the crys - tal riv - er flows

With a per - fect love a - dore thee, Con - se - crated through thy word.

CHORUS.

D. S.

From this hour, O gracious Lord, May each wak - ing heart be - fore thee

Lead Me to Jesus.

E. D. M.

"And Jesus stood and commanded him to be brought unto him."
 Luke xviii. 40.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. Lead me to Je - sus, my soul is so weary, Wea - ry of bearing the
 2. Mountains impass - ble, sins rise around me, Hiding the light of the
 3. Lead me to Je - sus, my soul now returning, Seeks in its bo - som its

yoke of sin; Dark clouds above me, my path - way is drea - ry,
 Fa - ther's face; Sit - ting in darkness, sin fet - ters have bound me,
 rest - ing - place; Lead me to Je - sus, my heart now is burning,

CHORUS.

Joy nev - er dwells my sad heart with - in. Lead me to Je - sus,
 Vain - ly I strug - gle without his grace.
 Long - ing for mer - cy, and love, and grace.

lead me to - day; Lead me to Je - sus, lead me, I pray;

Tender - ly, careful - ly, Loving - ly, prayerfully, Lead me to Je - sus.

1. From the gloom of un - be - lief, Ho - ly Spir - it, hear my cry,
 2. Doubt dispelled and faith complete, Full of hope I trav - el on;
 3. Glo - ry be to God on high, To the Fa - ther and the Son,

Send to me thy sweet relief, Send, oh, send it, or I die; Send the gospel's
 Sol - id rock beneath my feet, Life e - ternal shall be won! Spirit, help me
 And the Spir - it; an - gels cry, Worship the Almighty One! Thus I worship

light and love, Send it quickly from above, Light of blessed hope and joy,
 on my way, Spir - it, help me ev - 'ry day; Then, if doubt or sin assail,
 ev - 'ry day; Blessed hope comes in to stay, Peace abides, a joy - ful guest,

CHORUS.

Such as doubt can ne'er destroy. Halle - lu - jah! light comes in; Hallelu - jah!
 With thy help I shall prevail.
 And my soul has perfect rest.

free from sin! Hal - le - lujah! hope and joy Such as doubt can ne'er destroy!

J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Leading souls to Jesus who are sad and lost, Who upon life's waters have been
 2. Leading souls to Jesus, telling them the way Out of nature's darkness into
 3. Leading souls to Jesus from their want and sin, Setting up his kingdom with its
 4. Leading souls to Jesus, as the stars to shine, In some humbly station, Master,

tempest-tossed; All the heavy-laden, burdened with their load, Whisp'ring of sal-
 God's own day; Kneeling with the sinner at the Saviour's feet, Even angels
 peace within; Till the Spirit witness in them o'er and o'er, Cleans'd are thy trans-
 be it mine; With forgiven sin-ners, not alone, to stand When I rise to

CHORUS.

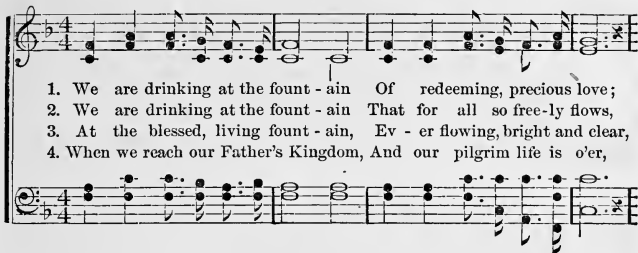
vation thro' the Lamb of God. Leading souls to Jesus! oh, may this be mine,
 can not know of work more sweet.
 gressious: go, and sin no more.
 glo-ry in the bet - ter land.

Till I cross the riv - er to that home divine; Sowing by all wa - ters,

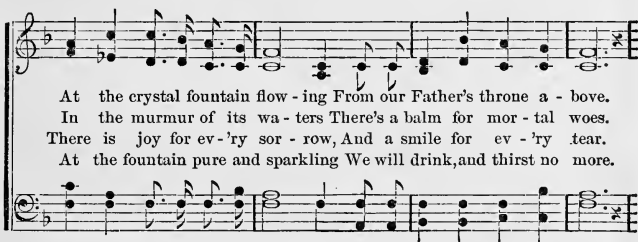
till the great day come, When with joy the reapers shout the harvest home.

MATILDA C. DAY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

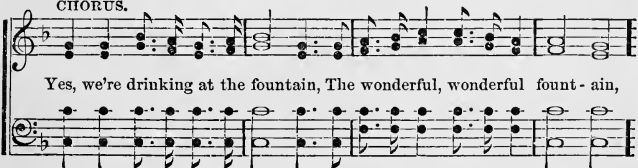


1. We are drinking at the fount - ain Of redeeming, precious love;
 2. We are drinking at the fount - ain That for all so free - ly flows,
 3. At the blessed, living fount - ain, Ev - er flowing, bright and clear,
 4. When we reach our Father's Kingdom, And our pilgrim life is o'er,

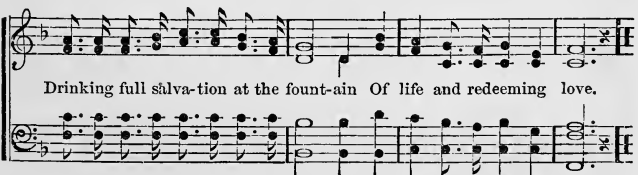


At the crystal fountain flow - ing From our Father's throne a - bove.
 In the murmur of its wa - ters There's a balm for mor - tal woes.
 There is joy for ev - 'ry sor - row, And a smile for ev - 'ry tear.
 At the fountain pure and sparkling We will drink, and thirst no more.

CHORUS.



Yes, we're drinking at the fountain, The wonderful, wonderful fount - ain,



Drinking full sálva - tion at the fount - ain Of life and redeeming love.

Only Remembered.

H. BONAR, D. D.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Up and away, like the dew of the morning, Soaring from earth to its
 2. Shall I be missed if an-oth-er succeed me, Reaping the fields I in
 3. Oh, when the Saviour shall make up his jewels, When the bright crowns of re-

home in the sun; Thus would I pass from the earth and its toil-ing,
 spring-time have sown? No, for the sow-er may pass from his la-bors,
 joic-ing are won, Then will his faith-ful and wea-ry dis-ci-ples,

CHORUS.

On - ly remembered by what I have done. On - ly remembered,
 On - ly remembered by what he has done.
 All be remembered for what they have done.

only remembered, Only remembered by what I have done, Only remembered,

rit.
 on - ly remembered, On - ly remem-bered by what I have done.

Never Delay.

W. G. TOMER.

With earnestness.

1. Ling-er not, ling-er not, let us seek him in our prayer, Let us
 2. Ling-er not, ling-er not, let us seek him now, to-day, If we
 3. Ling-er not, ling-er not, we can nev-er find a rest, For we

bow at his feet, he will surely meet us there; At the foot of the cross in the
 knock at the door he will never turn away; Oh, the riches of grace that in
 seek a new country, a home where dwell the blest; We will toil till our work of pro-

dust we all must fall; If we ask for his love he will answer one and all.
 Christ is always found! With the fulness of joy we forev-er may abound.
 bation here is done, For the crown is not ours till the victo-ry is won.

CHORUS.

Nev-er, no, never de-lay, Nev-er, no, never de-lay,
 no, nev-er de-lay, no, nev-er de-lay,

Up and be do - - ing, And never, no, never de - lay.
 Up and be do-ing, yes, up and be do-ing,

Repeat pp.

Jesus at the Door.

Written for W. H. D.

"I am the door."—John x. 9.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Hear the gen - tle voice that calls thee, Come and see, come and see;
 2. Art thou hun - gry? he will give thee Liv - ing bread, liv - ing bread;
 3. Art thou thirst - y? cool - ing wa - ter, Pure and free, pure and free,
 4. Art thou wea - ry? lay thy bur - den At the cross, at the cross;

Je - sus at the door of mer - cy Waits for thee, waits for thee.
 Lo! a ta - ble now be - fore thee, Rich - ly spread, rich - ly spread;
 From the spring of life e - ter - nal, Flows for thee, flows for thee,
 Count the world and all its plea - sures On - ly dross, on - ly dross;

To a kind - ly shel - ter nigh, Haste, O, haste thee, quickly fly.
 When such heavenly food is thine, Wilt thou in a des - ert pine?
 Trav'ler, drink, O, drink a - gain, Heal - ing balm for ev - 'ry pain.
 Come to Je - sus, wounded soul, He a - lone can make thee whole.

CHORUS.

Oh! the Sav - iour is standing at the door, at the door, Oh! the

Sav - iour is standing at the door— Wilt thou en - ter in, he will
 at the door,

Jesus at the Door.—CONCLUDED.

cleanse thy sin, Oh! the Sav - iour is standing at the door.

38

Dropping Pennies.

Mrs. FIDELIA H DEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Hear the pennies dropping, Listen while they fall, Ev-'ry one for Je - sus,
2. Dropping, dropping ever, From each little hand, 'Tis our gift to Je - sus,
3. Now, while we are little, Pennies are our store, But, when we are older,
4. Tho' we have not money, We can give him love, He will own our off'ring,

REFRAIN.

He will get them all.
 From his lit - tle band. Drop - ping, drop - ping, drop - ping, drop - ping,
 Lord, we'll give thee more.
 Smil - ing from a - bove.

Hear the pennies fall; Ev-'ry one for Je - sus, He will get them all.

I'll Never Let Go the Anchor.

S. MARTIN.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I'll nev-er let go the anchor, Where Jesus hath brought my soul, But
 2. My anchor that stood for ag - es, No changes nor time can move; 'Twill
 3. Oh, glo-ry to God! I'm hap-py; My trust in his word is strong; I
 4. Oh, glo-ry to God! I'm hap-py; I'll praise him on yonder shore; For

cling to it still with firm-ness, Though billows around me roll.
 sure-ly a-bide for - ev - er; 'Tis fixed on a Sav-iour's love.
 know that his hand up-holds me, And crowneth my life with song.
 now I can brave the tem-pest, And smile when the surges roar.

CHORUS.

a tempo.

I'll nev-er let go the anchor, Though heart and strength may fail; I'll

nev-er let go, I'll nev-er let go, Till gathered within the vale.

40 The Angels are Looking on me.

Rev. JOHN PARKER.

J. P.

1. Like Ja-cob, in his Beth-el rest, The an-gels are looking on me;
 2. Each night I lay me down to sleep, The an-gels are looking on me;
 3. And when I wake, new toils to meet, The an-gels are looking on me;
 4. A pil-grim to the heav'nly land, The an-gels are looking on me;
 5. And till I reach my home at last, The an-gels are looking on me;

They watch my pil-low—I am blest, The an-gels are looking on me.
 I know I'm safe, for an-gels keep, The an-gels are looking on, me.
 God's presence makes my joy complete, The an-gels are looking on me.
 My steps are kept by God's command, The an-gels are looking on me.
 With ev-'ry tear and tri-al past, The an-gels are looking on me.

REFRAIN.

All night, all night, The an-gels are looking on me;

All night, all night, The an-gels are looking on me!

Calvary.

"The place which is called Calvary, there they crucified him."

Rev. W. M'K. DARWOOD.

Luke xxiii. 33.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. On Calv'ry's brow my Saviour died, 'Twas there my
 2. 'Mid rending rocks and dark'ning skies, My Saviour
 3. O Je-sus, Lord, how can it be, That thou shouldst

• Lord was cruci- fied: 'Twas on the cross he bled for
 bows his head and dies; The opening vail reveals the
 give thy life for me, To bear the cross and ag-o-

me, And purchased there my par-don free.
 way To heaven's joys and endless day.
 ny, In that dread hour on Cal-va-ry!—

mf CHORUS. *p* *m* *p* *pp*
 O Cal-va-ry! dark Calva-ry! Where Jesus shed his blood for me, for me;

mf *ff* *mf* *rit. p*
 O Cal-va-ry! blest Cal-va-ry! 'Twas there my Saviour died for me.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

John iii. 16.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

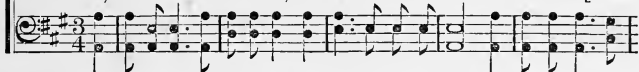
Solo ad lib.

1. God loved the world so tenderly His only Son he gave, That all who on his

2. Oh, love that only God can feel, And only he can show! Its height and depth, its

3. Why perish, then, ye ransom'd ones? Why slight the gracious call? Why turn from him

4. O Saviour, melt these hearts of ours, And teach us to believe That whosoever [whose



CHORUS.

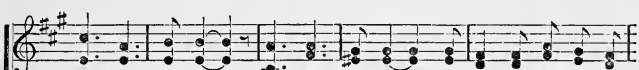
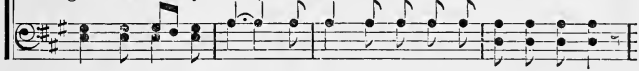
name believe Its wondrous pow'r will save. For God so loved the world that he
length and breadth Nor heav'n nor earth can know!

words proclaim E-ter-nal life to all?

comes to thee Shall endless life receive.



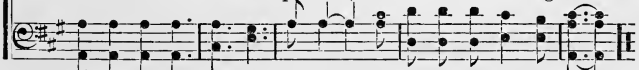
gave his on - ly Son, That who - so - ev - er be - lieveth in him



Should not per - ish, should not per - ish; That who - so - ev - er be -



lieveth in him Should not per - ish, but have ev - er - last - ing life.



1. The Spir - it and the Bride say, "Come! And drink of the water of
 2. "O, Come!" Let ev - 'ry one who hears To all who are near him now
 3. Who - ev - er will, come, taste and see! Your longings the Saviour can
 1. The Spirit and the Bride say, "Come!" The Spirit and the Bride say, "Come! And drink of the water, and
 2. "O, Come!" Let ev'ry one who hears, "O, Come!" Let ev'ry one who hears, To all who are near him, to
 3 Whoever will, come, taste and see! Whoever will, come, taste and see! Your longings the Saviour, your

life." O, bles - sed call, Good news for all, Who
 say, "I heard the sound, The stream I found, Be-
 fill! The stream is free To you and me, And
 drink of the water of life." O, blessed call, Good news to all, O, blessed call, Good news to all, Who
 all who are near him now say, I heard the sound, The stream I found, I heard the sound, The stream I found, I e-
 longings the Saviour can fill! The stream is free To you and me, The stream is free To you and me, And

CHORUS.

tire of sin and strife. . . The Spirit says, Come, The Bride says, Come, And
 hold the living way!" . .
 who - soe - ver will! . . .
 tire of sin and strife, Who tire of sin and strife. The Spirit says come, come, The Bride says come, come, And
 hold the living way!" Behold the living way!"
 whosoever will! And whosoever will!

drink of the wa - ter of life; The Spir - it says,
 drink of the water, and drink of the water of life, the water of life; The Spirit says, come,

The Universal Call.—CONCLUDED.

Come, The Bride says, Come, And drink of the water of life.
 come, The Bride says, come, come, And drink of the water of life, And drink of the water of life.

44

Each Heart Thy Temple.

Laura Miller.

Jno. R. Sweney.

1. Thou chief among ten thousand, More love-ly far than all;
2. We come, as thou hast taught us, Thy mer-its, Lord, we plead,
3. We know that thou art with us, We feel thy power di-vine;
4. Our souls, and all with-in us, We con-se-crate to thee,

Fine.

Re-veal thyself in glo-ry, While on thy name we call.
 Be-cause thou liv-est ev-er, For us to in-ter-cede.
 Thy Spir-it bear-eth wit-ness That we through grace are thine.
 And pray that in our weak-ness Thine arm our strength may be.

D. S.—Now make each heart thy tem-ple, And there henceforth a-bide.

CHORUS. *D. S.*

Thou chief a-mong ten thousand, Our on-ly faith-ful Guide,

I Trust in Thee Alone.

R. KELSO CARTER.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Je - sus, my faith I now confess, Thy presence doth my spirit bless, Thou
 2. No strength of mine I dare to claim, Be thine the glory and the fame, I
 3. When dangers thicken round my way, And foes engage in bloody fray, Thou,

art my peace and righteousness; I trust in thee a-lone, O Lord.
 rest on thine e - ter - nal name; I trust in thee a-lone, O Lord.
 thou alone can win the day; I trust in thee a-lone, O Lord.

CHORUS.

O Lord, I stand upon the rock, Thy precious blood has washed my sins a-
 O Lord, I stand up - on the rock,

way; With thee I walk in liv - ing light, That shineth
 With thee I walk in liv - ing light,

more and more to perfect day.

4 'Mid friends that doubt and foes that mock,
 When lightnings fall and thunders shock,
 Thou art my fortress and my rock;
 I trust in thee alone, O Lord.

5 O, soon I'll stand on heaven's height,
 Be crowned a victor in the fight,
 Thyself my everlasting light;
 I trust in thee alone, O Lord.

SALLIE MARTIN.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Trav-'ling onward from day to day Ov - er the vale of time,
 2. Trav-'ling onward, our course we keep, Ov - er the vale of time;
 3. What-if through trials our lot may be, Ov - er the vale of time?
 4. We are nearing the gold - en strand Ov - er the vale of time;

We will follow the King's highway Ov - er the vale of time.
 Now we scatter and now we reap, Ov - er the vale of time.
 Rest remaineth be-yond the sea, Ov - er the vale of time.
 Soon we'll enter the soul's bright land, Ov - er the vale of time.

CHORUS.

Gath - ering home, Gath - ering home, Meeting and gath - ering home;

One by one, when our work is done, Meeting and gath - ering home.

JOSEPH HART.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. Come, ye sin-ners, poor and need-y, Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
2. Now, ye need-y, come and welcome; God's free bounty glo - ri - fy;
3. Come, ye wea - ry, heav - y - la - den, Bruised and mangled by the fall;
4. Lo! th'incarnate God, ascend - ing, Pleads the mer - it of his blood:



Je - sus read - y stands to save you, Full of pi - ty, love, and power:
 True be - lief and true repent - ance, Ev - 'ry grace that brings you nigh,
 If you tar - ry till you're better, You will nev - er come at all;
 Ven - ture on him, ven - ture free - ly; Let no oth - er trust in - trude;



He is a - - ble, He is will - - ing, He is a - ble, He is
 He is a - ble, He is a - ble, He is willing, He is willing,
 Without mon - - ey, Without mon - - ey, Without money, Come to
 Not the right - - eous, Not the right - - eous, Not the righteous,—Sinners
 None but Je - - sus, None but Je - - sus, None but Je - sus Can do



will - ing: doubt no more; . . . He is a - - ble, He is
 doubt no more; He is a - ble, He is a - ble, He is
 Je - sus Christ and buy; . . . Without mon - - ey, Without
 Je - sus came to call; . . . Not the right - - eous, Not the
 helpless siu - ners good; . . . None but Je - - - sus, None but



Come, ye Sinners.—CONCLUDED.

will - - ing, He is a - ble, He is willing: doubt no more.
 will - ing, He is will - ing, He is will - ing: doubt no more.
 mon - - ey, Without money, Come to Jesus Christ and buy.
 right - - eous, Not the righteous,—Sinners Jesus came to call.
 Je - - sus, None but Je - sus Can do helpless sin - ners good.

48

Remember Calvary.

CHAS. WESLEY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. { Lamb of God, whose dy - ing love We now re - call to mind, }
 { Send the ans - wer from a - bove, And let us mer - cy find: }

Think on us who think on thee, And ev - 'ry struggling soul re - lease;

O re - mem - ber Cal - va - ry, And bid us go in peace!

2 By thine agonizing pain,
 And bloody sweat, we pray,
 By thy dying love to man,
 Take all our sins away:
 Burst our bonds, and set us free;
 From all iniquity release;
 O remember Calvary,
 And bid us go in peace!

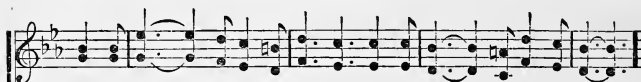
3 Let thy blood, by faith applied,
 The sinner's pardon seal;
 Speak us freely justified,
 And all our sickness heal:
 By thy passion on the tree,
 Let all our griefs and troubles
 O remember Calvary, [cease:
 And bid us go in peace!

Mrs. J. P. R. PERRY.

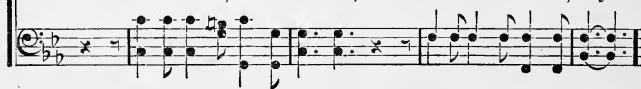
JNO. R. SWENEY.



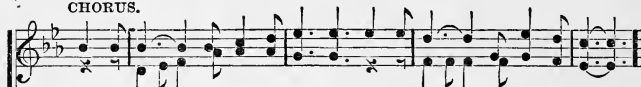
1. When the clouds were dark above me, And I heard the billows roll,
2. When the fiercest storms were raging, And I found no earthly rest,
3. Let me hear thy voice, my Saviour, While I tread the vale of life;
4. Let my spir - it gladly fol - low Where thou lead - est day by day;



How the lov - ing voice of Je - sus Whispered com - fort to my soul!
 Then my wea - ry head he pillowed On his kind and faithful breast.
 Let me hear its tones so gentle 'Mid the con - flict and the strife.
 When thou call - est, blessed Saviour, Let me nev - er answer, nay.



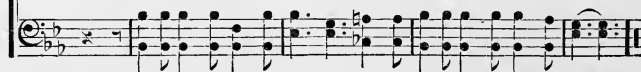
CHORUS.



Onward, then, I'll move in triumph, Till I reach the oth - er shore,



There to gath - er with the faithful, When the storms of life are o'er.



1. The way is long and dreary, The path is bleak and bare; Our feet are worn and
 2. The snows lie thick around us, 'Tis dark and gloomy night; The tempest wails a-
 3. Our hearts are faint with sorrow Heavy and hard to bear; We dread the bitter

wea - ry, But we will not de - spair: More heavy was thy burden, More
 bove us, The stars have hid their light; But blacker was the darkness Round
 mor - row, But we will not de - spair; Thou knowest all our anguish, And

des - o - late thy way; O Lamb of God, who tak - est The sin of the
 Calvary's cross that day; O Lamb of God, who tak - est The sin of the
 thou wilt bid it cease; O Lamb of God, we pray thee, Grant us thy

ad lib.

world a - way: Have mercy, have mercy, Have mercy on us, we pray.
 world a - way: Have mercy, have mercy, Have mercy on us, we pray.
 joy and peace: Have mercy, have mercy, Grant us thy joy and peace.

Lord, I Come Repenting.

REV. ARTHUR T. PIERSON, D. D.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Lord, I come re - pent - ing; Self and sin I long have sought,
 2. Lord, I come be - liev - ing; Ev - 'ry prom - ise hum - bly claim,
 3. Lord, I come o - bey - ing; Lo, I come to do thy will,

Wick - ed works my life has wrought, Sins of speech and secret thought,
 Trust the one and on - ly Name, Yes - ter - day, to - day the same,
 And, through seeming good or ill, Fol - low in thy footsteps still:

CHORUS.

Now I come re - pent - ing. Bowing low before thy throne, Trusting in thy
 Now I come be - liev - ing.
 Now I come o - bey - ing.

blood a - lone, Own me, Saviour, as thine own, While I come re - pent - ing.

ABBIE MILLS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. O happy day! what a Sav-our is mine! I am redeemed, praise the Lord!
 2. O clap your hands, all ye people of God, I am redeemed, praise the Lord!
 3. Thanks be to God for the great vict'ry given, I am redeemed, praise the Lord!
 4. Glory to God, I would shout ev - ermore, I am redeemed, praise the Lord!

Fine.

All to his pleasure I glad - ly re - sign, I am redeemed, praise the Lord!
 Let ev'ry tongue speak his mercy abroad, I am redeemed, praise the Lord!
 Now I am free; ev'ry chain has been riven, — I am redeemed, praise the Lord!
 O for a voice that could reach ev'ry shore, I am redeemed, praise the Lord!

Key C.

Jesus has taken my burden away; Jesus has turned all my night into day;
 His loving-kindness is better than gold; He doth bestow more than my cup can hold;
 Out of the pit, and the mire, and the clay, Jesus has borne me in triumph away;
 Help me, ye ransoms'd, awake, ev'ry string, Let earth rejoice and the whole heavens ring,

Use first four lines as Chorus. D. C.

Jesus has come to my heart, — come to stay, — I am redeemed, praise the Lord!
 Wondrous Salvation, that ne'er can be told, — I am redeemed, praise the Lord!
 Safe on the rock I am standing to - day, — I am redeemed, praise the Lord!
 While we the chorus u - ni - ted - ly sing, I am redeemed, praise the Lord!

Rev. C. H. YATMAN.

JNO. R. SWENEY

1. I know that my Redeem-er lives, I know he died for
 2. I know there is a crown of life, And robes of white to
 3. I know his blood for me was spilt, The wine press he hath
 4. I know that soon there will be rest For ev - 'ry wea - ry

me, I know that he salva-tion gives, I know his face I'll see.
 wear, I know that at the end of strife The victor's palm I'll bear.
 trod; I know that mansions have been built For all the sons of God.
 heart, I know that I with all the blest Shall have a glo - rious part.

CHORUS.

I know that my Redeem-er lives, I know his grace is full and

free; What joy 'twill be with him to dwell Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty.

The Strong One.

"Who is this from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah?"

REV. DWIGHT WILLIAMS.

DR. H. L. GILMOUR.

1. Who is this from Edom With his garments dyed, In his strength and greatness,
 2. Red is his appar - el; All the stains he wears Cover our transgressions—
 3. Hail the Lord of glo - ry! Hail the Saviour King; Let the people praise him;

By the world denied? This is Christ the mighty, Strong alone to save,
 Sin of men he bears. From the wine-press trodden, Where he went alone,
 Let them tribute bring. Now the path is o - pen To the pearly gate;

CHORUS.

All his foes are conquered,—Victor o'er the grave. Give him praise forever;
 He hath brought salvation,—Grace to ev'ry one.
 Go, ye ransomed sinners, For the price was great.

Give him throne and crown; Tell the world the story, Give the King renown!

Moderato.

1. The Cross and the Bi - ble, how precious their worth! From darkness re-

2. The Cross and the Bi - ble, how grandly sub - lime! Unmoved by the

3. The Cross and the Bi - ble, our com - fort and joy! The links that u-

claim - ing the lost ones of earth; The Bi - ble, to Je - sus our
chang - es and per - ils of time, They stand like a watch - tower, whose
nite them no power can de - stroy; E - ter - ni - ty's ag - es shall

lamp and our guide, Un - veils to our vis - ion the Cross where he died.
rock - gird - ed form Looks down on the tempest, and smiles at the storm.
hal - low their name, And millions on millions their worth shall proclaim.

CHORUS.

O, the Cross and the Bi - ble for me! O, the
the Cross

Cross and the Bi - ble for me! How precious their worth to the
the Cross

The Cross and the Bible.—CONCLUDED.

lost ones of earth! O, the Cross . . . and the Bi-ble for me.
O, the Cross

ad lib.

56

Thou thinkest, Lord, of me.

E. D. MUND.

"The Lord thinketh upon me."—Ps. xl. 17.

E. S. LORENZ.

1. A - mid the tri - als which I meet, Amid the thorns that pierce my feet,
2. The cares of life come thronging fast, Up - on my soul their shadow cast;
3. Let shadows come, let shadows go, Let life be bright or dark with woe,

Fine.

One thought remains supreme - ly sweet, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!
Their gloom reminds my heart at last, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!
I am con - tent, for this I know, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!

D.S.—What need I fear since thou art near, And thinkest, Lord, of me.

CHORUS. *D.S.*

Thou thinkest, Lord, of me, of me, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me, of me;

Pray for the Fallen.

MARTHA J. LANKTON.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Pray for the fal-len! oh, think of them kindly, Take them to Jesus, his
 2. Pray for the fal-len! oh, do not forsake them, Slaves to the tempter who
 3. Pray for the fal-len, the world has renounced them! Keen are its glances, its
 4. Pray for the erring! oh, think of them kindly, They are our neighbors, tho'

mercy implore; Tho' they have wander'd, and sad their condition, Prayer and our
 laughs at their pain; Fast in the fet-ters he forged to deceive them, Pi-ty and
 censure is cold; Yet the dear Saviour will gently receive them, He will not
 far they have stray'd; They are our brothers: go forth to their rescue! Give them our

CHORUS.

efforts their souls may restore. Pray for them earnestly, pray for them faithfully,
 help them again and a-gain.
 turn them away from his fold.
 friendship, our comfort, our aid. Pray earnest-ly, pray faith-ful-ly,

Prayers will be answered thro' Je-sus' dear name; Pray fervent-ly,
 Pray fer-vent-ly,

lov-ing, and tenderly,—Prayer and our ef-forts the lost may reclaim.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



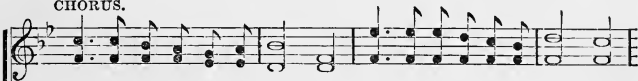
1. I have found a place for my weary head, In the bosom of my Sav-our;
2. I have found a place for my broken heart, In the bosom of my Sav-our;
3. I have found a place where I fain would lie, In the bosom of my Sav-our,



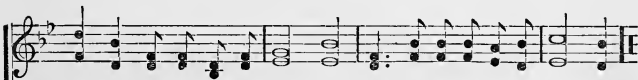
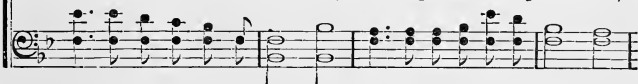
Where my sins I tell, and my tears I shed, In the bosom of my Sav-our.
 When I see the things I have loved depart, In the bosom of my Sav-our.
 When my work is done, and I come to die, In the bosom of my Sav-our.



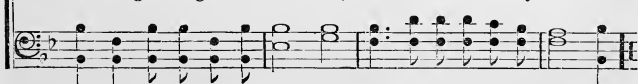
CHORUS.



'Neath his shadow safe he hides me, All things needful he provides me,



Precious gifts of grace divides me, In the bosom of my Sav-our.

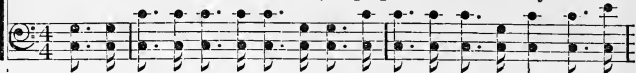


FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



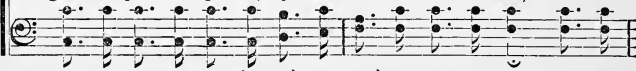
1. Thro' the gates of pearl and jasper To the ci-ty paved with gold, When the
2. When the harvest work is ended, And the summer days are past, When the
3. Let us fol-low on with firmness, keeping ev-er in the way Where our



ransomed host shall en-ter, And their gracious Lord be-hold, When they
reap-ers go re-joic-ing To their bright re-ward at last; When the
bles-sed Lord has taught us, To be faith-ful, watch and pray; Then, in



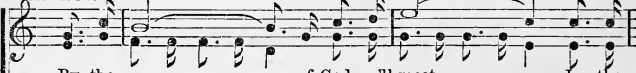
meet in bliss-ful triumph By the tree of life so fair Shall we
white-robed an-gel leads them to the gates of joy so fair, Shall we
garments pure and spotless, By the tree of life so fair, We shall



join the no-ble arm-y, And re-ceive a wel-come there?
join their hap-py num-ber? Will they bid us wel-come there?
sing through endless ag-es With the count-less mil-lions there.



CHORUS.



By the grace of God we'll meet In the
By the grace of God we'll meet, By the grace of God we'll meet In the



By the Grace of God, etc.—CONCLUDED.

ci - - ty's golden street, Shouting, glo - - - ry! hal-le-
ci - ty's gold - en street, golden street, Shouting, glo-ry! hal-le-lu - jah! Shouting,

lu - - - jah! At the dear - - - Redeem-er's feet.
glo - ry! hal - le - lu - jah! At our dear Re-deem-er's feet, Re-deem - er's feet.

60

Jesus Lives Forever.

Rev. JAMES MORROW. D. D.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Sing, ye people, loud and high, Jesus lives forever! He is Lord of earth and sky,
2. Come, ye people, here is rest—Jesus lives forever; As the birds return to nest,
3. Pray, ye people, night and day, Jesus lives forever; Mountains, nations may decay,
4. Hope, ye people, fear no doom, Jesus lives forever; Sunlight glints o'er pain and gloom,

To his people ever nigh; We must suffer, we must die, But Jesus lives forever.
Souls find answer to their quest Leaning on his welcome breast, Our Jesus lives forever.
Golden thrones become as clay, Art and science pass away, But Jesus lives forever.
Faith will triumph, tho' we soon touch the shadows of the tomb, For Jesus lives forever.

61 Do you Wonder that I Love Him?

E. D. MUND.

"We love him, because he first loved us."
1 John iv. 19.

E. S. LORENZ.

D. C. 1. Do you wonder that I love him? That he is so dear to me?
 D. C. 2. Do you wonder at the pleasure That in Je-sus' name I find?
 D. C. 3. Do you wonder that I la-bor 'Mid the hedg-es on the way?
 D. C. 4. Do you wonder that I'm yearning In my heavenly home to be?

Fine.
 That I hold no friend a - bove him? That I strive his child to be?
 That I count it dear - er trea - sure Than the joys of earth combined?
 That I seek my friend and neighbor Who has gone in sin a - stray?
 That my heart is ev - er turn - ing To that ci - ty o'er the sea?

He's the dear - est friend to me That my soul shall ev - er see;
 'Tis the dear - est name to me That in earth or heaven can be;
 'Tis the dear - est work to me That in earth or heaven can be;
 'Tis a home pre - pared for me Where from sin I shall be free;

D. C.
 For he died, I know, to save from woe A wick - ed wretch like me.
 When I take my care to God in prayer, That name is am - ple plea.
 When from sin they cease, accept God's peace, 'Tis joy enough for me.
 I shall see his face and prize the grace; In-his likeness I shall be.

I Will Bless the Lord.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I will bless the Lord at all times For his goodness unto me, For the
 2. I will bless the Lord, my Father, For his kindness day by day, For his
 3. I will bless the Lord, my Saviour, For he died to ransom me, That he
 4. I will bless the Ho-ly Spir - it, That my soul is sancti - fied, For his

CHORUS.

joys of his sal - va - tion, For his love so full and free. I will
 lov - ing arms a - round me, For his sunshine on my way.
 lives and reigns for - ev - er, And his glo - ry I shall see.
 prom - ise and his pres - ence, Ev - 'ry day my lov - ing guide.

bless the Lord, bless the Lord, bless the Lord at all times, And praise him, praise him,

Praise him o'er and o'er, I will bless the Lord, bless the Lord, bless the Lord at

all times! Till I strike my harp in Zion With his saints fore - er - more.

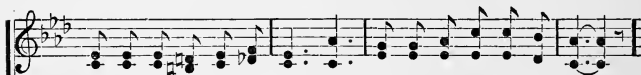
Keep Thy Faith Steady.

MARTHA J. LANKTON.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Keep thy faith steady, my brother, Shedding its beauti - ful ray,
2. Keep thy faith steady, my brother, Firm as a rock let it be;
3. Keep thy faith steady, my brother, Looking to Je - sus a - lone;
4. Keep thy faith steady, my brother, Souls by its light may be won;



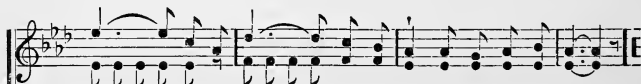
Clear as the brow of the morn - ing, Bright as the eye of the day.
 Pray, and believe when thou prayest, Love hath an answer for thee.
 Then will the blessing thou seekest Drop like the dew from his throne.
 Trust till thy journey is o - ver, Trust till thy life-work is done.



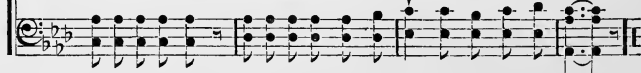
CHORUS.



Tran - - quil - ly shin - ing, nev - - er de - clin - ing,
 Tranquil - ly, tran - quil - ly shin - ing, nev - er, no, nev - er de - clin - ing,



Keep . . . thy faith stead - - y, and wait, oh, wait on the Lord.
 Keep thy faith steady, keep thy faith steady,



LIZZIE EDWARDS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. In thy book, where glory bright Shines with never - fad - ing light,
 2. In the book, whose pages tell Who have tried to serve thee well,
 3. In the book, where thou dost keep Record still of years that sleep,
 4. O my Saviour, thou canst show What I long so much to know :

Where thy saved thou wilt re - cord, Write my name, my name, O Lord.
 O'er my name let mer - cy trace Child of God, redeemed by grace.
 Let my name be writ - ten down Heir to life's im - mor - tal crown.
 Let my faith be - hold and see That my life is hid with thee.

CHORUS.

Write my name in the book of life, Lamb of God, write it there;

Where thy saved thou wilt re - cord Write my name, my name, O Lord.

Fall into Line.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Fall in - to line, brother, fall in - to line! Hearken to me, to the
 2. Fall in - to line, brother, fall in - to line! See how the hosts of the
 3. Fall in - to line, brother, fall in - to line! God is om - ni - po - tent

mes - sage di - vine! Je - sus invites you to join in the fray,
 foe - man com - bine! Join in the con - flict and rush to the field,
 and he shall win! On - ly be true to thyself and the Lord,

CHORUS.

Gives you as - sur - ance of vic - t'ry to - day. Fall in - to
 Till we shall crush and compel them to yield.
 And you shall share the e - ter - nal re - ward. Fall in - to line,

line, soldiers, fall in - to line! On to the
 fall in - to line, Fall in - to line, sldiers, fall in - to line! On to the bat - tle,

bat - - tle, for Je - sus shall win! Fierce is the war - fare with
 fall in - to line!

Fall into Line.—CONCLUDED.

rit.

Sa - tan to-day; Arm for the con - flict and march to the fray.

66

Eternity!—Where?

A young man was working alone in a large room in which was a big clock, the loud ticking of which seemed to frame itself into the words, "Eternity!—where?" Unable to endure any longer the reflections thus awakened, he arose and stopped the clock; but the question, "Eternity!—where?" still so haunted him, that he threw down his work, and hurrying home, determined that he would not allow anything to engage his thoughts till he could satisfactorily answer that searching question, "Eternity!—where?"

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. "E - ter - nity!—where?" It floats in the air; Amid clam - or or
2. "E - ter - nity!—where?" Oh! Eternity!—where? With redeemed ones in
3. "E - ter - nity!—where?" Oh! how can you share The world's giddy
4. "E - ter - nity!—where?" Oh! friend, have a care; Soon God will no
5. "E - ter - nity!—where?" Oh! Eter - nity!—where? Friend, sleep not, nor

si - lence it ev - er is there! The ques - tion so solemn—"E - glo - ry? or fiends in de - spair? With one or the oth - er—"E - pleasures, or heed - less - ly dare Do aught till you set - tle—"E - long - er his judgment for - bear; This day may de - cide your "E - take in the world an - y share, Till - you answer this question—"E -

rit. e dim.

ter - nity!—where?" The question so solemn—"E - ter - nity!—where?"
 ter - nity!—where?" With one or the oth - er—"E - ter - nity!—where?"
 ter - nity!—where?" Do aught till you settle—"E - ter - nity!—where?"
 ter - nity!—where?" This day may decide your "E - ter - nity!—where?"
 ter - nity!—where?" Till - you answer this question—"Eternity!—where?"

Mighty Jesus Saves.

REV. E. H. STOKES, D. D.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. Pe - ter on the trou - bled sea, Heedless of the tempest shock,
2. Walk - ing thro' the storm and strife, Wailing winds and billows roar,
3. Walk - ing thus and all is well, With my eyes on help divine,—



CHORUS.



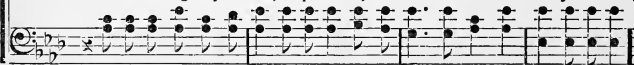
Walks the waters stead - i - ly, As up - on the gran - ite rock. Tho' the
Bles - sed promis - es of life Bear me up for - ev - er - more.
Yea, in death my lips shall swell Songs triumphant and sublime.



howl - ing tempest raves, Jesus, mighty Je - sus, saves;

Tho' the howling tempest raves, tempest raves,

Jesus saves;



While I walk . . . the troubled waves, Jesus, mighty Je - sus, saves.

While I walk the troubled waves, troubled waves,



JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

"God is a refuge for us."—Ps. lxii. 8.

J. W. BIECHOFF.

Tenderly.

1. In the dark - est hour That my heart may know
 2. Here there is no ref - uge For the soul op - pressed;
 3. Poor, and weak, and wretch - ed, Full of fears and woe,
 4. Bound in cords of an - guish, By my sins dis - mayed;
 5. Joy in trib - u - la - tion! Hope that sets me free!

Out of Sa - tan's power Whith - er shall I go?
 Whith - er shall I jour - ney? Whith - er seek for rest?
 To be free from tor - ment, Whith - er can I go?
 Whith - er, then, ah, whith - er Can I look for aid?
 Je - sus, my sal - va - tion, Lo! I turn to thee.

CHORUS. *Cheerfully.*

To Je - sus! to Je - sus! On - ly un - to Je - sus, The

p Sav - iour so com - pas - sionate, The sin - ner's on - ly Friend, The

p Sav - iour so com - pas - sionate, The sin - ner's on - ly Friend.

Joy Bells.

MARTHA J. LANKTON.

FOR PRIMARY CLASS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Pretty, golden sunbeams, Looking from the sky, Call us now to wake and sing
 2. Pretty birds that carol From the waving trees, Hiding in the branches green,
 3. Shall our tongues besilent? Have we naught to say, When our hearts can feel his love

Praise to God on high; Song and beauty ev'rywhere, On the earth and in the air,
 Cradled on the breeze, Thro' the laughings summer days Still their great Creator praise;
 Better far than they? Like the beams that sparkle bright, Like the birds on pinions light,

CHORUS.

Still the blessed truth declare, God, our God, is love. Joy bells, joy bells,
 In the simple tones they raise Telling God is love.
 Like the bells, let all u-nite, Singing, God is love. Joy bells, joy bells, merry joy bells,

Repeat pp.

Hear them ringing, sweetly ringing; Hear the joy bells, joy bells Echo God is love.
 joy bells, joy bells, merry joy bells

1. What if your own were starving, Fainting with fam-ine pain, And
 2. What if your own were thirsting And never a drop could gain, And
 3. What if your own were darkened, Without one cheering ray, And

yet you knew where golden grew Rich fruit and ripened grain? Would you
 you could tell where a sparkling well Poured forth melodious rain? Would you
 you alone could show where shone The pure, sweet light of day? Would you

hear their wail As a thrice told tale, And turn to your feast again? feast again?
 turn aside, While they gasped and died, And leave them to their pain? to their pain?
 leave them there In their dark despair, And sing on your sunlit way? sunlit way? "

4 What if your own were wand'ring
 Far in a trackless maze,
 And you could show them where to go
 Along your pleasant ways?
 Would your heart be light,
 Till the pathway right
 Was plain before their gaze?

5 What if your own were prisoned
 Far in a hostile land,
 And the only key to set them free
 Held in your safe command?
 Would you breathe free air,
 While they stifled there,
 And wait, and hold your hand?

6 Yet, what else are you doing,
 O ye by Christ made free, [well,
 If you'll not tell what you know so
 To those across the sea,
 Who have never heard
 One tender word
 Of the Lamb of Calvary?

7 "They're not our own," you answer,
 "They're neither kith nor kin."
 They are God's own: his love alone
 Can save them from their sin;
 They are Christ's own:
 He left his throne
 And died their souls to win.

The Handwriting on the Wall.

K. S.

"And the king saw the part of the hand that wrote."
Dan. v. 5.

KNOWLES SHAW.

1. At the feast of Bel-shaz-zar and a thou-sand of his lords,
2. See the brave cap-tive, Dan-iel, as he stood be-fore the throng,
3. See the faith, zeal, and courage, that would dare to do the right,
4. So our deeds are re-cord-ed—there's a Hand that's writing now,

While they drank from golden ves-sels, as the Book of Truth re-cords,
And rebuked the haughty monarch for his might-y deeds of wrong,
Which the Spir-it gave to Dan-iel—this the se-cret of his might;
Sin-ner, give your heart to Je-sus, to his roy-al mandate bow,

In the night as they rev-el in the roy-al pal-ace hall,
As he read out the writing—'twas the doom of one and all,
In his home in Ju-de-a, or a cap-tive in the hall,
For the day is ap-proach-ing—it must come to one and all,

They were seized with con-ster-na-tion, 'twas the Hand up-on the wall.
For the kingdom now was finished—said the Hand up-on the wall.
He un-derstood the writ-ing of his God up-on the wall.
When the sin-ner's con-dem-na-tion will be writ-ten on the wall.

The Handwriting, etc.—CONCLUDED.

CHORUS.

'Tis the hand of God on the wall, writ - ing on the wall, 'Tis the

hand of God on the wall; Shall the record be, "Found wanting," or
writ - ing on the wall;

shall it be, "Found trusting?" While that hand is writing on the wall.
writing on the wall.

72

♩ for a Closer Walk.

C. WESLEY.

Tune,
ORTONVILLE.

1. O for a closer walk with God, A calm and heavenly frame; A light to
2. Where is the blessedness I knew, When first I saw the Lord? Where is the

shine upon the road That leads me to the Lamb! That leads me to the Lamb!
soul-refreshing view Of Jesus and his word? Of Jesus and his word?

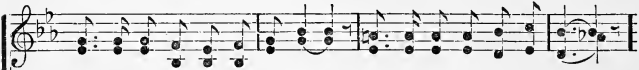
- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.</p> <p>4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.</p> | <p>5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.</p> <p>6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.</p> |
|--|--|

MARTHA J. LANKTON.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Why is thy harp on the wil - low, Child of the Father a - bove?
2. Why is thy harp on the wil - low? Hast thou no song for the Lord?
3. Why is thy harp on the wil - low? Why art thou troubled and tried?



Where is thy hope in his mer - cy? Where is thy trust in his love?
 Think of each wonderful prom - ise Je - sus has left in his Word.
 Hast thou, o'ercome by the tempter, Wandered away from thy Guide?



REFRAIN.



Go to the arms of the Sav - iour, Pil - low thy head on his breast;



He will remove thy transgressions Far as the east from the west.



4 Wouldst thou return to thy duty,
 Jesus will answer thy call;
 If thou art truly repentant,
 He will forgive thee for all.

5 Take now thy harp from the willow,
 Sing the glad songs of the past;
 Trust not thyself, but in Jesus,
 Then shalt thou triumph at last.

I am Coming.

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

ALLIE STARBRIGHT.

Matt. xix. 28.

IRA D. SANKEY.

1. Sad and wea-ry, lone and drea-ry, Lord, I would thy call o - bey ;
 2. Thou, the Holy, meek and low - ly, Je - sus, un - to thee I come ;
 3. Here a - bid - ing, in thee hid - ing, Seeks my wea - ry soul to rest,
 4. Be thou near me, keep and cheer me, Thro' life's dark and stormy way ;

Thee be - liev - ing, Christ receiv - ing, I would come to thee to - day.
 Keep me ev - er, let me nev - er From thy ble - sed keep - ing roam.
 Till the dawning of the morning, When I wake among the blest.
 Turn my sadness in - to gladness, Turn my dark - ness in - to day.

CHORUS.

I am com - ing, I am com - ing, Com - ing, Sav - iour, to be blessed ;

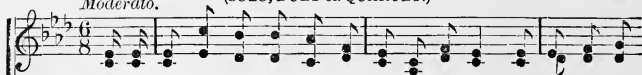
I am com - ing, I am com - ing, Coming, Lord, to thee for rest.

Shining for Thee.

MARTHA J. LANKTON.

(SOLO, DUET OR QUARTET.)

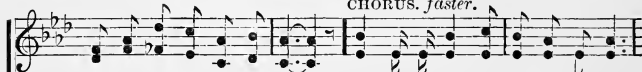
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Moderato.

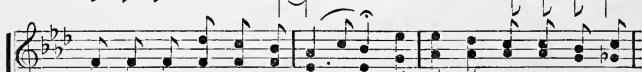
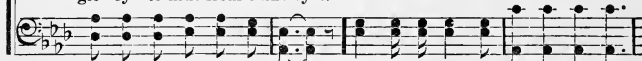
1. There's a light at the por-tal of mer-cy to-night, That shines, weary
2. There is light in the ark of sal- vation to-night, And room in its
3. There is light in the house of thy Father to-night: Then why at a
4. There is light at the cross of thy Saviour to-night, A light streaming



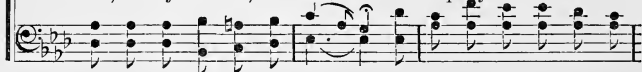
trav-ler, for thee; And, if thou wilt turn and behold it to-night, The shelter for thee; Make haste and be there, weary trav-ler, to-night, Where distance art thou, When love and parent-al af- fect-ion to-night Are down from the skies; Oh, haste, lest the darkness of death comes to-night, Its

CHORUS. *faster.*

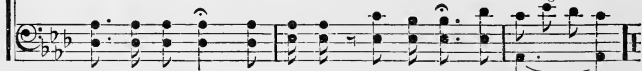
way to the cross thou wilt see. Turn to the light that shineth so bright, safe from the storm thou wilt be, waiting to welcome thee now? glo-ry to hide from thine eyes.



Turn, wea-ry trav-ler, and see; . . . The lamp thy Redeem-er has

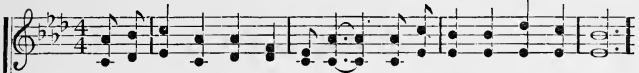


placed at the gate is shining, still shining for thee. 'tis shin-ing for thee.



FANNY J. CROSBY.

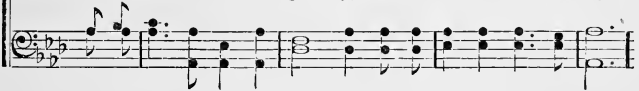
JNO. R. SWENBY.



1. Oh, my cup is ov - er - flow - ing With the goodness of the Lord;
2. From the sighing and the long - ing, That so oft my heart oppressed,
3. There's a pal - ace o'er the riv - er And its jas - per walls I see,
4. I have climbed the rugged mountain, But my Sav - iour led the way;



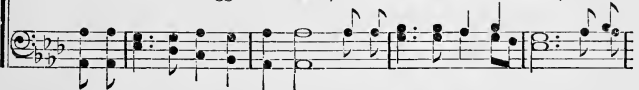
I am trust - ing in his mer - cy, And re - joic - ing in his word.
 With my Saviour and Re - deem - er Now in per - fect peace I rest.
 And among its ma - ny mansions There is one prepared for me.
 Un - to him shall be the glo - ry, When I reach e - ter - nal day.



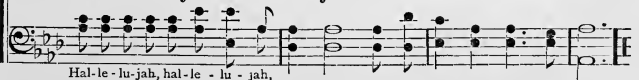
CHORUS.



I have climbed the rugged mountain,—On its summit now I stand; Hal - le -



lu - - - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! I have entered Beu - lah land.



Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah,

Nature's Praise.

JENNIE GARNETT.

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. In the murmur of the breeze There is mu-sic low and sweet,
2. And the bird on air - y wing Seems in mer - ry tones to say,
3. Let our hearts take up the strain, Let us praise him o'er and o'er,

In the gen - tly wav - ing trees, And the flow'rs be - neath our feet.
God has taught me how to sing, I must praise him all the day.
Let us join the glad re - frain, Till we sing on earth no more.

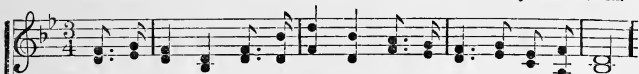
CHORUS.

Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, Is the language of the skies;
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord,

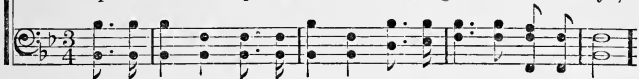
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, Nature's hap - py voice re - plies.
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord,

SALLIE MARTIN.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



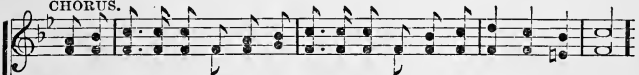
1. Up for Je - sus! up and onward! Hear him say - ing, "follow me;"
2. Up for Je - sus! up and onward! In the ear - ly morning bright,
3. Up for Je - sus! up and onward! Through the conflict firmly stand;
4. Up for Je - sus! up and onward! He will guide us with his eye;



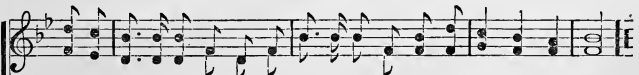
In the no - ble christian arm - y Faithful sol - diers let us be.
 With the watchword on our ban - ner, Brave defend - ers of the right.
 For we can - not lose a bat - tle With our lead - er in command.
 He has promised if we trust him, We shall con - quer by and by.



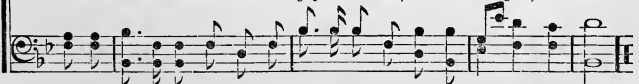
CHORUS.



Marching on with singing, Sweetest music bringing Unto him that shall reign;



Let the world before us Hear the joyful chorus, Hal - le - lu - jah, a - men.



Is there Any One Here.

MARTHA J. LANKTON.

Wm. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Is there an - y one here that is will - ing to - day On Je - sus the
 2. Is there an - y one here that is try - ing to - day The fet - ters of
 3. Is there an - y one here that is wea - ry to - day, Or la - den, or
 4. Hear the Saviour's sweet voice while he calls thee again, O come, and be-

Lord to be - lieve? Is there an - y poor soul that is long - ing to - day The
 e - vil to break? An - y read - y to fol - low the Saviour to - day, And
 sor - row oppressed? Is there any sad heart that is pray - ing to - day To
 lieve and o - bey; He is wait - ing to bless, he will com - fort thee now! He

CHORUS.

gift of his grace to re - ceive. Come un - to me,
 take up the cross for his sake.
 find in the Sav - iour a rest.
 nev - er turned an - y a - way. Come un - to me, come un - to me,

Come un - to me; Je - sus is call - ing,
 Come un - to me, come un - to me;

ad lib.
 call - ing now to thee, Come, oh, come un - to me. un - to me.

Follow Thou Me.

ARTHUR T. PIERSON, D. D.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Follow thou me, says a gentle voice, Be my commands your highest choice;
 2. Follow thou me is the Master's word, Hast thou the gentle message heard?
 3. Follow thou me and take up thy cross, And for his sake count all things loss;
 4. Follow thou me; if for good or ill, Choose thou the blessed Master's will;

Follow my footsteps, they will guide To the home where I a - bide.
 Lo, he now waits to hear thee say, If thou wilt his words o - bey, —
 Follow him now! why shouldst thou stray From thy God another day?
 Close in his footsteps fearless tread, Blest the soul by Je - sus led.

CHORUS.

It is I say - ing, Follow thou me, Follow thou me, Follow thou me;

No more delay - ing, Straightway obeying, Fol - low thou me!

5 Follow thou me! though obscure the Upward it leads to endless day; [way, He who with Christ the cross will bear Shall his crown in glory share.

6 Follow thou me: then shalt thou be From every sin and stain made free; Till thou shalt reach the home above, Dwell with him in perfect love.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

JNO. R. SWENKY.

1. To the house of his Father the prod-i-gal came, All wounded and sore, in
 2. I have wasted my substance in ri-ot and sin; I weep as I think of
 3. Oh, this word is for thee, sinner, hasten and come, 'Tis time to remem-ber

rag and in shame; He had said in his sorrow, with tears and with prayer, The
 what I have been; Here I perish with hunger, but will not despair, The
 that heav'n is home; It is time to remem-ber, with pen-itent prayer, The

CHORUS.

house of my Father has bread and to spare. Oh, why do I lin-ger in
 Oh, why do I linger, oh, why do I linger in

sor - - row and care? The house of my Fa - ther has
 sorrow. in sorrow and care? The house of my Father, the house of my Father has

bread and to spare, has bread and to spare, has
 bread, has bread and to spare, has bread and to spare, has bread and to spare, has

Bread and to Spare.—CONCLUDED.

bread and to spare, The house of my Father has bread and to spare.
bread, has bread and to spare,

82

The Lord of Life.

Mrs. WM. FAWCETT.

Dr. H. L. GILMOUR.

1. What glorious truth is this, That fills the soul with bliss, The Lord is risen,—a
2. The Lord is risen indeed, Come, sorrowing ones and feed On this life-giving,
3. The Lord is risen indeed, Bright gem of Christian creed, Shine on our souls and
4. The Lord is risen indeed, Strength for our time of need Are in these words that

vic-tor o'er the grave, a victor o'er the grave; The stone is now unsealed, And
blessed truth to-day, this blessed truth to-day; Hope o'er your cherished dead, Hope,
ban-ish ev-'ry fear, and banish ev'ry fear, For death's dark tomb is riven By
give us life and light, that give us life and light; Rejoice, my soul, and sing, with

Death is made to yield: The Lord of life! he lives! might-y to save.
though your hearts have bled, The Lord of life! he lives! might-y to save.
Christ, the King of heaven, The Lord of life! he lives! might-y to save.
earth's returning spring, The Lord of life! he lives! he lives! might-y to save.

On let us go.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. On let us go where the val-ley of Ed - en fair Blooms on the
 2. On let us go where the beau-ti-ful realms above Ring with the
 3. On let us go where the weary and toil-oppressed Soon shall for-
 4. On let us go where the loving and loved shall meet, Meet on the

bank of the riv - er; On where the fields, in the beautiful robe they wear,
 time-honored sto - ry: Saved thro' the might of a blessed Redeemer's love,
 get ev -'ry sor - row; On where the soul to a happy and golden rest
 bank of the riv - er; There shall they sing at the blis-sed Redeemer's feet

CHORUS!
 Wave in the sunlight for-ev - er. On let us go,
 His be the praise and the glo-ry.
 Wakes in e - ter - ni - ty's mor-row. On, march on, to the beau - ful land we go,
 Songs that shall echo for-ev - er.

On let us go, On let us
 On, march on, to the beau - ti - ful land we go, On, march on, where the

go, On where the hap - py ones are call - ing.
 riv - ers of pleasure flow,

MABEL TAYLOR.

JNO. R SWENEY.

1. 'Twas spok - en by the wayside, A lit - tle, trembling word,
 2. 'Twas spok - en by the wayside, Where man - y came and passed,
 3. Go, stand ye by the wayside, And breathe in fervent prayer

Fine.
 And, though 'twas but a whisper, It did not fall unheard;
 And, swift - ly as an ar - row, It reached its mark at last;
 A word of love and kindness, 'Twill find an ech - o there.

It bade the night of sor - row From weep - ing eyes de - part,
 'Twas spok - en by the wayside, When eve - ning shades were dim,
 Ye know not who may lis - ten, Or what that word may do;

Use first four lines as Chorus.
D. C.
 It made a bur - den lighter, And healed a breaking heart.
 It told the love of Je - sus, And brought a soul to him.
 But go in faith, believ - ing The Lord has work for you.

His Child I want to be.

Rev. C. H. YATMAN,

FOR PRIMARY CLASS,

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. The children to Je-sus may come And life and sal-va-tion re-ceive;
 2. My name will he write in his book, And call me a lamb of his fold;
 3. I read in his own blessed word How lit-tle ones use-ful may be.

New hearts will he give ev-'ry one, If on him they on-ly be-lieve.
 When Satan shall seek to devour, Then me in his hands will he hold.
 I'll stand with my face to the cross, That oth-ers the Saviour may see.

CHORUS.

I will love him, I will love him, For his child I want to be;

On the cross he died for sin-ners, On the cross he died for me.

More and More.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Animated.

1. God is giving, large - ly giving, Though we ask him o'er and o'er;
 2. God is giving, rich - ly giving, Precious treasures new and old;
 3. God is giving, free - ly giving, Par-don, peace, and joy divine:
 4. God is giving, ev - er giving,—Once for us the cross he bore;

Yet his Word of Life assures us More is com-ing, more and more.
 He has said, from those who trust him, No good thing will he withhold.
 Per-fect love, all fear dis-pelling, Grace with constant light to shine.
 Let us then, for all his mer-cy, Love and praise him more and more.

CHORUS.

God is giv-ing, we receiv-ing, From his full and bounteous store;

Yet our faith may claim each promise,—More is coming, more and more.

Always Abounding.

"Always abounding in the work of the Lord."—1 Cor. xv. 58.

E. A. BARNES.

WM. J. KIRKATRICK.

1. Be earnest, my brothers, in word and in deed, Be active in reaping and
 2. Be ready, my brothers, his call to o-bey, In seeking the erring and
 3. Be zealous, my brothers, the light to extend, And unto all nations the

sow-ing the seed; And thus in the vineyard, with Je-sus to lead, Be
 show-ing the way; And thus as his servants, remem-ber, we pray, Be
 gos-pel to send; And thus, till the harvest in glo-ry shall end, Be

REFRAIN.

always abounding in the work of the Lord. Be always abounding in the

work of the Lord, Be always abounding in the work of the Lord; Be earnest, be

active, re-lying on his word, Be always abounding in the work of the Lord.

JENNIE GARNETT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. 'Tis the Lord who leadeth me still, 'Tis he who controls and governs my will,
2. 'Tis the Lord who whispers to me, I offered myself a ransom for thee;
3. Safe in him, I will not repine, Though trials and cares may sometimes be mine;
4. Safe in him, my hope and my all, Who tenderly hears whenever I call;



Crowns my life with holy delight, And giveth me songs in the calm, still night.
 Say, what mean thy doubtings and fears; I carry thy sorrows and count thy tears.
 He, I know, will guide me aright, Who giveth me songs in the calm, still night.
 Safe in him, my burden is light, He giveth me songs in the calm, still night.



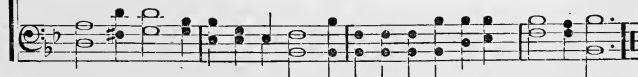
CHORUS.



O my soul, how favored thou art, Thus to come so near to his heart;



There by faith I walk in his light, Who giveth me songs in the calm, still night.



Our Reaping Song.

LIZZIE EDWARDS.

JNO R. SWENEY.

1. Lo! the day is break-ing, Heathen lands are wak-ing, Com-ing to the
 2. Still the trumpet sounding, Loud and clear resounding, Bids the nations
 3. Gold and wheat is growing, Earnest hearts are glowing, Looking to the

Saviour from a - far; Songs of rapture singing, Grateful homage bringing,
 from their chains be free; Truth its light is shedding, Far and wide 'tis spreading,
 harvest fields above; Soon they'll come with singing, Fruits of labor bringing,

CHORUS.

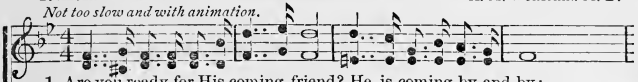
Guid-ed by the bright and Morning Star. Glo-ry! glo-ry! halle - lu - jah!
 Spreading like the waters of the sea.
 Welcomed by a Saviour's tender love.

Glo - ry! glo - ry! hal - le - lu - jah! Oh, the bles - sed reap - ing!

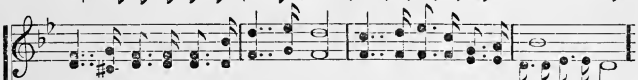
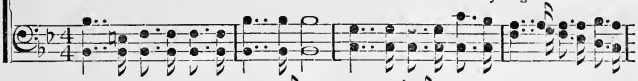
God the seed is keep-ing, Scattered by the faithful from his word.

T. ALCLIFFE TESKE.

A. M. WORTMAN, M. D.

Not too slow and with animation.

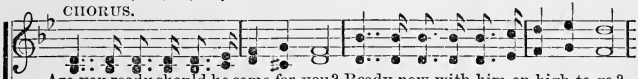
1. Are you ready for His coming, friend? He is coming by and by;
 He's coming by and
 2. Are you ready for His coming, friend? Are your garments clean and white?
 your garments clean and



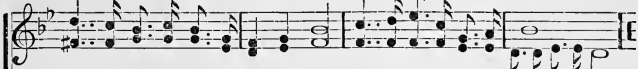
- For he said he would not tarry long In his Father's house on high.
 by; He his house on high.
 Will you gladly greet the Bridegroom now? He may come for you to-night.
 white? Oh, for you to-night.



CHORUS.



- Are you ready should he come for you? Ready now with him on high to go?



- Are you watching, are you praying still? Are your garments white as snow?
 as white as snow?



- 3 He will come in all his glory bright,
 As upon the mount he stood;
 upon the mount he stood;
 Can you } sing the glad hosanna loud,
 Oh, }
 I am washed in Jesus blood?
- 4 Oh, the day draws nearer, nearer still,
 When the saints he will redeem;
 the saints he will redeem;
 Now the } light of morn is breaking fast,
 The }
 We can see its golden beam.
- 5 Yes, we're ready for his coming now
 And we watch, and wait, and pray,
 we watch, and wait, and pray,
 For the } day to dawn in glory bright,
 The }
 And the night to roll away.
- 6 We are ready should he come for us,
 Ready now in peace to go;
 yes, now in peace to go;
 We are } watching, and we're waiting
 We're } [still,
 With our robes as white as snow.

1. When our ves - sel is rocked on the o - cean of life, And our
 2. As we drift on the bil - low, far, far from the shore, How we
 3. Look a - loft! look a - loft! o'er the dark ocean's foam, Look a -

hearts have grown weary of toiling and strife, Oh, how welcome the voice that like
 tremble with fear at the wild breakers' roar; But the voice still assures us they
 loft! look a-loft to the mar - iners' home, Where the roll of the surges for -

mu - sic we hear, As it ten - der - ly whispers the words in our ear,
 can - not o'erwhelm, For the hand of our Saviour is guid - ing the helm.
 ev - er shall cease, Where the loved and the loving shall gather in peace.

CHORUS.

Look a - loft! there's a star in the sky, Keeping watch o'er the
 Look a - loft!

waves, when the storm-cloud is nigh: 'Tis the bright star of faith, and its

Look Aloft.—CONCLUDED.

beams ev - er blest Will conduct the frail bark to the hav - en of rest.

92 Gentle Shepherd, Save Me Now.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Far a-way my steps have wandered, On the rugged mountain's brow ;
2. Thou hast borne my weight of sorrow, At thy feet I humbly bow ;
3. Though thy love I long have slighted, Though ungrateful I have been,
4. Though thy love I long have slighted, O'er my wasted years I weep ;

Fine.

But to thee my heart is cry-ing, Gen - tle Shepherd, save me now!
 And my heart with thee is pleading, Gen - tle Shepherd, save me now!
 To thy fold my faith has brought me; Let my weary soul come in.
 In thy blessed arms of mer - cy Shield and save thy wand'ring sheep.

D.S.—Un - to thee my heart is cry-ing, Gen - tle Shepherd, save me now!

CHORUS. *D.S.*

Save me now! save me now! Gen - tle Shepherd, save me now!

CHARLES H. ELLIOTT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. There is pardon sweet, at the Master's feet, Come and see, O come and see;
 2. There's an easy yoke that you all may bear, Come and see, O come and see;
 3. There's a healing balm for the weary breast, Come and see, O come and see;
 4. There's a life beyond, 'tis a life di - vine, Come and see, O come and see;

CHORUS.

There's a song of peace that shall never cease, Come, O come and see. In the
 There's a ho - ly joy that you all may share, Come, O come and see.
 There's a tranquil peace and a sa - cred rest, Come, O come and see.
 And the light of faith on your path will shine, Come, O come and see.

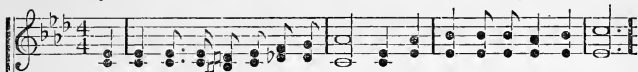
precious, precious blood of Je - sus Washed a - way your sins may be;

You may plunge just now in its cleansing flood,—Come, will you come and see.

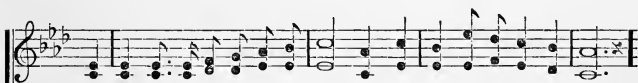
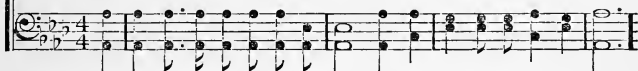
My Soul Shall Rejoice.

MARTHA J. LANKTON.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. My soul shall rejoice in thy sal-va-tion, O Jesus my Lord and King ;
2. My soul shall rejoice in thy sal-va-tion, With joy that can ne'er be told ;
3. My soul shall rejoice in thy sal-va-tion, For strong is thine arm to save ;
4. My soul shall rejoice in thy sal-va-tion When time and its cares are o'er ;



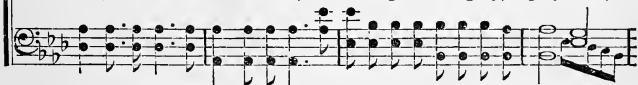
My heart shall awake in early dawning, And praise to thy name shall sing.
 My tongue shall repeat the loving kindness That drew me within thy fold.
 The chain of the tempter now is broken, And conquered the boasting grave.
 Thy grace, that to perfect peace hath brought me, I'll sing on the golden shore.



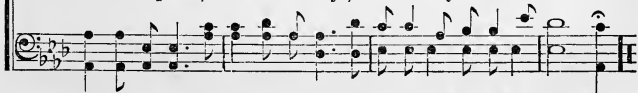
CHORUS.



Glory to thee! salvation is free, And flowing like a mighty, mighty river ;



Thee will I praise, O Ancient of Days, Whose mercy endureth forev - er.



1. A lit - tle while togeth - er We tread life's onward way, And
 2. A lit - tle while togeth - er For so - cial prayer we meet, And
 3. Oh, who would dwell forev - er In this bleak world of care, A -

gath - er up its roses, —Frail blossoms of a day, —And then a place is
 blend our happy voices Around the mercy-seat; Then hands are clasped in
 way from him who calls us To mansions bright and fair? Where years and countless

va - cant, A step is heard no more, And one, and then anoth - er, We
 silence, And, when we meet again, We miss a link that sparkled In
 ag - es Flow on in ceaseless joy, And songs of praise and glory Our

CHORUS.

cross to yonder shore. A lit - tle while together, Then all of earth is
 friendship's hallowed chain.
 raptured tongues employ?

o'er, And one, and then an - oth - er, We cross to you - der shore.

The Great Beyond.

SALLIE MARTIN.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. In - to the great be - yond, Fair land of the morning bright, Where
 2. In - to the great be - yond, Whose gates are of pearl and gold, Where
 3. In - to the great be - yond, Where summer e - ter - nal reigns, And
 4. In - to the great be - yond, Where voices I love so well, Sweet

ris - eth the glo - ry of God most high O'er shadowless realms of light.
 murmur the waters of life so clear, That sparkle with joy untold.
 covers with li - lies of fadeless bloom The beautiful smiling plains.
 voices that car - ol the glad new song Are calling me home to dwell.

CHORUS.

In - to the great be - yond, O - ver a wave - less sea, Bright

angels will carry my soul away, With Jesus for - ev - er to be.

Christ Arose!

R. L. By per.
Slow.

"He is not here, but is risen."—Luke xxiv. 6.

REV. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Low in the grave he lay—Je-sus, my Sav-iour! Waiting the coming day—
2. Vainly they watch his bed—Jesus, my Sav-iour! Vainly they seal the dead—
3. Death cannot keep his prey—Jesus, my Sav-iour! He tore the bars away—

CHORUS. *faster.*

Je - sus, my Lord! Up from the grave he a-rose, he a-rose, With a

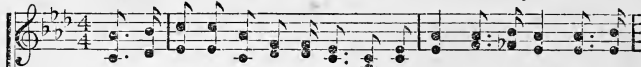
might-y triumph o'er his foes; he a-rose! He a-rose a Victor from the

dark do-main, And he lives for - ev - er with his saints to reign: He a-

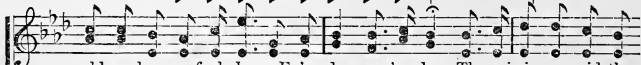
rit.
rose! he a-rose! Hal-le-lu-jah! Christ a-rose!
He a-rose! he a-rose!

Rev. E. H. STOKES, D. D.

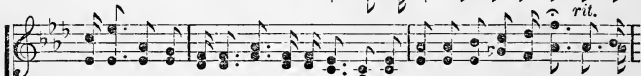
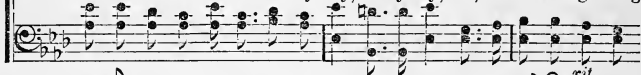
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



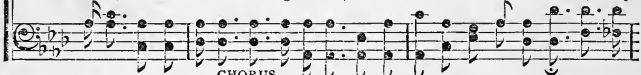
1. Though there may be shades of sadness Ev'ry day, ev -'ry day, There are
2. You may have your little crosses Ev -'ry day, ev -'ry day; You may
3. Seek to lighten some one's sorrow Ev -'ry day, ev -'ry day; This will
4. Life may have its ho - ly pleasures Ev -'ry day, ev -'ry day; And the



golden gleams of gladness Ev'ry day, ev -'ry day; There is joy a - mid the
meet with little loss - es Ev -'ry day, ev -'ry day; Never mind! each cross will
bring a sweeter morrow Ev -'ry day, ev -'ry day; Faint, it may be, yet pur -
heart find richest treasures Ev'ry day, ev -'ry day; See, the skies are growing



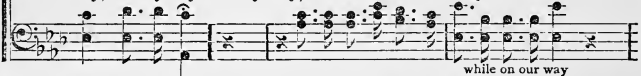
sighing, Laughter ringing thro' the crying, Love to love with smiles replying, Ev'ry
lighten, Grief in all your losses brighten, If your hold on God shall tighten Ev'ry
suing, All the christly graces wooing, And some little good be doing, Ev'ry
clearer, Dear ones all becoming dearer, And our home is so much nearer, Ev'ry



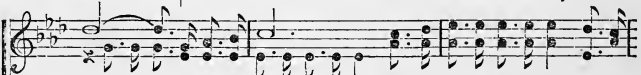
CHORUS.



day, ev -'ry day. Ev -'ry day, . . . while on our way Thro' the



while on our way



world, . . . let come what may, Going forth with strong desire, To the



let come what may,

Every Day.—CONCLUDED.

greatest good aspire, From the high, still rising higher, Ev'ry day, ev'ry day.

100

Jesus, I come to Thee.

FANNY J. CROSEY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Je - sus, I come to thee, Long - ing for rest; Fold thou thy
2. Je - sus, I come to thee, Hear thou my cry; Save, or I
3. Now let the rolling waves Bend to thy will, Say to the
4. Swift - ly the part - ing clouds Fade from my sight; Yon - der thy

CHORUS.

we - ry child Safe to thy breast. Rocked on a storm - y sea,
per - ish, Lord, Save or I die.
troubled deep, Peace, peace be still.
bow ap - pears, Love - ly and bright.

Oh, be not far from me. Lord, let me cling to thee, On - ly to thee.

Face the Other Way, Boys.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.
Solo ad lib.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Now, boys, attend: should miscalled friend Some tempting treat display,
 2. The so - cial glass you must not pass, But God and truth o - bey;
 3. Should lovely maid, your mirth to aid, Pre - sent the glass and say,
 4. The li - quor host with all their boast Must not your hearts dis - may;
 5. Let oth - ers hear your words of cheer; Go, bid the souls a - stray

By tav - ern sign or homemade wine, Just face the oth - er way.
 And ne'er turn back on du - ty's track, But face the oth - er way.
 Be - hold, the wine I've brought is thine; Just face the oth - er way.
 Fear not de - feat, nor once re - treat, But face the oth - er way.
 Their steps re - trace, by God's free grace, And face the oth - er way.

CHORUS.

Face the other way, boys, Face the other way, In spite of censure or applause,

rall. Face the oth - er way; Face, *a tempo* face, Face the oth - er way, In
 Face the oth - er way, Face the oth - er way,

spite of censure or applause, Face the oth - er way. Face the oth - er way.

Omit last time. *last ending.*

1. When we enter the portals of glo - ry. And the great host of ransom'd we see,
 2. When we see all the saved of the ages, Who from cruel death partings are free,
 3. When we stand by the beautiful river, 'Neath the shade of the life-giving tree,
 4. When we look on the form that redeem'd us, And his glory and majesty see,

As the numberless sand of the sea-shore, What a wonderful sight that will be!
 Greeting there with a heavenly greeting, What a wonderful sight that will be!
 Gazing out o'er the fair land of promise, What a wonderful sight that will be!
 While as King of the saints he is reigning, What a wonderful sight that will be!

CHORUS.

Numberless as the sand of the sea - shore, Numberless as the sand of the shore;
 Numberless as the sand, as the sand of the shore;

Oh, what a sight 't will be, When the ransom'd host we see,
 As numberless as the sand of the sea-shore.

1. Joy! joy! joy! wonder-ful joy, wonder-ful joy, Onward moves the
2. Hope, hope, hope, glo-ri-ous hope, glo-ri-ous hope, Earth is reaching,

CHO.—Joy! joy! joy christians rejoice, christians re-joice, You may share with

cross our banner, Darkness to destroy. Over the world's long night, Shining so
hands beseeching, Where the nations grope; Morning thy hills shall climb, Music shall

your Redcemer, Make his work your choice. You may shine lights for God, Never to

bright, shining so bright, Hope's bright angel, blest evangel, Takes her flight.
chime, music shall chime, Christ shall waken lands forsaken, Soon 'tis time.

wane, never to wane, Till the whole earth, joins the chorus, Christ shall reign.

Speed thee, ev - er - last - ing gos - pel, Glad - ly on - ward go,
List, the songs from heav - en fall - ing, Sooth - ing all our woe,

glad - ly on - ward go, glad - ly on - ward go, Waves of life are
sooth - ing all our woe, sooth - ing all our woe, Hark! the joy - ous

Christ Shall Reign.—CONCLUDED.

swift - ly glid - ing, Earth to o - ver - flow, earth to o - ver - flow,
 ech - oes call - ing, Peace and truth shall grow, peace and truth shall grow,

earth to o - verflow, Loose the soul from error's pinion, Bowed in sin and pain,
 peace and truth shall grow, Oh, this work is God's appointed, Hands of might sustain;

D. C.

Break the i - dol's stern do - min - ion, Christ on - ly shall reign.
 Fol - low Christ the Lord's anoint - ed, Christ on - ly shall reign.

104 LE. EDWARDS. Christmas Carol.—Hope's Bright Star.

Tune above.

1 Hail, hail, hail, beautiful sky, beautiful sky,
 Yonder comes the queen of morning,
 Night is gliding by;
 Over the world once more, folding her wings, folding her wings,
 Peace, her gentle harp awaking,
 Smiles and sings.
 Sweet as when the joyful tidings
 ||: Sounded long ago, :|| [them
 ||: Still their numbers flow, :|| heard
 Unto us is born a Saviour,
 He is born to-day;
 Come, behold the meek and lowly,
 Come quickly away.

Making all so bright; [ing afar,
 Beautiful light of God, shining afar, shin-
 Every eye may see its glory,
 Hope's bright star.

2 Come, come, come, tripping along trip-
 Carol o'er the sacred story [ping along,
 All have loved so long;
 List to the chiming bells, merry and clear,
 merry and clear,
 Happy Christmas, happy Christmas,
 Welcome, welcome here.
 Graceful boughs of green are waving,
 ||: Hearts with rapture beat, :||
 Love and mercy bending o'er us
 ||: Precious words repeat, :||
 Where the royal Prince of glory
 In a manger lay,
 Faith will lead and gently guide us,
 Come quickly away.

CHORUS.—
 Hail, hail, hail, beautiful light, beautiful
 Thro' the birth of our Redeemer [light,

Praise the Lord.

R. L. By per.

"All thy works shall praise thee, O Lord,"—Ps. cxlv. 10.

Rev. R. Lowry.

1. Lift the voice in ho-ly song, Awake, ye
2. Crowd his courts with loft-y praise, And sing the

r. Lift the voice in ho-ly song,

saints who love the Lord; Gath-er now in happy
works that he hath done; Songs of love and honor
Wake, ye saints who love the Lord; Gath-er now

through, And praise his name with one ac-cord;
raise To Christ the Lord, the e-qual Son;
in hap-py throng, Praise his name with one accord;

Ye who know the great sal-va-tion, Sing the triumphs of his grace,
Shout a-loud, ye souls in glo-ry; Swell the song, ye saints be-low;

And with highest ad-o-ra-tion, Come be-fore Je-ho-vah's face.
Till the heav'n's shall tell the sto-ry, And the earth the strain shall know.

Praise the Lord.—CONCLUDED.

CHORUS.

Praise the Lord, ye sons of light; Praise the Lord, ye heav'nly
 host; Praise the Lord for all his mighty acts In all the
 ye heav'nly host; Praise the Lord
 places of his wide dominion; Praise Father, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

106

Infant Praises.

FOR PRIMARY CLASS.

Arranged.

1. Je - sus, high in glo - ry, Lend a listening ear; When we bow be -
 2. We are lit - tle chil - dren, Weak and apt to stray; Saviour, guide and

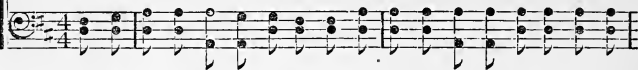
fore thee, In - fant prais - es hear.
 keep us In the heavenly way.

3 Save us, Lord, from sinning,
 Watch us day by day;
 Help us now to love thee,
 Take our sins away.

4 Then, when Jesus calls us
 To our heavenly home,
 We will answer gladly,
 "Saviour, Lord, we come."

Andante.

1. I will tell the world around me How my blessed Saviour found me, How he
2. From the cold and barren mountain To the precious, cleansing fountain How he
3. In his mer-cy I am hid-ing, In his shadow still a-biding: He is



broke the chains that bound me, And my sins he washed away; Oh, my
 led me like a shepherd, When my soul was far a-way; To the
 teach-ing me with patience, How to la-lor, watch, and pray. I am



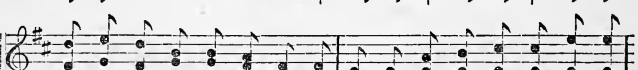
grateful heart is glowing, And with joy is overflowing; I will praise my dear Re-
 cross I now am clinging, And my happy song is ringing; I will praise my dear Re-
 trusting and believing, I am asking and receiving; I will praise my dear Re-



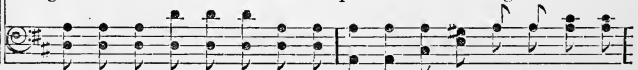
CHORUS.



deem-er, I will praise him all the day. I am glad, I am glad, I am



glad that Je-sus found me! With his precious blood he bought me: Halle-



I am glad.—CONCLUDED.

lu-jah to his name! I enjoy a perfect blessing, And his constant love pos-

sess-ing, Ev-'ry promise he has left me For my-self I now can claim.

108

FANNY L. JOHNSON.

Away to Jesus.

J. R. S.

1. A lit-tle while to sow and reap, And then a-way to Je-sus; A
 2. A lit-tle while on earth to meet, And then a-way to Je-sus; To
 3. A lit-tle while our crown to win, And then a-way to Je-sus; A
 4. A lit-tle while to part in tears, And then a-way to Je-sus; A

Fine.

lit-tle while our watch to keep, And then a-way to Je-sus.
 feel the bliss of un-ion sweet, And then a-way to Je-sus.
 few more vic-t'ries o-ver sin, And then a-way to Je-sus.
 few more days, a few more years, And then a-way to Je-sus.

D. S.—feast the soul, while ag-es roll, And shout the love of Je-sus.

CHORUS. *D. S.*

To Je-sus, to Je-sus, A-way, a-way to Je-sus, To

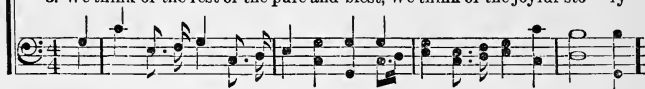
The Cross Forever!

MARTHA J LANKTON.

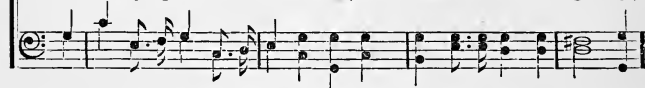
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. We march to the field with the sword and shield Of him who has gone before us,
2. We march one and all at the Saviour's call, Defending the cause we cherish,
3. We think of the rest of the pure and blest, We think of the joyful sto - ry



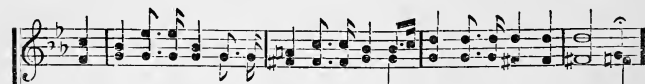
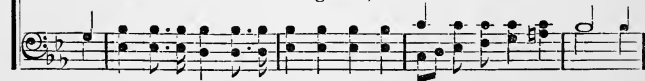
We walk in the light of his smile so bright, His ban-ner of love is o'er us;
 We tell how he came in his Father's name To rescue the souls that per - ish;
 That all may repeat at the Saviour's feet, And thank him for homes in glo - ry;



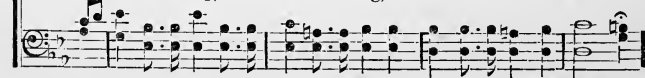
Key Eb.



We march to the strife and the toil of life, Assured he will leave us nev - er;
 We know from the love of the Lord above There's naught in the world can sever,
 Then on to the land of the shining band, From dear ones no more to sev - er:



Our standard we raise to his honor and praise, Our watchword "the cross forever."
 Then on to the foe like the brave let us go, Our watchword "the cross forever."
 The Lord is our King; unto him we will sing, Our watchword "the cross forever."



The Cross Forever!—CONCLUDED.

Key C. CHORUS.

We march to the field with the sword and shield Of him who has gone before us,

We walk in the light of his smiles so bright, His banner of love is o'er us.

110

Room for my Saviour.

Mrs. J. C. YULE.

Rev. iii. 20.

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. Room for my Saviour here, Heart, open wide thy door! Hence, un-belief, and
2. Oh, ent-cr, gracious Lord, If thou canst stoop so low, Come in, and bid each
3. Come in and keep thy feast, And let me feast with thee; For on thy sa-cred
4. No crumb have I, my Lord, The feast must all be thine; Thine are the viands

REFRAIN.

doubt, and fear, Hence, and return no more. Come in, come in, My Lord, come in.
 guest abhorred Forth from thy temple go.
 pledge I rest That thou wilt sup with me.
 of the board, And thine the hallowed wine. come in, come in,

5 And I shall feast with thee,
 And thou with me this day;
 And e'en at eventide with me
 Thou wilt prolong thy stay.

6 Nor yet at eventide
 Wilt thou from me depart,
 Eternity shall not divide
 My Saviour from my heart!

WM. R. LANDON.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. There's a thought that comes when, my day's work done, I sit in the
 2. There's a thought that comes when the sparkling dew On the sleep - ing
 3. There's a thought that comes when the earth is still, And the night with its

twilight gray, 'Tis a thought that tells of a reap - ing - time On the
 flower I see, For it tells of rest in my Father's home, That his
 train draws nigh: And it tells of a crown that the just shall wear In a

CHORUS.

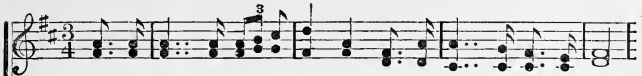
hills of the far a - way. There my soul shall rise on her snow white wings,
 love has prepared for me. And
 beau - ti - ful world on high.

fly, when her toil is o'er, Where the skies are bright with the morning light

4 I will watch and wait till my
 Saviour comes,
 For I know 'twill not be long
 Till I pass with him through the
 gates of life,
 And be welcomed with joyful
 song.

Rev. W. H. GEISTWEIT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Go and preach the blessed gos - pel, Tell of Christ the Cru - ci - fied;
2. Go and tell to ev - 'ry creature That the bles - sed Lord will save;
3. Go and tell in all your weak - ness, Christ will give you strength and pow'r;
4. Go and tell of peace and par - don Purchased by a Saviour's love;



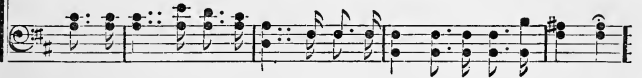
Go and bring men to the Sav - iour,—He who for us all has died.
 Go and tell them of his goodness,—How his life he free - ly gave.
 Go and tell how Je - sus loves them,—That he saves this ver - y hour.
 Go and tell of rest for - ev - er In your bles - sed home a - bove.



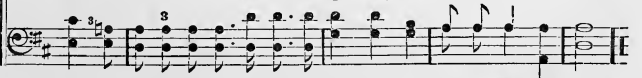
CHORUS.



Go ye in - to all the world, And preach the gospel to ev - 'ry creature:



Who - so - ev - er believeth shall not per - ish, But have e - ter - nal life.



113 Hung'ring and Thirsting for Thee.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. My Lord and my Saviour, my Brother and Friend, Oh, when will this
 2. I drink of earth's waters and thirst soon a - gain, I eat of earth's
 3. To thee, the one fountain, to thee, the one bread, My soul in her
 4. O Man - na of heav-en, O Wa - ter of life, To thee would I

con- flict with - in me have end? My spir - it is rest - less, no
 bread and still keep my pain; Earth's cisterns are bro - ken, earth's
 thirst and her fam - ine has fled; My bread and my wa - ter of
 flee and end all my strife; Thy bo - dy is bro - ken, thy

peace can there be, Dear Mas - ter, I'm hung'ring and thirsting for thee.
 cis - terns are dry, She yields not the man - na, the bread of the sky.
 life thou must be, Dear Mas - ter, I'm hung'ring and thirsting for thee.
 blood has been shed, Why go I then thirsting? and hung'ring for bread?

CHORUS.

I'm hung - - 'ring and thirst - - ing, I'm hung - - 'ring and
 I'm hung'ring and thirsting, dear Mas - ter, for thee, I'm hung'ring and thirsting, dear

Hung'ring and Thirsting, etc.—CONCLUDED.

thirst - - ing, Dear Mas - - - ter, I'm hung - 'ring and
 Mas - ter, for thee, I'm hung'ring and thirst-ing, dear Mas - ter, I'm

thirst - - - ing for thee; I have not a
 hung'ring and thirst-ing for thee; I have not a ref - uge to

ref - - uge to which . . . I can flee, Dear
 which I can flee, I have not a ref - uge to which I can flee, Dear

Mas - - ter, I'm hung - 'ring and thirst - - ing for thee.
 Mas - ter, I'm hung'ring, I'm hung - 'ring, I'm hung'ring and thirsting for thee.

Hark, Hark, My Soul.

Rev. F. W. FABER.

Arr. from C. C. CONVERSE by IRA D. SANKEY.

Moderato.

1. Hark, hark, my soul, angelic songs are swelling O'er earth's green fields and
 2. Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing, The voice of Je - sus
 3. Onward we go, for still we hear them singing, "Come, weary souls, for

ocean's wave-beat shore; How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling
 sounds o'er land and sea, And la - den souls by thousands meekly stealing,
 Jesus bids you come;" And thro' the dark, its echoes sweetly ring - ing,

CHORUS.

Of that new life when sin shall be no more. Angels, sing on! your faithful watches
 Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to thee.
 The music of the Gospel leads us home.

keep - ing; Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above, Till morning's joy shall

end the night of weeping, And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.

FRANK GOULD.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Je - sus the Sav - iour is pass - ing this way, Come, there is
 2. Je - sus is pa - tient - ly call - ing to - day, Come, there is
 3. Je - sus is pass - ing, oh, fall at his feet, Come, there is
 4. Je - sus will save thee if thou wilt be - lieve, Come, there is

healing for thee; . . . Rise at his bidding: oh, why wilt thou stay?
 healing for thee; . . . Now he is waiting, no long - er de - lay, —
 healing for thee; . . . Fly to thy refuge, thy on - ly re - treat,
 healing for thee; . . . Haste, and the rapture of pardon re - ceive,
 yes, healing for thee;

Fine. CHORUS.
 Come, there is healing for thee. . . . Healing for thee, sinner, for thee,
 yes, healing for thee.

D.S.
 Now there is healing for thee; . . . Jesus the Saviour is passing this way,
 yes, healing for thee;

1. Je-sus is pleading with my poor soul, Shall I be saved to-night?
 2. Je-sus was nailed to the cross for me, Shall I be saved to-night?
 3. Je-sus is knocking at my poor heart, Shall I be saved to-night?
 4. What if that voice I should hear no more, Shall I be saved to-night?

If I believe, he will make me whole, Shall I be saved to-night?
 How can my heart so un-grate-ful be? Shall I be saved to-night?
 What if his Spir-it should now de-part? Shall I be saved to-night?
 Quickly I'll o-pen this bolt-ed door, Save me, O Lord, to-night!

Tender-ly, sad-ly I hear him say, How can you grieve me from day to day?
 Now he will save me by grace di-vine, Now, if I will, I may call him mine;
 O-ver and o-ver his voice I hear, Sweetly it falls on my list'ning ear;
 Blessed Redeemer, come in, come in, Pi-ty my sorrow, forgive my sin,

Shall I go on in the old, old way, Or shall I be saved to-night?
 Can I the pleasures of earth re-sign? Oh, shall I be saved to-night?
 Shall I re-ject him—a friend so dear? Oh, shall I be saved to-night?
 Now let thy work in my soul be-gin, For I will be saved to-night?

H. G. SPAFFORD.

"He hath delivered my soul in peace."—Ps. lv. 18.

P. P. BLISS.

1. When peace, like a riv - er, at - tend - eth my way, When sorrows, like
 2. Though Satan should buffet, though trials should come, Let this blest as -
 3. My sin—oh, the bliss of this glo - rious thought—My sin—not in
 4. And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight, The clouds be rolled

sea - bil-lows, roll; What - ev - er my lot, thou hast taught me to
 sur - ance con - trol, That Christ hath re - gard - ed my help - less es -
 part, but the whole, Is nailed to his cross and I bear it no
 back as a scroll, The trump shall resound, and the Lord shall de -

CHORUS.

say, It is well, it is well with my soul. It is well
 taste, And hath shed his own blood for my soul.
 more, Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, oh, my soul! It is
 scend, "Ev - en so"—it is well with my soul.

. with my soul, It is well, it is well with my soul.
 well with my soul,

My Redeemer.

P. P. BLISS.

"O Lord, my strength, and my redeemer."—Ps. xix. 14. JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. I will sing of my Redeem-er, And his wondrous love to me;
 2. I will tell the wondrous story, How my lost es-tate to save,
 3. I will praise my dear Redeemer, His tri-umphant power I'll tell,
 4. I will sing of my Redeem-er, And his heav'n-ly love to me;

On the cru-el cross he suffered, From the curse to set me free.
 In his boundless love and mercy, He the ran-som free-ly gave.
 How the vic-to-ry he giv-eth O-ver sin, and death, and hell.
 He from death to life hath brought me, Son of God with him to be.

CHORUS.

Sing, oh, sing of my Redeem - er, With his
 sing of my Redeem-er, Sing, oh, sing of my Redeem-er,

blood he purchased me, On the
 blood he pur-chased me, he pur-chased me, he pur-chased me; On the
 With his blood he pur-chased me;

cross he sealed my par - don, Paid the
 cross he sealed my par - don, On the cross he sealed my par - don,

My Redeemer.—CONCLUDED.

Repeat pp after last verse.

debt, and made me free. and made me free.
and made me free, and made me free.

119

Receive Him.

LIZZIE EDWARDS.

FOR PRIMARY CLASS.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Lit-tle voic - es, hap-py voic - es, Sing of Je - sus and his love,
2. Lit-tle voic - es, hap-py voic - es, While we praise him day by day,
3. Lit-tle voic - es, hap-py voic - es, While we breathe his name so dear,
4. Lit-tle voic - es, hap-py voic - es, With our teachers while we sing;

Fine.

While the an-gels bending o'er us Whisper soft-ly from a - bove,—
Lo! the an-gels hov-er round us; In our hearts we hear them say,—
From the Bi-ble, ho-ly Bi-ble, Still the gen-tle words we hear,—
They are tell-ing, sweetly tell-ing, Of the Lord, our Saviour-King.

D. S.—How he loves you! yes, he loves you More than all your friends can do.

CHORUS.

D. S.

Oh, be-lieve him, Oh, re-ceive him, Your Redeem - er kind and true!

Along the River of Time.

G. F. R.

"Remember how short time is."—Ps. lxxxix. 47.

GEO. F. ROOT.

1. Along the River of Time we glide, Along the river, along the river, The
 2. Along the River of Time we glide, Along the river, along the river; A
 3. Along the River of Time we glide, Along the river, along the river; Our

swiftly flowing, resistless tide, The swiftly flowing, the swiftly flowing, And
 thousand dangers its currents hide, A thousand dangers, a thousand dangers, And
 Saviour only our bark can guide, Our Saviour only, our Saviour only, But

soon, ah, soon the end we'll see: Yes, soon 'twill come, and we will be
 near our course the rocks we see: O dreadful thought! a wreck to be,
 with him we se-secure may be: No fear, no doubt, but joy to be

p
 Float-ing, float-ing Out on the sea of e-ter-ni-ty!

pp *rit.*
 Float-ing, float-ing Out on the sea of e-ter-ni-ty!

1. Not here! not here! not where the sparkling waters Fade into mocking sands as
 2. There is a land where ev'ry pulse is thrilling With rapture earth's sojourners
 3. Shall they be satisfied, the soul's vague longings, The aching void which nothing

we draw near; Where in the wil - derness each footstep falters, I shall be
 nev - er know; Where heav'n repose the weary heart is stilling And peaceful-
 earth - ly fills? O, what desires up - on my soul are thronging As I look

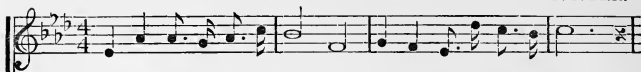
sat - is - fied; but O, not here! Not here where, ev'ry dream of bliss deceives us,
 ly life's time-toss'd current's flow, Far out of sight, while yet the flesh infolds us
 upward to the heav'nly hills, Thither my weak and weary steps are tending,

Where the worn spir - it nev - er gains its goal; Where haunted ev - er
 Lies the fair coun - try, where our hearts abide, And of its bliss is
 Saviour and Lord, with thy frail child abide; Guide me t'wards home where

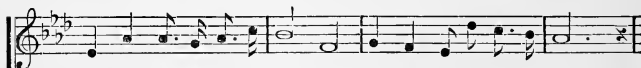
by the thought that grieves us Across us floods of bitter mem - 'ry roll.
 naught more wondrous told us Than these few words, "I shall be satis - fied."
 all my wand'ring ending I then shall see thee and be "sat - is - fied."

Meet Me at the Fountain.

P. P. BLISS.



1. Will you meet me at the fountain, When I reach the glo-ry-land ?
2. Will you meet me at the fountain, For I'm sure that I shall know
3. Will you meet me at the fountain? I shall long to have you near,



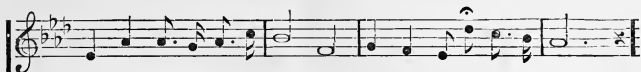
Will you meet me at the fountain, Shall I clasp your friendly hand?
 Kindred souls and sweet communion, More than I have known below.
 When I meet my loving Sav - iour, When his welcome words I hear.



Other friends will give me welcome, Oth - er lov - ing voices cheer;
 And the chorus will be sweet - er, When it bursts upon my ear,
 He will meet me at the fountain, His embrac - es I shall share,



Meet Me at the Fountain.—CONCLUDED.



There'll be mu-sic at the fountain, Will you, will you meet me there?
 And my heaven seem complet - er, If your happy voice I hear.
 There'll be glo - ry at the fountain, Will you, will you meet me there?



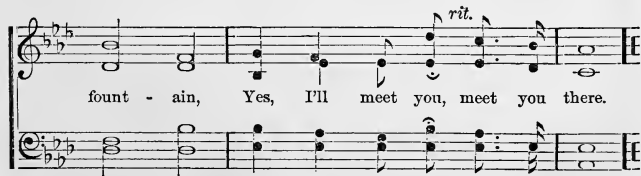
CHORUS.



Yes, I'll meet you at the fount - ain, At the fountain bright and



fair, Oh, I'll meet you at the
 yes, I'll meet you, oh, I'll meet you at the



fount - ain, Yes, I'll meet you, meet you there.

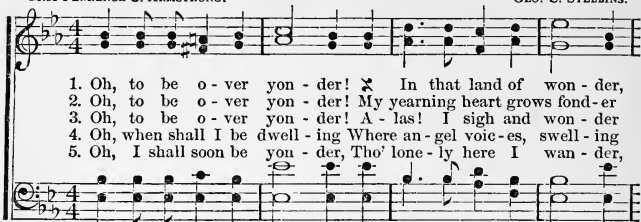
Oh, to be over Yonder.

"In thy presence is fulness of joy."

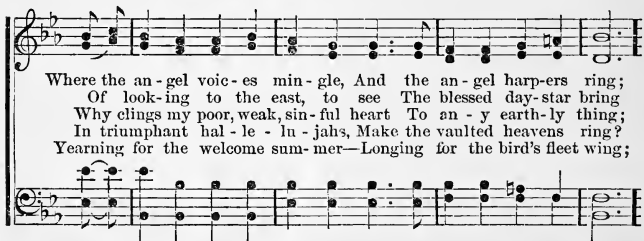
Miss FLORENCE C. ARMSTRONG.

Ps. xvi. 11.

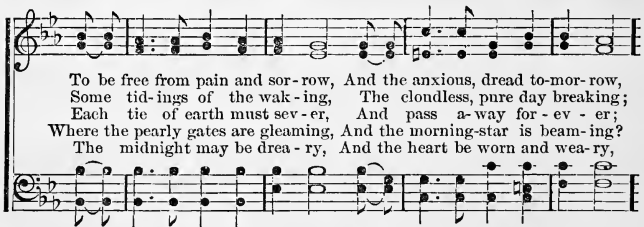
GEO. C. STEBBINS.



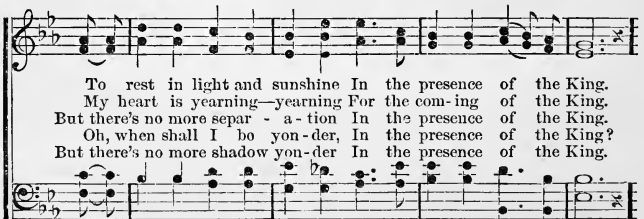
1. Oh, to be o - ver yon - der! In that land of won - der,
 2. Oh, to be o - ver yon - der! My yearning heart grows fond - er
 3. Oh, to be o - ver yon - der! A - las! I sigh and won - der
 4. Oh, when shall I be dwell - ing Where an - gel voic - es, swell - ing
 5. Oh, I shall soon be yon - der, Tho' lone - ly here I wan - der,



Where the an - gel voic - es min - gle, And the an - gel harp - ers ring;
 Of look - ing to the east, to see The blessed day - star bring
 Why clings my poor, weak, sin - ful heart To an - y earth - ly thing;
 In triumphant hal - le - lu - jahs, Make the vaulted heavens ring?
 Yearning for the welcome sum - mer—Longing for the bird's fleet wing;



To be free from pain and sor - row, And the anxious, dread to - mor - row,
 Some tid - ings of the wak - ing, The clondless, pure day breaking;
 Each tie of earth must sev - er, And pass a - way for - ev - er;
 Where the pearly gates are gleaming, And the morning - star is beam - ing?
 The midnight may be drea - ry, And the heart be worn and wea - ry,



To rest in light and sunshine In the presence of the King.
 My heart is yearning—yearning For the com - ing of the King.
 But there's no more separ - a - tion In the presence of the King.
 Oh, when shall I bo yon - der, In the presence of the King?
 But there's no more shadow yon - der In the presence of the King.

Oh, to be over Yonder.—CONCLUDED.

Oh, . . . to be o - ver yon - der, In . . . that land of won - der,
Oh, to be o - - ver yon - der, yon - der, In that land, that land of wonder,

There . . . to be for - ev - er In the presence of the King.
There to be for - - ev - er

124 C. J. B.

A Sinner like Me.

CHAS. J. BUTLER.

1. I - was once far away from the Saviour, And as vile as a sinner could be,

I wondered if Christ the Redeemer Could save a poor sinner like me.

2 I wandered on in the darkness,
Not a ray of light could I see, [ness,
And the thought filled my heart with sad-
There's no hope for a sinner like me.

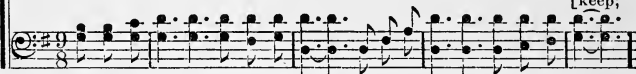
3 I then fully trusted in Jesus,
And oh, what a joy came to me;
My heart was filled with his praises,
For saving a sinner like me.

4 No longer in darkness I'm walking,
For the light is now shining on me,
And now unto others I'm telling,
How he saved a poor sinner like me.

5 And when life's journey is over,
And I the dear Saviour shall see,
I'll praise him for ever and ever.
For saving a sinner like me.



1. Light in our darkness, hope in our fear, Joy in our sorrow, still thou art near;
 2. Gifts that with morning fall like the dew, Still with the evening cheer us anew;
 3. What tho' the night clouds frown on the deep? Watch o'er thy loved ones thine eye will
 [keep;



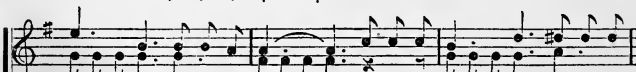
Constant, unchanging, praise to thy name, Now and forever thou art the same.
 Songs of rejoicing, anthems of praise, Lord, for thy goodness help us to raise.
 Rocked on the billow, weak and dismayed, Thy voice wilt whisper, be not afraid.



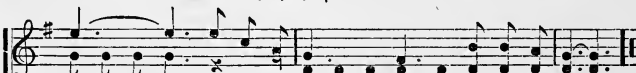
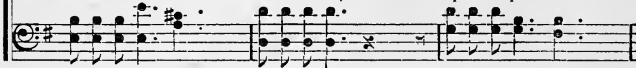
CHORUS.



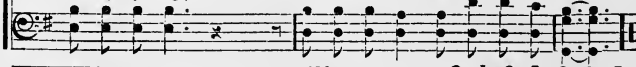
Thou hast redeemed us,— we are thine own; Thou wilt not
 Thou hast redeemed us,— we are thine own;



leave us friendless a-lone; Hope to the promise trusting-ly
 Thou wilt not leave us friendless alone; Hope to the promise



clings, Thou wilt defend us un-der thy wings.
 trust-ing-ly clings, Thou wilt de-fend us



1. Sin-ner, to the Saviour clinging, Trembling, trusting, hoping, singing,
2. Tar-ry not to count thy treasure; He will deal it with-out measure

Hark! a - gain his voice is ring - ing: "Forward, for - ward, march!"
As thou do - est his good pleasure—"Forward, for - ward, march!"

3 Art thou faint? He stands beside thee;
He shall help thee, guard thee, guide thee;
In his shadow he shall hide thee—
"Forward, forward, march!"

4 Through th'allurements of temptation,
Through the fires of tribulation,
Holding forth the great salvation,
"Forward, forward, march!"

5 By ten thousand foes surrounded,
Mocked, opposed, assaulted, wounded,
Thou shalt never be confounded,
"Forward, forward, march!"

6 Till thy bending head be hoary,
Till shall close thine earthly story,
Till thou step from grace to glory,
"Forward, forward, march!"

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127

Victory. 78.

Fine.

D. C.—Oh, how hap - py we shall be When we've gained the vic - to - ry!

CHORUS.

D. C.

Vic - to - ry! vic - to - ry! We shall gain the vic - to - ry;

1 WHAT are these arrayed in white,
Brighter than the noon-day sun?
Foremost of the sons of light;
Nearest the eternal throne?
2 These are they that bore the cross;
Nobly for their Master stood;
Sufferers in his righteous cause;
Followers of the dying God.
3 Out of great distress they came;
Washed their robes by faith below
In the blood of yonder Lamb,
Blood that washes white as snow:

4 Therefore are they next the throne;
Serve their Maker day and night;
God resides among his own;
God doth in his saints delight.
5 He that on the throne doth reign,
Them the Lamb shall always feed;
With the tree of life sustain;
To the living fountains lead;
6 He shall all their sorrows chase
All their wants at once remove;
Wipe the tears from every face;
Fill up every soul with love.

"Overcomers."

W. J. K.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

QUESTION.

1 John v. 5, 4. 1. Who, who is he? Who, who is he? Who, who is he that o-ver-
 Rev. iii 5. 2. What shall he wear? What shall he wear? What shall he wear that over-
 Rev. ii. 7. 3. What shall he eat? What shall he eat? What shall he eat that o-ver-
 Rev. iii. 12. 4. What shall he be? What shall he be? What shall he be that o-ver-

RESPONSE.

com-eth by the blood of the Lamb? He that be-liev-eth and is
 com-eth by the blood of the Lamb? He shall be clothed in
 com-eth by the blood of the Lamb? He shall eat of the
 com-eth by the blood of the Lamb? He shall be a pil-lar in the

born of God, He that be-liev-eth and is born of God,
 rai-ment white, He shall be clothed in rai-ment white,
 tree of life, He shall eat of the tree of life,
 tem-ple of God, He shall be a pil-lar in the temple of God,

He that believeth and is born of God, Shall overcome by the blood.
 He shall be clothed in raiment white, That overcomes by the blood.
 He shall eat of the tree of life, That overcomes by the blood.
 He shall be a pillar in the temple of God, That overcomes by the blood.

"Overcomers."—CONCLUDED.

O, the precious, precious blood! O, the cleansing, healing flood!

O, the pow'r and the love of God, Thro' the blood of the Lamb!

5 |: What shall we hear?:| that over-
By the blood of the Lamb? [cometh
|: He shall hear his name con-| fessed in
heaven, :|
That overcomes by the blood.

Rev. iii. 5.

7 |: Where shall he sit?:| that over-
By the blood of the Lamb? [cometh
|: He shall sit with | Jesus, on his
throne, :|
That overcomes by the blood.

Rev. iii. 21.

6 |: What shall he have?:| that over-
By the blood of the Lamb? [cometh
|: God will give him all things, and |
make him his son, :|
That overcomes by the blood.

Rev. xxi. 7.

8 |: What is the victory?:| that over-
By the blood of the Lamb? [cometh
|: Faith is the victory that | over-
cometh, :|
By the blood of the Lamb.

1 John v. 4

129 All the way long it is Jesus.

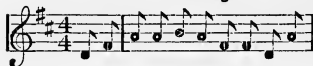
1. { O good old way, how sweet thou art! All the way long it is Je - sus; }
{ May none of us from thee de-part; All the way long it is Je - sus. }

CHORUS.
Je - sus, Je - sus, Why, all the way long it is Je - sus.

2 But may our actions always say | 3 This note above the rest shall swell,
We're marching in the good old way. | That Jesus doeth all things well.

130

What a Gathering.



1 AT the sounding of the trumpet, when the saints are gathered home,
We will greet each other by the crystal sea,
With the friends and all the loved ones there—
awaiting us to come,
What a gathering of the faithful that will be!

Cho.—What a gathering, gathering,
At the sounding of the glorious jubilee!
What a gathering, gathering,
What a gathering of the faithful that will be!

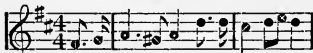
2 When the angel of the Lord proclaims that time shall be no more, [see,
We shall gather, and the saved and ransom'd
Then to meet again together, on the bright celestial shore,
What a gathering of the faithful that will be!

3 At the great and final judgment when the hidden comes to light,
When the Lord in all his glory we shall see,
At the bidding of our Saviour, "Come, ye blessed, to my right,"
What a gathering of the faithful that will be!

4 When the golden harps are sounding, and the angel bands proclaim,
In triumphant strains, the glorious jubilee,
Then to meet and join to sing the song of Moses and the Lamb,
What a gathering of the faithful that will be!

131

The New Song.



1 There are songs of joy that I loved to sing
When my heart was as blithe as a bird in spring;
But the song I have learned is so full of cheer,
That the dawn shines out in the darkness drear.

Cho.—O, the new, new song! :||
I can sing it now with the ransomed throng;
Power and dominion to him that shall reign,
Glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain.

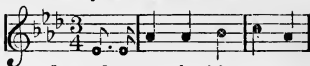
2 There are strains of home that are dear as life,
And I list to them oft 'mid the din of strife;
But I know of a home that is wondrous fair,
And I sing the psalm they are singing there.

3 Can my lips be mute, or my heart be sad,
When the gracious Master hath made me glad?
When he points where the many mansions be,
And sweetly says, "There is one for thee"?

4 I shall catch the gleam of its jasper wall
When I come to the gloom of the evenfall,
For I know that the shadows, dreary and dim,
Have a path of light that will lead to him.

132

Is my Name written There?



1 LORD, I care not for riches,
Neither silver nor gold;
I would make sure of heaven,
I would enter the fold.
In the book of thy kingdom,
With its pages so fair,
Tell me, Jesus my Saviour,
Is my name written there?

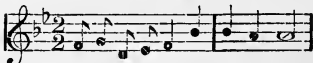
Cho.—Is my name written there,
On the page white and fair?
In the book of thy kingdom,
Is my name written there?

2 Lord, my sins they are many,
Like the sands of the sea,
But thy blood, O my Saviour,
Is sufficient for me;
For thy promise is written,
In bright letters that glow,
"Though your sins be as scarlet,
I will make them like snow."

3 Oh! that beautiful city,
With its mansions of light,
With its glorified beings,
In pure garments of white;
Where no evil thing cometh
To despoil what is fair;
Where the angels are watching,—
Is my name written there?

133

The New Name.



1 WE shall have a new name in that land,
In that land, that sunny, sunny land,
When we meet the bright angelic band,
In that sunny land. [there;

A new name, a new name we'll receive up
A new name, a new name, all who enter there.

Cho.—We shall have a new name in that land,
In that land, that sunny, sunny land,
When we meet the bright angelic band,
In that sunny land.

2 We'll receive it in a pure, white stone,
And no one will know the name therein;
Only unto him who hath 'tis known,
When we're free from sin. [there;
A white stone, a white stone we'll receive up
A white stone, a white stone, all who enter there.

3 Don't you wonder what that name will be,
Sweeter far than aught on earth can be,
We will be quite satisfied when we
Shall that new name know.

I wonder, I wonder what that name will be,
I wonder, I wonder, what he'll give to me.

Draw me to Thee.

"And I will cause him to draw near, and he shall approach unto me."
 M. A. W. COOK. Jer. xxx. 21. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Lord, weak and im-po-tent I stand, As fettered by an unseen hand;
 2. In vain I strug-gle to be free; I would, but cannot, fly to thee;
 3. Oh, bring me near-er, near-er still, That thine own peace my soul may fill,
 4. Here, Lord, I would for-ev-er bide, And nev-er wan-der from thy side;

Fine.

Break thou the strong and sub-tle band, And draw me close to thee.
 Ope thou the pris-on door for me, And draw me close to thee.
 And I may rest in thy sweet will; Lord, draw me close to thee.
 Beneath thy wing do thou me hide, And draw me close to thee.

D. S.—Beneath thy wing do thou me hide, And draw me close to thee.

CHORUS.

D. S.

Draw me close to thee, Sav-iour, Draw me close to thee;
 close to thee, Sav-iour,

By permission.

For me, for me.

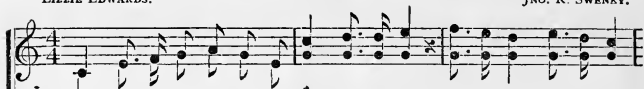
1. { Jesus shed his precious blood, For me, for me;
 Jesus brings me back to God, Jesus saves me now.

2 There for me the Saviour stands,
 Show his wounds and spread his hands.

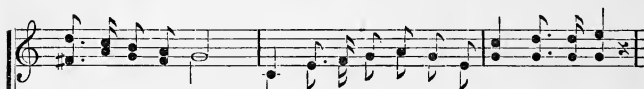
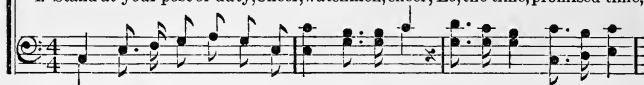
4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
 Let the healing showers abound.

3 God is love, I know, I feel,
 Jesus lives and loves me still.

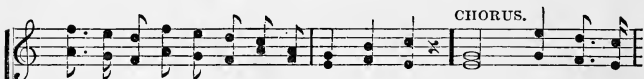
5 Rock of ages cleft for me,
 Now I hide myself in thee.



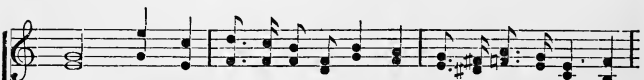
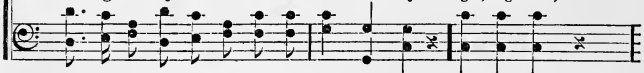
1. Stand at your post, ye watchmen, Dark tho' the night; See afar, bright and clear,
2. Stand at your post of du - ty, Be not dismayed, Christ the Lord rideth on
3. Stand at your post of du - ty, Truth must prevail, Joyful news, welcome news,
4. Stand at your post of duty, Cheer, watchmen, cheer; Lo, the time, promised time,



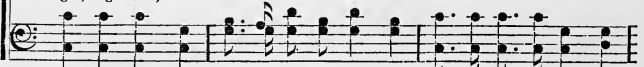
Dawns the morning light; Sound, sound the trump of Zion O'er land and sea;
 Now in strength arrayed; Lift up the gos-pel banner, Watchmen, proclaim
 Comes with ev'ry gale; Lo! at the feet of Jesus Proud monarchs fall:
 Now is drawing near; Bright o'er the distant mountain On rolls the day,




CHORUS.
 Tell a-gain the happy tidings, Grace is free. Bright Star of the
 Peace and life to ev - 'ry creature Thro' his name.
 They have heard the gospel message, Joy to all.
 Driving ev - ry mist and shadow Far a - way. Bright, bright Star,



morn - ing, Thou bles - sed Star of glo - ry, bles - sed Star of glo - ry,
 bright, bright Star,



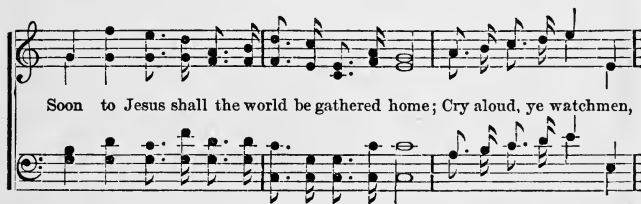
Stand at Your Post.—CONCLUDED.



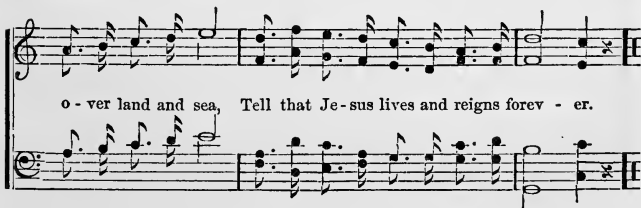
Shine on in thy beau - ty, And bear the joy - ful news to ev - 'ry
Shine, shine on, shine, shine on,



clime; Soon to Je - sus shall the heathen na - tions come,



Soon to Jesus shall the world be gathered home; Cry aloud, ye watchmen,



o - ver land and sea, Tell that Je - sus lives and reigns forev - er.

Are You Ready?

MARY D. JAMES.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Should the summons, quickly fly - ing, On the slumb'ring nations fall,—
 2. What if now the startling man - date Should the sleeping virgins hear,—
 3. Is there oil in all your ves - sels? Are your garments pure and white?
 4. Rise! ye vir - gins,—sleep no long - er,—Lest the call your souls surprise!

Lo! the heavenly Bridegroom com - eth, Would the sound your souls appal?
 Are your lamps all trimm'd and burning? Should the Bridegroom now appear?
 Are they wash'd in-the-cleansing fountain, Fit to stand in Je - sus' sight?
 Lest ye fail to meet the Bridegroom, When he cometh from the skies.

CHORUS.

Are you read - y? Are you read - y? Should you hear the midnight call?
 Are you read - y? Are you read - y? Now to see your Lord ap - pear!
 Are you read - y? Are you read - y? Are your lamps all clear and bright?
 Oh, be read - y! Oh, be read - y! When he cometh from the skies;

Are you read - y? Are you read - y? Should you hear the midnight call?
 Are you ready? Are you ready? Should you hear the midnight call? Should you hear the midnight call?
 Are you read - y? Are you read - y? Now to see your Lord appear?
 Are you ready? Are you ready? Now to see your Lord appear? Now to see your Lord ap - pear?
 Are you read - y? Are you read - y? Are your lamps all clear and bright?
 Are you ready? Are you ready? Are your lamps all clear and bright? Are your lamps all clear and bright?
 Oh, be read - y! Oh, be read - y! Hasten, from your slumbers rise!
 Oh, be ready! Oh, be ready! Hasten, from your slumbers rise! Hasten, from your slumbers rise!

Why do You Wait?

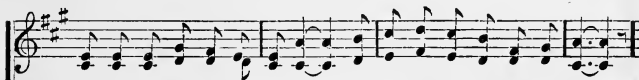
G. F. R.

"Arise, he calleth thee."—Mark x. 49.

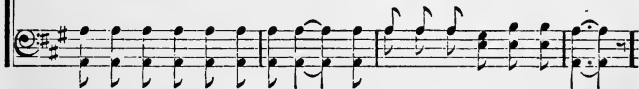
GEO. F. ROOF.



1. Why do you wait, dear brother, Oh, why do you tarry so long? Your
2. What do you hope, dear brother, To gain by a further de - lay? There's
3. Do you not feel, dear brother, His Spirit now striving within? Oh,
4. Why do you wait, dear brother, The harvest is passing a - way, Your



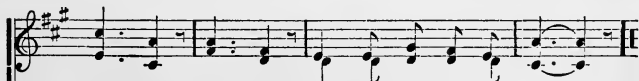
Saviour is waiting to give you A place in his sanc-ti-fied throng.
 no one to save you but Je - sus, There's no other way but his way.
 why not accept his sal - va - tion, And throw off thy burden of sin?
 Saviour is longing to bless you, There's danger and death in delay?



CHORUS.



Why not? why not? Why not come to him now?



Why not? why not? Why not come to him now?



Leaning on Jesus.

REV. W. F. CRAFTS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Wea-ry with walking a - lone, Long heavy - laden with sin;
2. Fearing to stand for my Lord, Trembling for weakness in prayer;

Toil-ing all night with-out Christ,—Rest for my soul shall I win,
Yet on the bo - som di - vine Los - ing each sor-row and fear,

CHORUS.

Lean - ing on Je - sus, I walk - at his side; . . .
Leaning on Je - sus, in him I a - bide, Leaning on Je - sus, I walk at his side;

Lean - - ing on Je - - sus, I trust him, my Shepherd and Guide.
Leaning on Je - sus, what-ev - er be - tide,

- 3 Anxious no longer for self,
Shrinking no longer from pain;
Leaning on Jesus alone,
He all my care will sustain.
Leaning on Jesus, etc.
- 4 Leaning, I walk in "The Way,"
Leaning, "The Truth" I shall know;
Leaning on heart-throbs of Christ,
Safe into "Life" I may go.
Leaning on Jesus, etc.

From "Leaflet Gems, No. 2," by per.

P. P. B.

"Behold, the half was not told."—Kings x. 7.

P. P. BLISS.

1. Re - peat the sto - ry o'er and o'er, Of grace so full and free;
 2. Of peace I on - ly knew the name, Nor found my soul its rest
 3. My high - est place is ly - ing low At my Redeem - er's feet;
 4. And oh, what rapture will it be With all the host a - bove,

I love to hear it more and more, Since grace has res - cued me.
 Un - til the sweet - voiced angel came To sooth my wea - ry breast.
 No re - al joy in life I know, But in his ser - vice sweet.
 To sing through all e - ter - ni - ty The won - ders of his love!

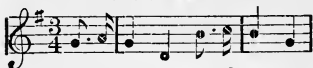
CHORUS.

The half was never told, The half was never told,
 nev - er told, nev - er told,

1. Of grace divine, so wonder - ful, The half was never told.
 2. Of peace, etc.
 3. Of joy, etc.
 4. Of love, etc. nev - er told.

142

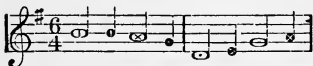
Come to Jesus.



- 1 COME to Jesus, come to Jesus,
Come to Jesus just now,
Just now come to Jesus,
Come to Jesus just now.
- | | |
|----------------------|-------------------------|
| 2 He will save you. | 9 He will hear you. |
| 3 Oh, believe him. | 10 He'll have mercy. |
| 4 He is able. | 11 He'll forgive you. |
| 5 He is willing. | 12 He will cleanse you. |
| 6 He'll receive you. | 13 He'll renew you. |
| 7 Flee to Jesus. | 14 He will clothe you. |
| 8 Call unto him. | 15 Jesus loves you. |

143

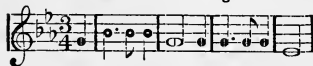
Fill me now.



- 1 HOVER o'er me, Holy Spirit;
Bathe my trembling heart and brow;
Fill me with thy hallowed presence,
Come, oh, come and fill me now.
- Cho.*—Fill me now, fill me now,
Jesus, come and fill me now,
Fill me with thy hallowed presence,—
Come, oh, come and fill me now.
- 2 Thou canst fill me, gracious Spirit,
Though I cannot tell thee how;
But I need thee, greatly need thee;
Come, oh, come and fill me now.
- 3 I am weakness, full of weakness;
At thy sacred feet I bow;
Blest, divine, eternal Spirit,
Fill with pow'r, and fill me now.
- 4 Cleanse and comfort; bless and save me;
Bathe, oh, bathe my heart and brow;
Thou art comforting and saving,
Thou art sweetly filling now.

144

The Child of a King.



- 1 MY Father is rich in houses and lands,
He holdeth the wealth of the world in his
hands!
Of rubies and diamonds, of silver and gold
His coffers are full,—he has riches untold.
- Cho.*—I'm the child of a King,
The child of a King;
With Jesus my Saviour
I'm the child of a King,

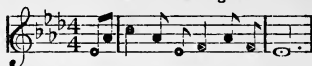
2 My Father's own Son, the Saviour of men;
Once wandered o'er earth as the poorest of men;
But now he is reigning forever on high, [them,
And will give me a home in heaven by and by.

3 I once was an outcast stranger on earth,
A sinner by choice, an alien by birth! [down,—
But I've been adopted, my name's written
An heir to a mansion, a robe, and a crown.

4 A tent or a cottage, why should I care?
They're building a palace for me over there!
Though exiled from home, yet still I may sing:
All glory to God, I'm the child of a King.

145

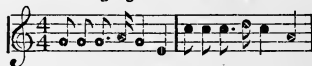
The Rock that is Higher.



- 1 OH, sometimes the shadows are deep,
And rough seems the path to the goal,
And sorrows, sometimes how they sweep
Like tempests down over the soul.
- Cho.*—Oh, then to the rock let me fly,
To the rock that is higher than I. :||
- 2 Oh, sometimes how long seems the day,
And sometimes how weary my feet;
But toiling in life's dusty way,
The Rock's blessed shadow, how sweet!
- 3 Oh, near to the Rock let me keep,
Or blessings or sorrows prevail;
Or climbing the mountain-way steep,
Or walking the shadowy vale.

146

Bringing in the Sheaves.



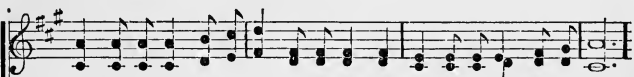
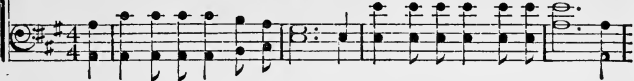
- 1 Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kind-
ness,
Sowing in the noon-tide, and the dewy eyes;
Waiting for the harvest, and the time of reaping,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the
sheaves.
- Cho.*—Bringing in the sheaves, bringing in the
sheaves, [sheaves. :||
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the
- 2 Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the sha-
dows, [breeze;
Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chilling
By and by the harvest, and the labor ended,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the
sheaves.
- 3 Go, then, ever weeping, sowing for the Master,
Though the loss sustained our spirit often
grieves;
When our weeping's over he will bid us wel-
come, [sheaves.
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the

O Prodigal, Don't Stay Away.

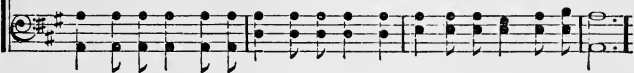
J. E. RANKIN, D. D. "I will arise and go unto my Father."—Luke xv. 18. J. W. BISCHOFF.



1. O prod-i-gal, don't stay away! The Fa-ther is wait-ing to-day; There's
2. O prodigal brother, come home! Why longer in wretchedness roam? You're
3. O prodigal, what will you do? Love's ta-ble is wait-ing for you; For-
4. O prod-i-gal brother, a- rise! For pardon, look up to the skies; No



room and to spare, There is raiment to wear, O prod-i-gal, don't stay a-way.
 lone-ly and lost, You are driven and toss'd, O prod-i-gal brother, come home.
 givenness so sweet, Sure, your coming will greet, O prodigal, what will you do?
 longer then stray From thy Father away, O prod-i-gal brother, a- rise.



CHORUS.



Will you come? Will you come? Will you come, come home to-day? There is



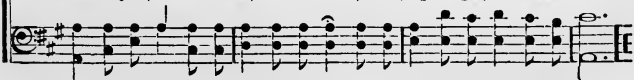
Will you come?

Will you come?

Will you come?



welcome for you, There's a kiss, kind and true, Then, O prodigal, don't stay away.



Let Him In.

Rev. J. B. ATCHINSON.

E. O. EXCELL.

1. There's a stranger at the door, Let him in,
 2. O-pen now to him your heart, Let him in,
 3. Hear you now his lov-ing voice? Let him in,
 4. Now admit the heavenly Guest, Let him in,

Let the Saviour in, let the Saviour in,

He has been there oft be-fore, Let him in;
 If you wait he will de-part, Let him in;
 Now, oh, now make him your choice, Let him in,
 He will make for you a feast, Let him in,

Let the Saviour in, let the Saviour in,

Let him in ere he is gone, Let him in the Ho-ly One,
 Let him in, he is your Friend, He your soul will sure de-fend,
 He is stand-ing at the door, Joy to you he will re-store,
 He will speak your sins for-given, And when earth ties all are riven,

Je-sus Christ, the Father's Son, Let him in.
 He will keep you to the end, Let him in.
 And his name you will a-dore, Let him in.
 He will take you home to heaven, Let him in.

Let the Saviour in. let the Saviour in.

Cast thy Burden on the Lord.

W. J. K.

"Casting all your care upon him, for he careth for you."

1 Peter v. 7.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Wea-ry pil - grim on life's pathway, Struggling on beneath thy load,
 2. Are thy tir - ed feet unstead - y? Does thy lamp no light af - ford?
 3. Are the ties of friendship severed? Hushed the voices fond-ly heard?

Hear these words of con-so - la-tion,—“Cast thy bur - den on the Lord.”
 Is thy cross too great and hea - vy? Cast thy bur - den on the Lord.
 Breaks thy heart with weight of anguish, Cast thy bur - den on the Lord.

CHORUS.

f Cast thy bur - den on the Lord, *p* Cast thy bur - den on the Lord, *cres.* And he will

p *ad lib.* strengthen thee, sustain and comfort thee; Cast thy bur - den on the Lord.

- 4 Does thy heart with faintness falter? Does thy mind forget his word?
 Does thy strength succumb to weak-
 Cast thy burden on the Lord. [ness?
- 5 He will hold thee up from falling,
 He will guide thy steps aright;
 He will strengthen each endeavor;
 He will keep thee by his might.

Ah! 'tis the old, old Story.

Mrs. C. L. SHACKLOCK.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Ah! 'tis the old, old stor - y, . . . Tempted and led a - stray, . . .
 2. Robbing the heart of lightness, . . . Los-ing the bloom of youth, . . .
 3. But, in an old, old stor - y, . . . Full of a grace di - vine, . . .

Leaving the path of dut - y, . . . Choosing the e - vil way, . . .
 Dimming the eyes' glad brightness, . . . Stilling the voice of truth, . . .
 There is a - bun - dant par - don, . . . Ev - en for sin like thine, . . .

Breaking the hearts of moth - ers, . . . Slighting their fer - vent prayers, . . .
 Missing the pride of manhood, . . . Missing a no - ble aim, . . .
 Now, with a con - trite spir - it, . . . Turn from the ways of sin, . . .

Sowing the seed which bringeth . . . On - ly a wealth of tares, . . .
 Gaining a ship-wrecked nature, . . . Gaining a sul - lied name, . . .
 Knock at the gate of heav - en, . . . Entrance thy soul shall win, . . .

CHORUS.

Ah! 'tis the old, old stor - y, Ah! 'tis the old, old stor - y,
 Last cho. - Yes, 'tis the old, old stor - y, Yes, 'tis the old, old stor - y,

Ah! 'tis the old, old Story.—CONCLUDED.

Ah! 'tis the old, old stor - y, . . . Tempted and led a - stray. .
 Yes, 'tis the old, old stor - y, . . . Full of a grace di - vine. .

151

Light after Darkness.

DUET.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

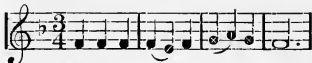
1. Light af - ter darkness, Gain af - ter loss, Strength af - ter
 2. Sheaves af - ter sow - ing, Sun af - ter rain, Sight af - ter
 3. Near af - ter dis - tant, Gleam af - ter gloom, Love af - ter

weakness, Crown af - ter cross, Sweet af - ter bit - ter,
 mys - tery, Peace af - ter pain, Joy af - ter sor - row,
 loneliness, Life af - ter tomb; Af - ter long a - go - ny,

Song af - ter fears, Home af - ter wander - ing, Praise af - ter tears.
 Calm af - ter blast, Rest af - ter wear - i - ness, Sweet rest at last.
 Rap - ture of bliss; Right was the path - way Leading to this!

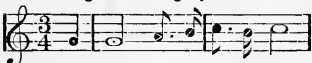
152

Sun of My Soul.



- 1 SUN of my soul, thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if thou be near;
Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise,
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes,
- 2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eye-lids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
Forever on my Saviour's breast.
- 3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.
- 4 Watch by the sick: enrich the poor
With blessings from thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

153 Sing of His Mighty Love.



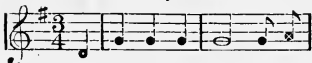
- 1 OH, bliss of the purified, bliss of the free,
I plunge in the crimson tide opened for me;
O'er sin and uncleanness exulting I stand,
And point to the print of the nails in his hand.

Cho.—Oh, sing of his mighty love,
||: Sing of his mighty love, :||
Mighty to save.

- 2 Oh, bliss of the purified, Jesus is mine,
No longer in dread condemnation I pine;
In conscious salvation I sing of his grace,
Who lifteth upon me the light of his face.
- 3 Oh, bliss of the purified, bliss of the pure,
No wound hath the soul that his blood cannot
cure; [rest,
No sorrow-bowed head but may sweetly find
No tears but may dry them on Jesus' breast.
- 4 O Jesus the crucified, thee will I sing,
My blessed Redeemer, my God and my King;
My soul filled with rapture shall shout o'er
the grave,
And triumph in death in the "Mighty to Save."

154

Revive Thy Work.



- 1 WE praise thee, O God, for the Son of thy
love,
For Jesus who died, and is now gone above.
- Cho.*—Hallelujah! thine the glory, hallelujah!
amen;
Hallelujah! thine the glory, revive us again.

- 2 We praise thee, O God, for thy Spirit of light
Who has shown us our Saviour and scat-
tered our night.

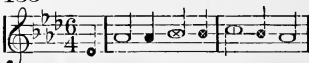
- 3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was
slain, [every stain,
Who has borne all our sins, and has cleansed

- 4 All glory and praise to the God of all grace,
Who has bought us, and sought us, and
guided our ways.

- 5 Revive us again, fill each heart with thy love;
May each soul be rekindled with fire from
above.

155

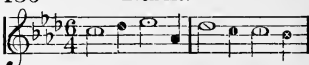
How Sweet the Name.



- 1 HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear;
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.
- 3 Jesus, my Shepherd, Saviour, Friend;
My Prophet, Priest, and King;
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,—
Accept the praise I bring.
- 4 I would thy boundless love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
So shall the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

156

Even Me.



- 1 LORD, I hear of showers of blessing
Thou art scattering full and free—
Showers the thirsty land refreshing;
Let some droppings fall on me.

Cho.—Even me, even me,
Let thy blessing fall on me.

- 2 Pass me not, O gracious Father!
Sinful though my heart may be;
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
Let thy mercy fall on me.

- 3 Pass me not, O tender Saviour!
Let me love and cling to thee;
I am longing for thy favor;
Whilst thou'rt calling, oh, call me.

- 4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!
Thou can'st make the blind to see;
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of power to me.

SALLIE SMITH.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

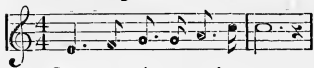
1. I have found a friend di - vine, Wont you love him too?
 2. Oh, how dear his name to me, Wont you love him too?
 3. Heav - y - lad - en, care - oppressed, Wont you love him too?
 4. Cast your bur - den at his feet, Wont you love him too?

I am his and he is mine, Wont you love him too?
 None can save your soul but he, Wont you love him too?
 How he longs to give you rest, Wont you love him too?
 There is par - don pure and sweet, Wont you love him too?

CHORUS.

Wont you love my Je - sus, My pre - cious, precious Je - sus?

Wont you love my Je - sus? He is waiting now for you.

158 **Trusting Jesus, that is all.**

- 1 **SIMPLY** trusting every day;
Trusting, though a stormy way;
Even when my faith is small,
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

Cho.—Trusting him while life shall last,
Trusting him till earth is past,—
Till within the jasper wall—
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

- 2 Brightly doth his Spirit shine
Into this poor heart of mine;
While he leads, I cannot fall,
Trusting Jesus, that is all.
- 3 Singing, if my way is clear;
Praying, if the path is drear;
If in danger, for him call—
Trusting Jesus, that is all.
- 4 Trusting as the moments fly,
Trusting as the days go by,
Trusting him whate'er befall—
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

- 2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

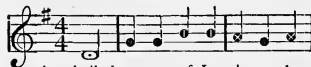
- 3 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

- 4 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

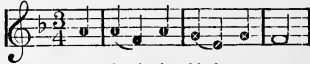
- 5 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at his feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

159 **Fountain.**

- 1 **THERE** is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.
- 3 Thou dying Lamb! thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Are saved, to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

160 **Coronation.**

- 1 **ALL** hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

161 **Blest be the tie.**

- 1 **BLEST** be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathising tear.
- 4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

162 **How Gentle.** Same tune.

- 1 **HOW** gentle God's commands!
How kind his precepts are!
Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust his constant care.
- 2 Beneath his watchful eye
His saints securely dwell;
That hand which bears all nature up
Shall guard his children well.
- 3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,
And sweet refreshment find.
- 4 His goodness stands approved,
Unchanged from day to day;
I'll drop my burden at his feet,
And bear a song away.

1. We are pilgrims looking home, Sad and wea-ry oft we roam, But we
 2. O these tender broken ties, How they dim our aching eyes, But like
 3. When our fettered souls are free, Far beyond the narrow sea, And we
 4. Thro' our pilgrim journey here, Tho' the night is sometimes drear, Let us

know'twill all be well in the morning; When, our anchor firmly cast, Ev'ry
 jewels they will shine in the morning; When our victor palms we bear, And our
 hear the Saviour's voice in the morning; When our golden sheaves we bring To the
 watch and persevere till the morning; Then our highest tribute raise For the

storm-y wave is past, And we gather safe at last in the morn-ing.
 robes immor-tal wear, We shall know each other there, in the morn-ing.
 feet of Christ our King, What a chorus we shall sing in the morn-ing.
 love that crowns our days, And to Jesus give the praise in the morn-ing.

Fine.

D. S.—sun - ny region bright, When we hail the blessed light of the morn-ing.

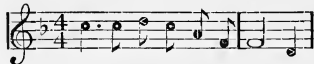
CHORUS.

When we all meet a-gain in the morn - ing, On the sweet blooming

hills in the morn - ing; Nev - ermore to say good night In that

D. S.

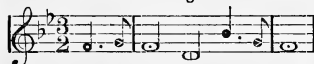
164 What a Friend.



1 WHAT a Friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer!
O what peace we often forfeit,
O what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer!

2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

165 Rock of Ages.

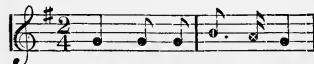


1 ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.

2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know;
These for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone;
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

166 Before the Cross.

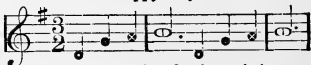


1 MY faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine:
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
O let me from this day
Be wholly thine.

2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As thou hast died for me,
O may my love to thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,—
A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

167 Happy Day.



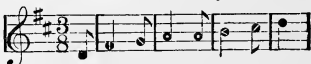
1 O HAPPY day, that fixed my choice
On thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its rapture all abroad.

Cho.—Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away;
He taught me how to watch and pray,
And live rejoicing every day;
Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away.

2 'Tis done, the great transaction's done—
I am my Lord's and he is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

3 Now rest, my long divided heart:
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With him of every good possessed.

168 Sweet Hour of Prayer.



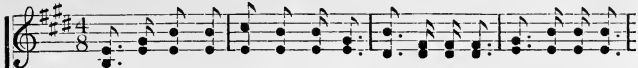
1 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne
Make all my wants and wishes known!
In seasons of distress and grief
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To him, whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless:
And since he bids me seek his face,
Believe his word, and trust his grace,
I'll cast on him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

Help Just a Little.

Music from "The Wells of Salvation,"
new words by Rev. W. A. SPENCER.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



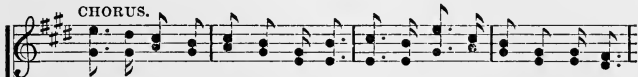
1. Brother for Christ's kingdom sighing, Help a lit-tle, help a lit-tle;
2. Is thy cup made sad by tri-al? Help a lit-tle, help a lit-tle;
3. Though no wealth to thee is giv-en, Help a lit-tle, help a lit-tle;



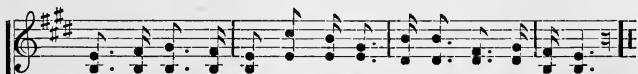
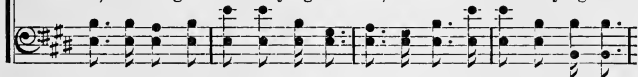
Help to save the mil-lions dy-ing, Help just a lit-tle.
Sweet-en it with self-de-ni-al, Help just a lit-tle.
Sac-ri-fice is gold in heav-en, Help just a lit-tle.



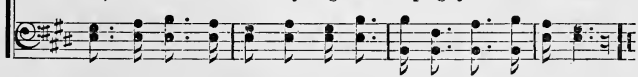
CHORUS.



Oh, the wrongs that we may righten! Oh, the hearts that we may lighten!



Oh, the skies that we may brighten! Helping just a lit-tle.

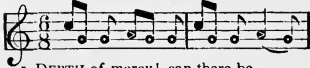


4 Let us live for one another,
Help a little, help a little;
Help to lift each fallen brother,
Help just a little.

5 Tho' thy life is pressed with sorrow,
Help a little, help a little;
Bravely look t'ward God's to-morrow,
Help just a little.

170

Depth of Mercy.



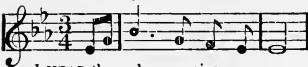
1 DEPTH of mercy! can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God his wrath forbear?
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?

Cho.—God is love! I know, I feel;
Jesus lives, and loves me still.
Jesus lives,
He lives and loves me still.

2 I have long withstood his grace,
Long provoked him to his face:
Would not hearken to his calls;
Grieved him by a thousand falls,

3 Now incline me to repent;
Let me now my sins lament;
Now my foul revolt deplore,
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

171 I Hear Thy Welcome Voice.



1 I HEAR thy welcome voice,
That calls me, Lord, to thee,
For cleansing in thy precious blood
That flowed on Calvary.

Cho.—I am coming, Lord,
Coming now to thee!
Wash me, cleanse me in the blood
That flowed on Calvary.

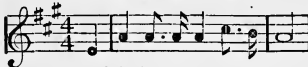
2 Though coming weak and vile,
Thou dost my strength assure;
Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,
Till spotless all and pure.

3 'Tis Jesus calls me on
To perfect faith and love,
To perfect hope, and peace, and trust,
For earth and heaven above.

4 All hail, atoning blood!
All hail, redeeming grace!
All hail, the gift of Christ our Lord,
Our Strength and Righteousness!

172

The Home Over There.



1 OH, think of the home over there,
By the side of the river of light,
Where the saints, all immortal and fair,
Are robed in their garments of white.
Ref.—Over there, over there,
Oh, think of the home over there.

2 Oh, think of the friends over there,
Who before us the journey have trod,
Of the songs that they breathe on the air,
In their home in the palace of God.

Ref.—Over there, over there,
Oh, think of the friends over there.

3 My Saviour is now over there,
There my kindred and friends are at rest;
Then away from my sorrow and care,
Let me fly to the land of the blest.

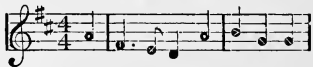
Ref.—Over there, over there,
My Saviour is now over there.

4 I'll soon be at home over there,
For the end of my journey I see;
Many dear to my heart, over there,
Are watching and waiting for me.

Ref.—Over there, over there,
I'll soon be at home over there.

173

He Leadeth Me!



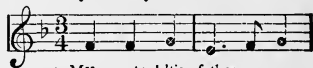
1 HE leadeth me! O blessed thought!
O words with heavenly comfort fraught!
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

Cho.—He leadeth me, he leadeth me,
By his own hand he leadeth me:
His faithful follower I would be,
For by his hand he leadeth me.

2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters still, o'er troubled sea,—
Still 'tis his hand that leadeth me!

3 Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine,
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me!

174 My Country! 'tis of Thee.



1 MY country! 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing:
Land where my fathers died!
Land of the pilgrims' pride!
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring!

2 My native country, thee,
Land of the noble, free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills:
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

3 Our fathers' God! to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King!

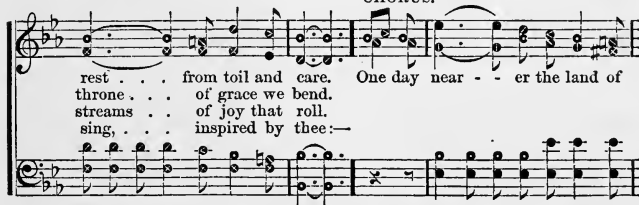


1. One more day its twilight brings, One more day its shadow
 2. One more day of conflict passed, One more vic - t'ry gained at
 3. One more day of reaping o'er, One more sheaf to crown our
 4. Saviour, when as now we rest, Leaning, trust - ing on thy

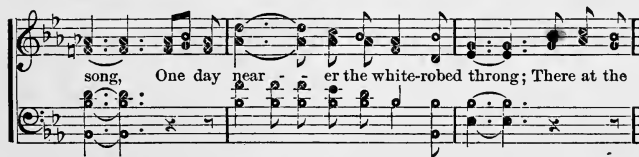


flings; One sweet hour of grate-ful prayer, Calling to
 last; One sweet hour in praise to spend, While at a
 store; One sweet hour to bathe the soul Here in the
 breast, We shall cross the nar - row sea Still may we

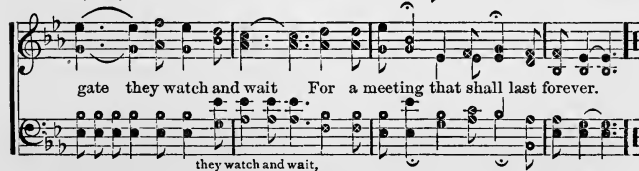
CHORUS.



rest . . . from toil and care. One day near - - er the land of
 throne . . . of grace we bend.
 streams . . . of joy that roll.
 sing, . . . inspired by thee:—

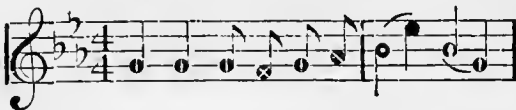


song, One day near - - er the white-robed throng; There at the



gate they watch and wait For a meeting that shall last forever.
 they watch and wait,

176 Saviour, like a Shepherd.



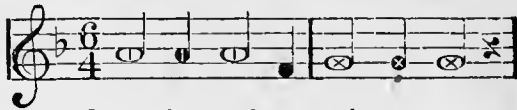
- 1 SAVIOUR, like a shepherd lead us,
 Much we need thy tend'rest care,
 In thy pleasant pastures feed us,
 For our use thy folds prepare;
 ||: Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
 Thou hast bought us, thine we are.:||
- 2 We are thine, do thou befriend us,
 Be the Guardian of our way;
 Keep thy flock, from sin defend us,
 Seek us when we go astray;
 ||: Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
 Hear, oh, hear us when we pray.:||
- 3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
 Poor and sinful though we be;
 Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
 Grace to cleanse, and power to free;
 ||: Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
 We will early turn to thee.:||

177 I Love to Tell the Story.



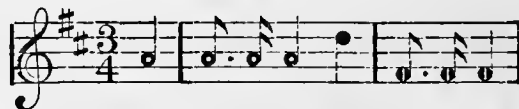
- 1 I LOVE to tell the Story
 Of unseen things above,
 Of Jesus and his glory,
 Of Jesus and his love;
 I love to tell the Story,
 Because I know it's true;
 It satisfies my longings,
 As nothing else would do.
- Cho.*—I love to tell the Story!
 'Twill be my theme in glory,
 To tell the Old, Old Story
 Of Jesus and his love.
- 2 I love to tell the Story!
 More wonderful it seems,
 Than all the golden fancies
 Of all our golden dreams;
 I love to tell the Story!
 It did so much for me;
 And that is just the reason
 I tell it now to thee.
- 3 I love to tell the Story!
 For those who know it best
 Seem hungering and thirsting
 To hear it, like the rest;
 And when, in scenes of glory,
 I sing the NEW, NEW SONG,
 'Twill be the OLD, OLD STORY
 That I have loved so long.

178 Jesus, Lover of My Soul.



- 1 JESUS, lover of my soul,
 Let me to thy bosom fly,
 While the nearer waters roll,
 While the tempest still is high.
 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
 Till the storm of life is past;
 Safe into the haven guide,
 O, receive my soul at last.
- 2 Other refuge have I none;
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee:
 Leave, oh, leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me:
 All my trust on thee is stayed,
 All my help from thee I bring;
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of thy wing!
- 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
 More than all in thee I find;
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
 Just and holy is thy name,
 I am all unrighteousness:
 False and full of sin I am,
 Thou art full of truth and grace.
- 4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
 Grace to cover all my sin;
 Let the healing streams abound;
 Make and keep me pure within.
 Thou of life the fountain art,
 Freely let me take of thee:
 Spring thou up within my heart,
 Rise to all eternity.

179 There is a Land.



- 1 THERE is a land of pure delight,
 Where saints immortal reign;
 Eternal day excludes the night,
 And pleasures banish pain;
 There everlasting Spring abides,
 And never-whith'ring flowers;
 Death, like a narrow sea, divides
 This heavenly land from ours.
- 2 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
 Stand dressed in living green;
 So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
 While Jordan rolled between;
 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
 And view the landscape o'er, [flood
 Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold
 Should fright us from the shore.

180 I Hope to Meet You All in Glory.

EMMA PITT.

[From "Our Sabbath Home," by per.]

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I hope to meet you all in glo - ry, When the storms of life are o'er;
 2. I hope to meet you all in glo - ry, By the tree of life so fair;
 3. I hope to meet you all in glo - ry, Round the Saviour's throne above;
 4. I hope to meet you all in glo - ry, When my work on earth is o'er;

I hope to tell the dear old sto - ry, On the bles - sed shin - ing shore.
 I hope to praise our dear Redeem - er For the grace that brought me there.
 I hope to join the ransomed arm - y Singing now redeem - ing love.
 I hope to clasp your hands rejoic - ing On the bright e - ter - nal shore.

CHORUS.

On the shin - ing shore, On the gold - en strand, In our

Father's home, In the hap - py land: I hope to meet you there, I

hope to meet you there,—A crown of vict - ry wear,—In glo - ry.

1. While struggling thro' this vale of tears I want more faith in Je-sus; A-
 2. To war against the foes with-in I want more faith in Je-sus; To
 3. To brave the storms that here I meet I want more faith in Je-sus; To
 4. I want a faith that works by love, A constant faith in Je-sus; A

D. S.—And

Fine. CHORUS.

mid tempta-tions, cares, and fears, I want more faith in Je - sus. I
 rise a - bove the powers of sin I want more faith in Je - sus.
 rest con - fid - ing at his feet I want more faith in Je - sus.
 faith that mountains can remove, A liv - ing faith in Je - sus.

this my cry, as time rolls by, I want more faith in Je - sus.

want more faith, I want more faith, A clearer, brighter, stronger faith in Jesus;

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1 I've reached the land of corn and wine,
 And all its riches freely mine;
 Here shines undimmed one blissful day,
 For all my night has passed away.

CHO.—O Beulah land, sweet Beulah land,
 As on thy highest mount I stand,
 I look away across the sea,
 Where mansions are prepared for me,
 And view the shining glory shore,
 My heaven, my home, for evermore!

2 My Saviour comes and walks with me,
 And sweet communion here have we,
 He gently leads me by his hand,
 For this is heaven's border-land.

3 A sweet perfume upon the breeze
 Is borne from ever-vernal trees,
 And flowers that never-fading grow
 Where streams of life forever flow.

4 The zephyrs seem to float to me
 Sweet sounds of heaven's melody,
 As angels with the white-robed throng
 Join in the sweet redemption song.

◀ MELODIOUS SONNETS ▶

FOR

◀ SACRED SERVICE ▶

BY

JOHN R. SWENEY AND WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

“Teach me some Melodious Sonnet.”

PHILADELPHIA
 JOHN J. HOOD 
1018 ARCH ST.

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*“Teach me some Melodious Sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above.”*

—◇—

IN response to the call made by the foregoing lines we have endeavored to supply the “Melodious Sonnets.” We do so knowing that it is alone the Holy Spirit can attune the heart of man to the music of the heavenly choir; but we trust our sonnets may be found suitable channels for the higher and holier melodies.

THE COMPILERS.

MELODIOUS SONNETS may be had with music in character notation or in the ordinary notation. Please mention style preferred when ordering.

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MELODIOUS SONNETS.

183

Jesus is Good to Me.

Rev. E. H. STOKES. D. D.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. I love my Saviour, his heart is good, He has loved me o'er and o'er ;
2. He calls, I rise, and he maketh me whole,—How fond his tender embrace !
3. I want to love him with all my heart, Tho' all its powers are small ;
4. He's good to me in my sorrow's night, He's good in the tempest's roll ;

He sought me wand'ring, I'm saved by his blood, And I love him more and more.
He cleanses and keeps me and blesses my soul'—My day the smile of his face.
I will not keep from him any part, For he is worthy of all.
He bringeth from darkness into light,—With joy he filleth my soul.

CHORUS.

Je - sus is good to me, . . . Je - sus is good to me; . . .
to me, to me;

So good! so good! Je - sus is good to my soul.

S. MARTIN.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. There is joy in the heart when its bur-den of sin Is rolled and for-
 2. There is joy in the heart when it sweet-ly con-fides, And clings to the
 3. There is joy in the heart that delights to perform What-ev - er its
 4. Oh, that joy in the heart may be found by us all, When wil-ling for

ev - er a - way, When it feels the as-sur-ance of par-don within, And
 Sav-iour a-lone; 'Tis a tem-ple of grace where the Spirit abides, And
 mis-sion may be; That can laugh at the billow, or, braving the storm, The
 Je-sus to live; If we ask him in faith he will answer our call, And

CHORUS.
 walks in the sun-shine of day. Joy in the heart, yes,
 love has e-rect-ed a throne.
 light of God's mer-cy can see.
 free-ly that bless-ing will give.

joy in the heart, No pleasure on earth e'er be-stows; It comes from the

word of Je - sus the Lord, And sparkles wherever it goes.
 And sparkles wher - ev - er, wher - ev - er it goes.

Wonderful Love of Jesus.

E. D. MUND.

"The love of Christ, which passeth knowledge."
Eph iii. 19.

E. S. LORENZ.

1. In vain in high and ho-ly lays My soul her grateful voice would raise; For
2. A joy by day, a peace by night, In storms a calm, in darkness light; In
3. My hope for pardon when I call, My trust for lift-ing when I fall; In

who can sing the worthy praise Of the won-derful love of Je - sus?
pain a balm, in weakness might, Is the won-derful love of Je - sus.
life, in death, my all in all, Is the won-derful love of Je - sus.

CHORUS.

Won-derful love! won-derful love! Won-der-ful love of Je - sus!

Wonder-ful love! won-derful love! Wonder - ful love of Je - sus!

The Beautiful Hills.

AMELIA M. STARKWEATHER.

Psalm cxxi.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. I will look to the hills, to the beau - ti - ful hills, Where the
 2. On the ev - ergreen hills is the fair tree of life, With its
 3. The Great Shepherd of Is - rael a faith - ful watch keeps, That my
 4. The dark pathway he hal - lowed I will not despise, I will

pure liv - ing fountains are found, Whence my help cometh down in their
 balm for all sor - row and care; And its bow - ers are free from temp -
 be not moved from the way; I will trust, for my Lord neither
 drink of the cup that he fills, And for joy in the darkness, will

life - giv - ing rills, That with joy make the de - sert a - bound.
 ta - tion and strife, For the an - gel of Peace dwelleth there.
 slum - bers nor sleeps, And the night is to him as the day.
 lift up mine eyes To the light of the beau - ti - ful hills.

CHORUS.

O the beau - - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful hills! O the
 O the beau - - ti - ful hills, beau - ti - ful hills!

beau - - ti - ful, beautiful hills! My soul thrills with delight At the
 O the beau - - ti - - ful hills, beautiful hills!

The Beautiful Hills.—CONCLUDED.

rap - turous sight Of the beau - tiful glory-crowned hills. beautiful hills.

187

Jesus our Redeemer.

FRANK GOULD.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Jus - ti - fied by faith in thee, Peace with God henceforth have we;
2. Thou thyself our debt hast paid, Full a - tonement thou hast made;
3. Once condemned but now reprieved, In - to life through grace received;
4. While from grace to grace we go, More and more thy love bestow,

Fine.

From the law we now are free, Je - sus our blessed Redeem - er.
 On thy head our guilt was laid, Je - sus our blessed Redeem - er.
 Oh, what joy since we believed, Je - sus our blessed Redeem - er.
 Till thy per - fect bliss we know, Je - sus our blessed Redeem - er.

D. S.—From the law we now are free, Je - sus our blessed Redeem - er.

CHORUS.

D. S.

Not un - to us, not un - to us, On - ly thine the praise shall be.

I. B.

"And many women were there."—Matt. xxvii. 55.

I. BALTZELL.

1. O Jesus, Saviour, I long to rest Near the cross where thou hast died;
 2. My dy-ing Je-sus, my Saviour God, Who hast borne my guilt and sin,
 3. O Je-sus, Saviour, now make me thine, Never let me stray from thee;
 4. The cleansing pow'r of thy blood apply, All my guilt and sin re-move;

For there is hope for the ach-ing breast, At the cross I will a-bide.
 Now wash me, cleanse me with thine own blood, Ever keep me pure and clean.
 Oh, wash me, cleanse me, for thou art mine, And thy love is full and free.
 Oh, help me, while at thy cross I lie, Fill my soul with perfect love.

CHORUS.

At the cross I'll a-bide, At the cross I'll a-bide,
 At the cross I'll a-bide, At the cross I'll abide;

At the cross I'll abide, There his blood is applied; At the cross I am sanctified.

Look to Jesus Now.

W. P. MACKAY, M. A.

W. H. GEISTWEIT.

1. Look un - to me and be ye saved, Look, men of nations all;
 2. Look un - to me and be ye saved, Look now, nor dare de - lay;
 3. Look un - to me and be ye saved, Look from your doubts and fears;
 4. Look un - to me and be ye saved, Look to the work all done;

Look, rich and poor, look, old and young, Look, sinners great and small.
 Look as you are,—lost, guilt - y, dead,—Look while 'tis called to-day.
 Look from your sins of crim - son dye, Look from your prayers and tears.
 Look to the pierc - ed Son of Man, Look to your sin all gone!

CHORUS.

Look to Je - sus now, Look to Je - sus now; O

wea - ry, sin - sick, burdened soul, To Je - sus look just now.

1. Look upon the fields all white for har-vest, Say not there is nothing
 2. Look upon the fields all white for har-vest! Let your soul be stirred to
 3. Look upon the fields all white for har-vest! May the love of souls thy
 4. Look upon the fields all white for har-vest! Soon the day of la - bor

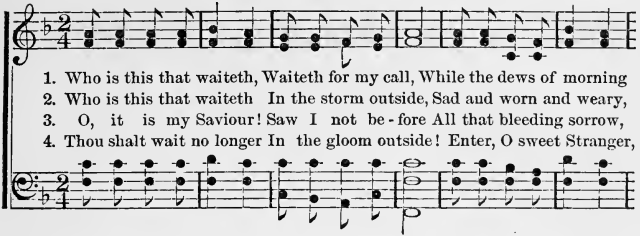
you can do; While the Master calls thee forth to la - bor, Go with willing
 ear - nest deeds; Oh, awake! arouse thee from thy slumber, Your most earnest
 heart inflame; Tell to some the sto - ry of redemption, Bid them trust a -
 will be past; "Something for the Master," be thy motto, If thou'dst hear the

CHORUS.

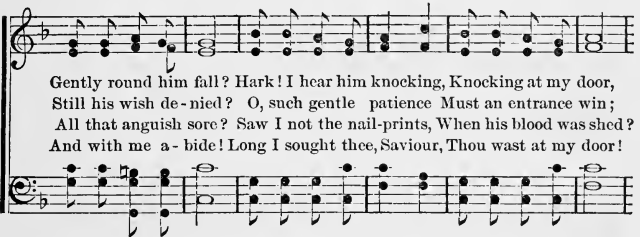
hearts to fields a - new. Go ye forth to la - bor, there's enough to do,
 work the Mas - ter needs.
 lone in Je - sus' name.
 "well done" at the last.

For the Master call - eth, and he speaks to you; Go with willing hearts and

go with willing hands, Sure the Master calls thee, heed his blest commands.

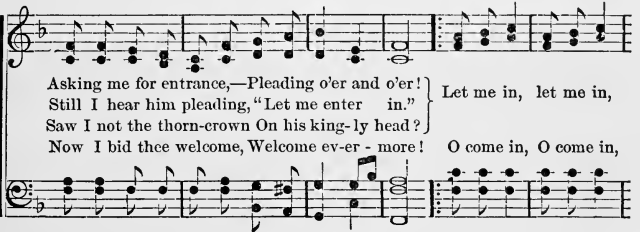


1. Who is this that waiteth, Waiteth for my call, While the dews of morning
 2. Who is this that waiteth In the storm outside, Sad and worn and weary,
 3. O, it is my Saviour! Saw I not be - fore All that bleeding sorrow,
 4. Thou shalt wait no longer In the gloom outside! Enter, O sweet Stranger,

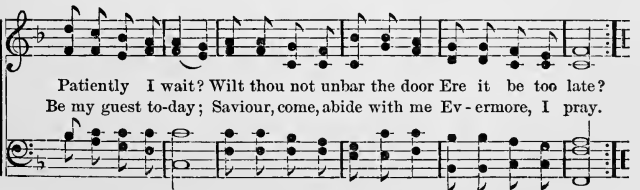


Gently round him fall? Hark! I hear him knocking, Knocking at my door,
 Still his wish de-nied? O, such gentle patience Must an entrance win;
 All that anguish sore? Saw I not the nail-prints, When his blood was shed?
 And with me a - bid! Long I sought thee, Saviour, Thou wast at my door!

CHORUS.



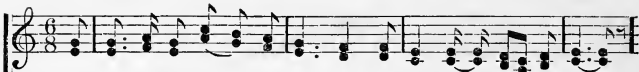
Asking me for entrance,—Pleading o'er and o'er! } Let me in, let me in,
 Still I hear him pleading, "Let me enter in." }
 Saw I not the thorn-crown On his king-ly head? }
 Now I bid thee welcome, Welcome ev-er - more! O come in, O come in,



Patiently I wait? Wilt thou not unbar the door Ere it be too late?
 Be my guest to-day; Saviour, come, abide with me Ev - ermore, I pray.

ROSSITER W. RAYMOND.

FERD SILCHER.



1. Far out on the des - o - late bil - low The sail - or sails the sea,
2. Far down in the earth's dark bo - som The min - er mines the ore;
3. Forth in - to the dread - ful bat - tle The steadfast sol - dier goes,
4. Lord, grant, as we sail life's o - cean, Or delve in its mines of woe,



A - lone with the night and the tempest, Where countless dan - gers be;
 Death lurks in the dark be - hind him, And hides in the rock be - fore;
 No friend, when he lies a - dy - ing, His eyes to kiss and close;
 Or fight in the ter - ri - ble con - flict, This com - fort all to know:



REFRAIN.



Yet nev - er a - lone is the Christian Who lives by faith and prayer;
4th v.—That never a - lone, etc.



For God is a Friend un - fail - ing, And God is ev - 'ry - where.



LIZZIE EDWARDS.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. I have come just now from the wayside well, Where the Saviour sat in the
2. As I stood and gazed on his earnest face, How my faith went out to the

noon-tide ray, And the words of peace from his lips that fell I shall
love di-vine; And the wondrous gift of his own free grace He had

CHORUS.
ne'er for-get to my lat-est day. I am the fountain of life, said he;
kind-ly brought to a soul like mine.

Come un-to me, come unto me; Who drinketh the water that I will give Shall
oh,

never, never thirst a-gain.

3 O the joy that came, when in tears I spoke
Of a wasted life and a heart oppressed;
O the calm, sweet light from his eye that broke,
As he drew me into the ark of rest.

4 Is there one who longs at his feet to bow?
Is there one who longs of his love to tell?
Will you come, oh, come to the Saviour now?
He is waiting still by the wayside well.

C. H. YATMAN.

W. H. GEISTWEIT.

With expression.

1. My brother, we are trav'ling to the pal-ace of the King,
 2. My sis-ter, Christ is call-ing thee to journey toward that home,
 3. My hear-er, in thy journey whither wilt thou come at last?

We are go-ing to mount Zion, where for-ev-er we shall sing;
 Where the weary, heav-y lad-en find sweet rest, no more to roam;
 To the throne of God in heav-en, or where hope is ev-er past?

There no sin, or pain or sigh-ing can disturb our peaceful rest,
 Canst thou not forsake the e-vil, and the Spir-it's call o-bey?
 Hear the word that Jesus sends thee,—Come to me and rest re-ceive;

For we dwell among the an-gels, and can lean on Je-sus' breast.
 Christ will guide thee to that ci-ty, if you seek the nar-row way.
 I will pardon, cleanse, and comfort, if thou on-ly wilt be-lieve.

CHORUS.

Will you go? will you go? Go to that land of pure delight? Go where the

Will You Go?—CONCLUDED.

saints are clothed in white? Go where the saved shall find no night, But endless day?

195

Rouse, Ye Saints.

C. H. YATMAN.

W. H. GEISTWEIT.

With spirit.

1. Rouse, ye saints, the world is dy - ing, We must work while it is day;
2. Wake, ye men, let us be do - ing, While the sun is in the sky;
3. Je - sus, Saviour, help our spir - its, That we nev - er wea - ry be

Sin - ners lost to us are cry - ing For the strait and narrow way.
 Let us seek the weak and er - ring, Precious souls that soon may die.
 Lead - ing sin - ners to the Fountai n Ev - er flowing, full and free.

CHORUS.

We will work from morn till night, By the Spir - it's power and might

Lead - ing men un - to the Light, Bles - sed Light of Day!

Witnessing Spirit.

Rev. JNO. O. FOSTER, A. M.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. O come, Ho-ly Spir - it, and help us to sing The
 2. From De - i - ty's bo - som de - scend, gentle dove. We
 3. Now wait - ing, believ - ing, we have the glad sign, — Thy
 4. O Spir - it e - ter - nal, for - ev - er a - bide, Our

1. O come, Holy Spirit, and help us to sing, O come, Holy Spirit, and help us to sing The




prais - es e - ter - nal of Je - sus our King; Our
 ask for thy ful - ness, we cov - et thy love; We
 whis - pering pres - ence is know - ledge di - vine; Per -
 Lead - er, Defend - er, Pro - tect - or, and Guide; Through
 praises e - ter - nal of Jesus our King; The praises e - ter - nal of Je - sus our King; our

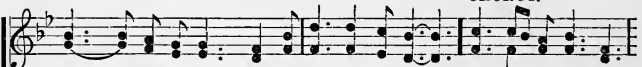



hope is in thee, and on thee we re - ly; With -
 grope in the dark - ness, if trust - ing our might, We
 fumed by thy breath - ings we're load - ed with balm, And
 all of life's jour - ney, what - ev - er is given, Di -

hope is in thee, and on thee we re - ly; Our hope is in thee, and on thee we re - ly; With

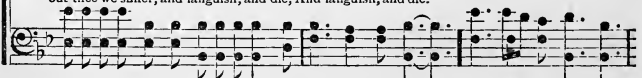


CHORUS.



out thee we suf - fer, and languish, and die. Spir - it most ho - ly,
 shout in our gladness, when walking in light.
 E - den is gained thro' the blood of the Lamb.
 rect us in safe - ty to mansions in heav

out thee we suffer, and languish, and die, And languish, and die.



Witnessing Spirit.—CONCLUDED.

rall.

Light of my heart, Joy of the low-ly, Glo - ry impart!
 Light of my heart, of my heart, Joy of the low-ly, the low - ly, Glory, oh, glory impart!

197

Flow In.

"He that hath the Son hath life."—1 John v. 12.

MISS ABBIE MILLS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

- O life e - ter - nal, life divine, I long to grasp the glorious prize;
- A - bundant life on me bestow, Earth's vapors I would breath no more;
- Here at thy feet I lay my heart: Make broad the channels for thy grace;
- O - pen the windows from a - bove And pour thy richest gifts on me;

Fine.

O life, flow through this heart of mine, From thy pure fountain in the skies.
 Oh, let ce - les - tial breez - es blow, With fragrance laden ev - ermore.
 Then fill, and o - ver - flow each part, Enlarge and fill the added space.
 More life be - stow, and more of love,—Let me a chosen ves - sel be.

D.S.—My Saviour, life it - self thou art, O come and fill my waiting heart.

CHORUS. *D. S.*

Flow in, flow in, O life di - vine, flow in;
 Flow in, flow in, flow in;

flow in;

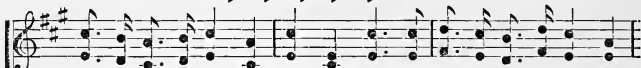
Onward Now!

Mrs. VAN ALSTYNE.

THEO. F. SEWARD. By per.



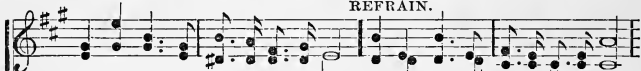
1. On-ward now! the trum-pet call is sound-ing; On-ward now! with
2. On-ward now! be valiant, brave and dar-ing; On-ward now, the
3. On-ward now! our King has gone be-fore us; Strong in him, our
4. On-ward now! be firm and faith-ful ev-er; On-ward now, our



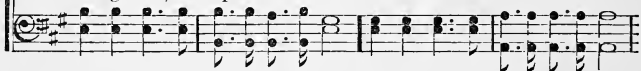
ho-ly rapture bound-ing, Heart and voice in har-mo-ny resound-ing,
 Christian armor wear-ing; On-ward now! the roy-al standard bearing,
 triumph will be glorious. On-ward now! his lov-ing care is o'er us;
 cour-age fail-ing nev-er, Look-ing home, beyond the si-lent riv-er—



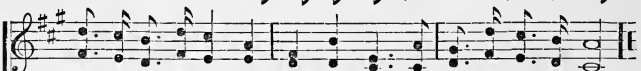
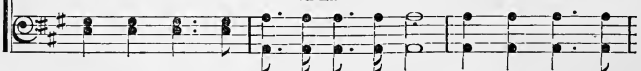
REFRAIN.



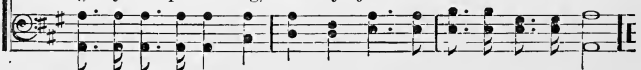
Sweetly join the chorus of the skies. Praise our God, who reigneth evermore;
 Let our songs in happy concert rise.
 In his hand behold the heav'nly prize.
 Looking home, where pleasure never dies.



Praise our God: his bless-ed name a-dore. On-ward now! his



might-y love proclaim-ing, Sweet-ly join the cho-rus of the skies.



1. On the sweet Eden shore, so peaceful and bright, The spirits made perfect are
 2. O blessed to rise when life's pangs are o'er, To mount up to heaven and
 3. On the sweet Eden shore, the home of the blest, With friends gone before soon we'll

dwelling in light; Their white wings are wafting them gently along, Through
 dwell ev - ermore, To nev - er grow weary, and nev - er know care, In those
 tar - ry and rest; Content there with Jesus our Saviour to stay, We'll de -

CHORUS.

beautiful regions of glory and song. On the sweet Eden shore, so
 beautiful regions, so blooming and fair.
 light in the pleasures that never decay. On the sweet . . . Eden shore, so

peace - ful and bright; On the sweet Eden shore, the home of the blest, With
 On the sweet . . . Eden shore,

friends gone before we'll tarry and rest, Tarry and rest, tarry and rest on the shore.

No Night There.

W. K.

WALTER KITTREDGE.

With expression.

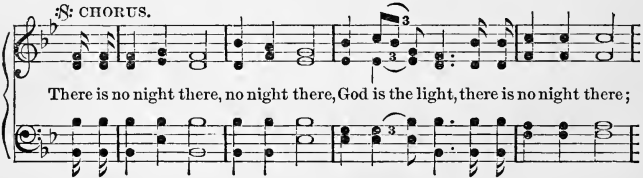
1. There is no night there, but one endless day, In that beautiful home, A way, far away;



Just beyond the river that land I see:—Loved ones are waiting to welcome thee.



♩: CHORUS.



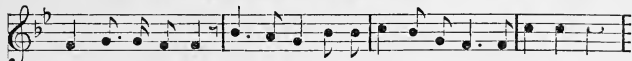
There is no night there, no night there, God is the light, there is no night there;



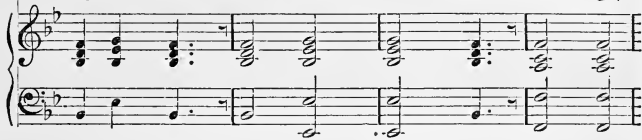
No night there, no night there, God is the light, there is no night there.

Fine.

No Night There.—CONCLUDED.



2. Why are we troubled here below? To that beautiful land we soon shall go;



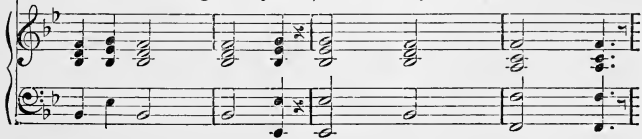
Repeat Chorus. D.S.



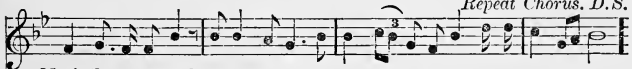
Who will meet us? what shall we see, When we get o-ver the jas-per sea?



3. Flow'rs are blooming on ev'ry hand, Rivers like crystal in that beautiful land,

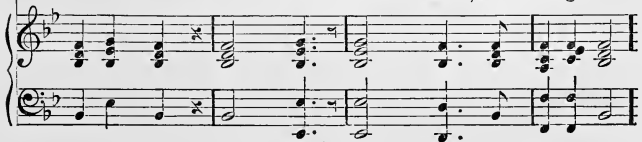


Repeat Chorus. D.S.



Music the sweetest, flowers most rare,

We'll dwell with our Father, there is no night there.



Rev. JOS. H. MARTIN.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I'm on my way to Glo - ry! The land of light a - bove, There
 2. I'm on my way to heav - en, The place of joy and rest, Where
 3. I'm on my way to Zi - on, The ci - ty built on high, Je -

I'll re - peat the sto - ry Of Christ's redeeming love; I'll join with saints and
 per - fect peace is giv - en To ev - 'ry troubled breast; The cross no longer
 ru - salem the joyous, Beyond the loft - y sky; I'll pass its shining

an - gels To cel - e - brate his fame, And thro' e - ter - nal ag - es His
 bearing, I'll lay my burden down, With bliss and honor wearing A
 por - tal, Its splendor I'll be - hold, Partake of life immor - tal, And

REFRAIN.

prais - es I'll pro - claim, }
 bright, un - fad - ing crown, } Sing - ing, Glo - - ry! sing - ing,
 walk its streets of gold, }

Glo - ry! singing, Glo - ry!

Glo - - ry! I am on my way to Zi - on, singing, Glo - ry!

Glory! singing, Glo - ry!

The Fount of Mercy.

LIZZIE EDWARDS.

[From "The Wells of Salvation," by per.]

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Come to the fount of mer - cy, Come with a bro - ken heart;
 2. Je - sus has borne thy sor - row, Je - sus for thee has died;
 3. Come to the fount of mer - cy, Why wilt thou yet de - lay?

CHO.—Come to the fount of mer - cy, Come with a bro - ken heart;

Fine.

Je - sus will there re - ceive thee, Come to him as thou art,—
 Think of the nails that pierced him, Think of his wounded side,
 Yon - der a light is beam - ing, Fol - low its gold - en ray;

Je - sus will there re - ceive thee,—Come to him as thou art.

Sin - ful and poor and need - y, Help - less and weak and blind,
 Now while his Spir - it plead - ing Points to the nar - row gate,
 Come to the fount of mer - cy, There in con - tri - tion bow;

D. C.

Come to the fount of mer - cy, Par - don thy soul shall find.
 Come to the fount of mer - cy, Come, ere it be too late.
 Je - sus thy Lord is wait - ing, Wait - ing to save thee now.

Miss JENNIE STOUT.

A. A. ARMEN.

1. Oh, I oft - en sit and pon - der, When the sun is sink - ing low,
 2. Shall I be at work for Je - sus, Whilst he leads me by the hand,
 3. But perhaps my work for Je - sus Soon in fu - ture may be done,

Where shall yonder fu - ture find me: Does but God in heav - en know?
 And to those a - round be say - ing, Come and join his hap - py band?
 All my earthly tri - als end - ed, And my crown in heav - en won;

Shall I be a - mong the liv - ing? Shall I min - gle with the free?
 Come, for all things now are rea - dy, Come, his faithful foll - 'wer be;
 Then for - ev - er with the ran - sored Thro' e - ter - ni - ty I'd be

Where - so - e'er my path be lead - ing, Saviour, keep my heart with thee.
 Oh, where'er my path be lead - ing, Saviour, keep my heart with thee.
 Chanting hymns to him who bought me With his blood shed on the tree.

CHORUS.

Oh, the fu - - - ture lies be - fore me, And I
 Oh, the fu - ture lies be - fore me, And I know not where I'll be, Oh, the

The Future.—CONCLUDED.

know . . . not where I'll be, But where'er - - my path be
future lies before me, And I know not where I'll be, But where'er my path be leading, Saviour,

lead - - ing, Saviour, keep . . . my heart with thee.
keep my heart with thee, But where'er my path be leading, Saviour, keep my heart with thee.

204

He Wept for Me.

BENJAMIN BEDDOME.

A. A. ARMEN.

1. Did Christ o'er sin-ners weep, And shall our cheeks be dry? Let
2. The Son of God in tears The wond'ring an-gels see! Be
3. He wept that we might weep; Each sin demands a tear: In

CHORUS.

floods of pen - itential grief Burst forth from ev'ry eye. He wept, he
thou astonished, O my soul; He shed those tears for thee.
heav'n alone no sin is found, And there's no weeping there. He wept,

rit.

wept, He wept for me, For me, for me, He wept for me.
he wept, He wept for me, for me, for me, He wept for me.

1. We have ta-ken up the cross, we have girded on the sword, And to-
 2. In the bat-tle-field of life, be the conflict what it will, We have
 3. With a firm and steady tread let us bold-ly march along, Looking

geth-er we are banded in the ser-vice of the Lord; We will
 pledged ourselves to fol-low and the post of du-ty fill; For our
 ev-er un-to Je-sus let our hearts be full of song; In his

trust him for his grace, we will take him at his word; He has
 lead-er who commands will de-fend our arm-y still, And we
 wis-dom all are wise, in his strength shall all be strong, Thro' the

told us if we love him we shall con-quer by and by.
 know, for he has promised, we shall con-quer by and by.
 might of him who loved us we shall con-quer by and by.

CHORUS.

Conquer by and by, yes, we'll conquer by and by; Nev-er be dis-

Conquer by and by—CONCLUDED.

couraged when the tempter's arrows fly, For the Lord who bids us onward with a

helping hand is nigh, Like the fearless and the faithful we shall conquer by and by.

206

Until His Kingdom Come.

Rev. M. LOWRIE HOFFORD.

J. J. HOOD.

1. Un - til his kingdom come,—The kingdom of our Lord,—Until the
2. Un - til his kingdom come, And all the des - ert wild Rejoice and
3. Un - til his kingdom come, And earth's remot - est bound, O'er all the
4. Un - til his kingdom come, The u - ni - ver - sal reign Of righteous-

REFRAIN.

earth shall own his name, In ev'ry land adored: We'll work, and watch, and wait,
blossom as the rose, With sinners recon-ciled: [At
wide expanse shall hear And know the joyful sound:
ness and peace on earth The nations shall proclaim:

noonday, night, and morn, And never lay our armor by Till Christ obtain his crown.

When shall I see Him?

"When he shall appear, we shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is."

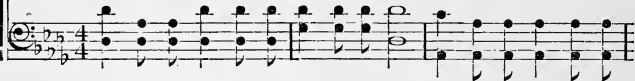
Mrs. E. C. ELLSWORTH.

1 John iii. 2.

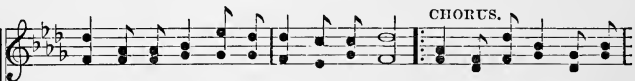
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. When shall I look on that wonderful face, Fair in its fea- ture and
2. When shall I kneel at those dear wounded feet, Giving all glo- ry to
3. When shall I gaze in those wonderful eyes, Reading his love with the



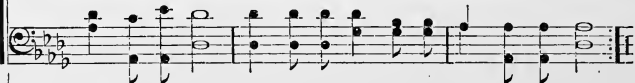
pure in its grace? When shall I draw from his vis- age di- vine
whom it is mete? When shall those hands which were nailed to the tree,
sweet- est sur-prise? When shall that test of approv- al be mine,—



Pictures of sweetness, till they shall be mine? O, I shall see him, the
Rais- ing me up, show a blessing for me?
Robed for the brid- al, the marriage di- vine?

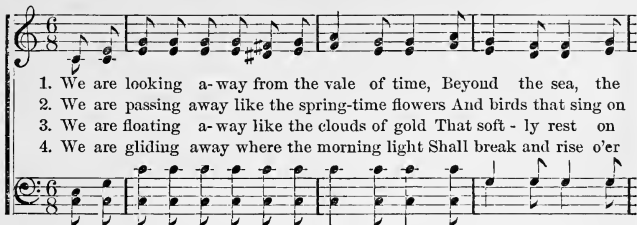


fair- est of fair! Bear- ing his im- age, his beau- ty I'll share.

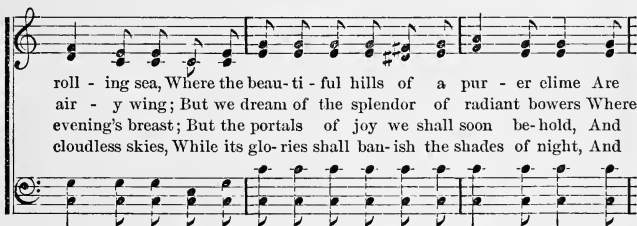


JENNIE GARNETT.

ADAM GEIBEL.



1. We are looking a-way from the vale of time, Beyond the sea, the
 2. We are passing away like the spring-time flowers And birds that sing on
 3. We are floating a-way like the clouds of gold That soft - ly rest on
 4. We are gliding away where the morning light Shall break and rise o'er



roll - ing sea, Where the beau - ti - ful hills of a pur - er clime Are
 air - y wing; But we dream of the splendor of radiant bowers Where
 evening's breast; But the portals of joy we shall soon be - hold, And
 cloudless skies, While its glo - ries shall ban - ish the shades of night, And

CHORUS.



blooming for you and for me. Press on - ward, press on - ward To
 mu - sic for - ev - er shall ring.
 dwell with the hap - py and blest.
 fill us with joy - ful sur - prise.

Repeat Chorus.



meet our Saviour there; Press onward, press onward, A robe and crown to wear.

Mrs. R. N. TURNER.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. A-wake, my soul, thy sacred song, A-wake thy praise and prayer;
 2. So great are all his gifts of love Thou canst not com-pre-hend;
 3. No worth-y gift hast thou to lay Up-on that heavenly shrine;
 4. Thou art the off'ring he would have, His grace will make it meet;

The King is on his ho-ly throne, O, kneel be-fore him there.
 Un-ceas-ing as e-ter-nal years, His good-ness shall not end.
 But take thy heart of love and say, O Fa-ther, it is thine.
 Though poor and worthless, bring thy gift And lay it at his feet.

CHORUS.

Oh, let thy songs a-dor-ing rise, On wings of
 Oh, let thy songs a-dor-ing rise,

love and rap-ture soar; Come kneel be-
 On wings of love and rap-ture soar;

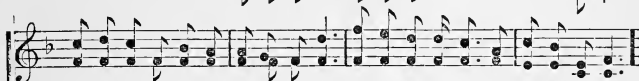
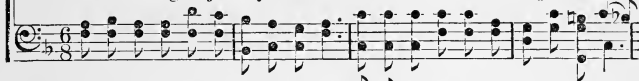
fore the heavenly King, And worship and a-dore.
 Come keel before the heavenly King,

FRANK GOULD.

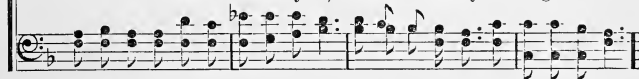
JNO. R. SWENEY.



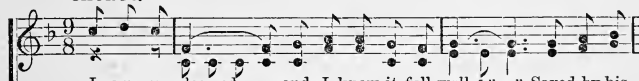
1. Trusting in Jesus, my Saviour divine, I have the witness that still he is mine ;
2. Once I was far from my Saviour and King, Now he has taught me his mercy to sing ;
3. Trusting in Jesus, oh, what should I fear ? Nothing can harm me when he is so near !
4. If while a stranger I journey below Filled with his fulness such rapture I know,



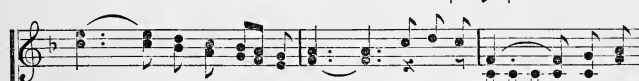
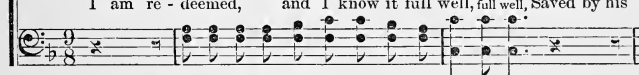
Great are the blessings he giveth to me : Oh, I am happy as mortal can be.
 Peace in believing he giveth to me : Oh, I am happy as mortal can be.
 Sweet is the promise he giveth to me : Oh, I am happy as mortal can be.
 What will the bliss of eter-ni-ty be, When in his beauty the King I shall see ?



CHORUS.



I am re - deemed, and I know it full well, full well, Saved by his



grace, I with him shall dwell ; I am re - deemed, and the

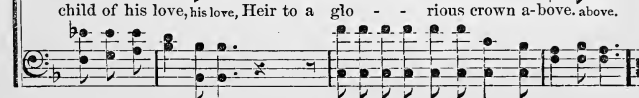
Saved by his grace



shall dwell ;



child of his love, his love, Heir to a glo - - rious crown a - bove. above.



Marching On.

JENNIE GARNETT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. With our col-ors waving bright in the blaze of gos-pel light We are
 2. Oft the tempter we shall meet, but we will not fear de-feat, Though his
 3. We have gird-ed on the sword and the ar-mor of the Lord, We have
 4. Soon we'll reach the pearly gate, where the blessed army wait, Soon their

marshall'd on the world's great field; great field; We are ready for the strife and the
 arrows at our ranks may fly; may fly; Thro'a Saviour's mighty love more than
 ta-ken up the cross he bore; he bore; Oh, the trophies we shall win, oh, the
 welcome, welcome song may ring; may ring; When we lay our armor down and re-

bat-tle work of life, Ev-er trusting in the Lord our shield.
 conquerors we shall prove, Shouting, Glo-ry be to God on high.
 vic-tory o-ver sin, When the bat-tle and the strife are o'er!
 ceive a star-ry crown, Shouting, Glo-ry be to God our King.

CHORUS.

Glo-ry to God! we are marching, marching on, Marching to a home above;

Glo-ry to God! we are marching, marching on, Happy in a Saviour's love.

1. I am walking with the Lord, and be- lieving in his word, I am
 2. Now my way is growing bright, and my soul is full of light, My Re-
 3. I was once a burdened soul, but my Saviour made me whole, his re-

hap- py as a heart can be; I am sing- ing all the day how he
 deem-er's guiding hand I see; If a thousand worlds were mine, I would
 demp- tion all my theme shall be; I will sing it till I die, and pro-
 D. S.—I am sing- ing all the day how he

Fine. CHORUS.
 washed my sins away Thro' the pre- cious blood he shed for me. O the
 glad- ly all resign For the rapture of his love to me.
 claim beyond the sky What the grace of God has done for me.
 washed my sins away Thro' the pre- cious blood he shed for me.

D. S.
 cross where my Saviour hath bless'd me My hope and my glo- ry shall be;

A Song of Trust.

"For the Lord thy God bringeth thee into a good land, a land of brooks of water, of fountains, and depths that spring out of valleys and hills." "And I will give her the valley of
"BEULAH," Achor for a door of hope: and she shall sing there." GRACE WEISER.

1. God has given me a song, a song of trust, song of trust, And I sing it all day
2. O, I sing it on the mountain, in the light, Where the radiance of God's
3. And I sing it in the valley dark and low, When my heart is crush'd with
4. When I sing it in the desert parched and dry, Living streams begin to

5. For I've crossed the river Jordan, and I stand In the blessed land of

long, for sing I must; sing I must; Ev-'ry hour it sweeter grows, Fills my
sunshine makes all bright; All my path seems bright and clear, Heav'nly
sor-row, pain, and woe; Then the shadows flee a-way, Like the
flow, a rich supply; Verdure in abundance grows, Deserts

promise,—Beulah land: Trusting is like breathing here, Just as

soul with blest re- pose, Just how rest- ful no one knows but those who trust.
land seems very near: Why, I almost then appear to walk by sight.
night when dawns the day; Trust in God brings light alway, I find it so.
blossom like a rose, And my heart with joy o'erflows at God's reply.

easy,—doubt and fear Van- ish in this at- mosphere, in Beu- lah land.

CHORUS.

Ye who trust in the Lord, Oh, sing a glad refrain; Raise your songs on

A Song of Trust.—CONCLUDED.

high, His mighty love pro-claim; For his prom-ise is sure, Ye shall

not be put to shame, Ye shall never be confounded again: Praise his name!

214

Surrendered.

H. L. G.

Dr. H. L. GILMOUR.

1. I have surren-dered to the Lord, The world no long-er pleas-es;
 2. How ten-der-ly he holds my hand! Thro' pastures green he leads me;
 3. By day by night he's always near, Sweet joy and comfort bringing;

I'm yielding all to his control, Ac-cept-ing on-ly Je-sus.
 My thirsting soul he sat-is-fies, With heavenly man-na feeds me.
 Oh, how my soul ex-ults a-new When praise to Je-sus sing-ing.

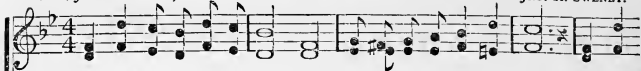
4 No noonday drought affects my soul,
 In Jesus I'm confiding;
 Oh, constant, sweet companionship,
 With Christ in me abiding.

5 Oh, victory that's always sure!
 Oh, blest emancipation!
 Oh, vanquished tempter of my soul!
 Oh, free and full salvation!

All-atoning Blood.

Rev. JNO. O. FOSTER, A. M.

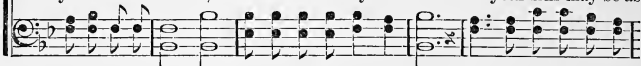
JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. O my Saviour, thou hast washed me In the all-a-ton-ing blood, Thou hast
2. Yes, the Spirit's in-ter-ces-sion Has availed for ev-en me; He has
3. Blessed be the cleansing fountain Opened for each guilty soul, Thro' the



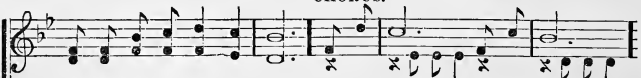
purchased my redemption For the herit-age of God; And the whisper of thy
burst the bars asunder, And has set my spirit free. Christ my Lord shall reign for-
royal house of David, That the sinner may be whole! Tho' your sins may be as



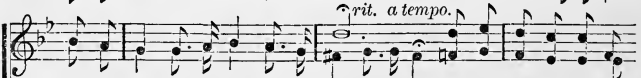
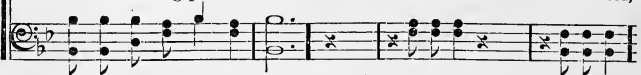
Spirit Thrills my soul with love divine, While the blessed, sweet communion
ev - er In this willing heart of mine; While the light of blessed tokens
scar-let They shall be as white as snow; Praise his holy name forev - er,



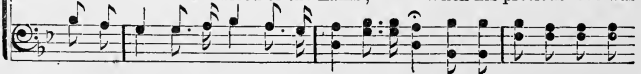
CHORUS.



Gives as-surance I am thine. I am washed in the blood,
All a-long my journey shine. I am washed in the blood,
Jesus' cleansing power I know! I am washed in the blood,



I am washed in the blood of the Lamb; When his precious love was



All-atoning Blood.—CONCLUDED.

given I was made an heir of heav'n: I am washed in the blood of the Lamb.

216

Will You Come?

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Hear the car-nest in - vi - ta - tion, Wand'rer from the path of right,
2. Christian souls are fervent pray - ing, Ho - ly Spir - it, send thy light,
3. Angels near us, eag - er bending, Friends beloved from homes of light,
4. Hear the Saviour in - ter - ced - ing, Nor his gracious mes - sage slight;

Je - sus of - fers his sal - va - tion; Will you come to Christ to - night?
 Why a - far in darkness stray - ing? Why not come to Christ to - night?
 With our hearts their question blending, Will you come to Christ to - night?
 Will you pass his cross un - heed - ing? Oh, re - turn to Christ to - night.

CHORUS.

Will you come? will you come? Come and at his al - tar bow;

Will you come? will you come? Jesus waits to save you now.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Our heav'nly habi - tation Above the tempest stands, Where breezes of sal -
2. Tho' here the storms are swelling And floods of sorrow foam, We know we have a

va - tion Flow o'er Immanuel's lands; And there, when toil is done, And
dwell - ing, A sure a - bid - ing home; The Saviour's loving breast Was

peace with vict'ry won, The dawn shall meet life's setting sun, At home, at
pierced to make that rest; O seek this ref - uge, ye distressed, And be at

D. S. — joy and peace for - ev - ermore, At home, at

Fine. CHORUS. *D. S.*

home with Je - sus. At home with Je - sus, At home with Jesus, There's

3 His arms of strength shall hold thee
Above the tempter's snare,
His shadow sweet enfold thee
Amid the furnace glare.
Pass joyful on thy way,
And in each trial say,
"His presence is my hope and stay,
At home, at home with Jesus."

4 Across death's rolling river
True friends have gone before;
We miss them here forever,
We'll find them on life's shore.
And glad each voice shall blend,
When friend shall welcome friend,
And ceaseless songs of praise ascend,
At home, at home with Jesus.

Miss JENNIE STOUT.

A. A. ARMEN.

1. A bet - ter day is com - ing, When truth and right shall reign,
 2. A bet - ter day is com - ing,— Oh, see the gold - en beams!—
 3. A bet - ter day is com - ing, A day of per - fect rest,—
 4. Oh, send the tid - ings o - ver The world from shore to shore;

When hearts shall know no sor - row, But sing in glad re - frain:
 A day of light and glo - ry; Let each heart catch the gleams.
 The long - ex - pect - ed plea - sure Of reign - ing with the blest.
 The glo - rious day is dawn - ing, When sin shall reign no more.

CHORUS.

A bet - ter day, a bet - ter day, A bet - ter day is coming on; A

bet - ter day, a bet - ter day, A bet - ter day is com - ing.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Liv - - ing for Je - - sus, liv - - ing for Je - sus,
 2. Liv - - ing for Je - - sus, liv - - ing for Je - sus,
 3. Liv - - ing for Je - - sus, liv - - ing for Je - sus,

Living for Je - sus, liv - ing for Je - sus, Living for Je - sus, for Je - sus,

Trac - - ing his steps . . . by the way,
 All . . . of my will . . . to re - sign,
 Led . . . by his Spir - - it each day,

Tracing his steps, tracing his steps, Tracing his steps by the way,
 All of my will, all of my will, All of my will to re - sign,
 Led by his Spir - it, led by his Spir - it, Led by his Spir - it each day,

Fol - - low - ing ful - - ly, serv - - ing him tru - - ly,
 Rear - - ing his ban - ner, bear - - ing his bur - den,
 Kept . . . by his power . . . watch - - ful each hour, . . .

Following ful - ly, following ful - ly, serving him tru - ly, serving him tru - ly,
 Rearing his ban - ner, rearing his banner, bearing his burden, bearing his burden,
 Kept by his power, kept by his power, watchful each hour, watchful each hour,

Near - - er to heav - - en each day.
 On - - ly to fol - - low be mine.
 Prompt . . . to ob - serve . . . and o - bey.

Near - er to heaven, near - er to heaven, Near - er to heav - en each day.
 On - ly to fol - low, on - ly to fol - low, On - ly to fol - low be mine.
 Prompt to ob - serve, prompt to ob - serve, Prompt to observe and o - bey.

Fine.

Living for Jesus.—CONCLUDED.

Je - sus has freed me, Jesus shall lead me, Gladly I fol - low his voice;
Hap - py and grateful, tender and faithful, Ready to work or to wait;
Love's lowly mission, highest am - bition, Crowning each cross with delight;

Use first four lines as Chorus. D. C.

Living for Je - sus, living for Je - sus, Glo - ri - ous portion and choice!
Living for Je - sus, living for Je - sus, Serving him ear - ly and late.
Duty is gladness, shining thro' sadness, Faith will soon grow into sight.

220

This God is our God.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

Psalm xlviii. 14.

W. J. K.

1. Faith builds her foundation on God's mighty word, The rock that withstands all the
2. Faith trusts for her cleansing to Christ's precious blood To save ev'ry moment, sin's
3. Faith takes up the cross as she journey's a - long, And scatters good seed with an
4. Faith looks for her heaven at God's own right hand, The home where the thorns from the

earthquake's endeavor, And o - ver the conflict her sweet voice is heard,
bond - age to sev - er; That fountain of heal - ing still rolls its blest flood,
ear - nest endeav - or, While o - ver all tri - als still ech - oes the song,
ros - es shall sev - er; This earth she well knows is a lone wea - ry land; But

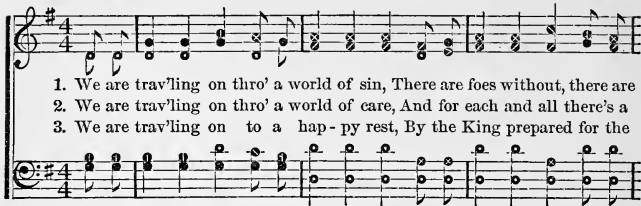
REFRAIN.

This God is our God forever and ever, This God is our God forever and ever.

In the King's Highway.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. We are trav'ling on thro' a world of sin, There are foes without, there are
 2. We are trav'ling on thro' a world of care, And for each and all there's a
 3. We are trav'ling on to a hap - py rest, By the King prepared for the



fears with - in; But our hearts grow strong as we march a - long, And our
 cross to bear; But a crown more bright then the stars of night, We can
 pure and blest, And we soon shall stand at his own right hand, And his

D. S.—King's highway, in the King's highway, Oh,

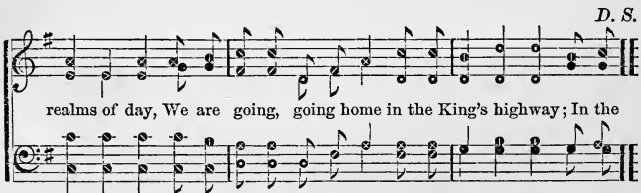
Fine. CHORUS.



steps keep time to the joy - ful song. We are going, going home to the
 see by faith at the gates of life.
 wel - come hear in the soul's fair land.

glo - ry be to God! in the King's highway.

D. S.



realms of day, We are going, going home in the King's highway; In the

Jesus, I come to Thee.

T. F. SEWARD. By per.

1. Je - sus, I come to thee: no one be - side Cares for the sor - row I'm
 2. Un - to thy love, like a bird to its nest, Sad - ly out-wea - ried, I
 3. Far from the narrow way long I have strayed; Dark clouds have covered me
 4. Back to thy dear love for shel - ter and rest Flee I, O Lord, like a

striv - ing to hide. Help - less and des - o - late, tired with my sin,
 come back for rest; Noth - ing I bring to thee, Christ, but my sin;
 where I have prayed; Now to thy mer - cy I come with my sin:
 bird to its nest; Noth - ing I bring thee but sor - row and sin:

p REFRAIN.

O - pen thine arms for me; Lord, take me in! Open now thine arms for me;
 O - pen thine arms for me; Lord, take me in!
 Pi - ty and com - fort me; Lord, take me in!
 O - pen thine arms for me; Lord, take me in!

cres.

Pity, Lord, and comfort me; Open now thine arms for me, for me; Lord, take me in.

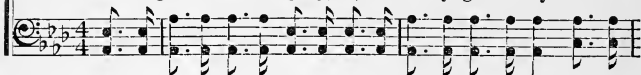
Strive to Enter in.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR.

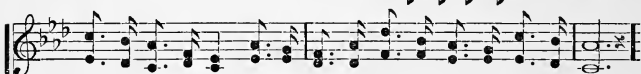
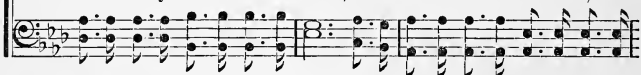
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



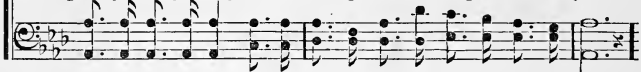
1. At the gate that leads to glory, from the rugged path of sin, Where the
2. At the gate that leads to glory there's a light that shineth still, 'Tis the
3. At the gate that leads to glory you will never knock in vain, There is
4. From the gate that leads to glory, oh, how man-y go astray! We are



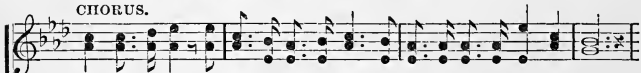
joys that fill the soul are ever new, O ye weary, heav-y-laden, will you pure and holy light of promise true; Hear the blessed invi-tation to the room for ev'ry one, and welcome, too; Only give your heart to Jesus, life e-told that they that find it are but few; Then believe the words of Jesus, enter



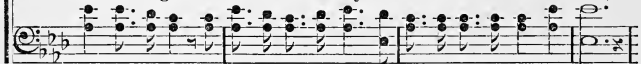
strive to en-ter in, While the Saviour now is waiting there for you? who-so-ev-er will, From the Saviour who is waiting now for you. ter-nal you will gain: He is call-ing, he is waiting now for you. quickly while you may: He is waiting now with o-pen arms for you.



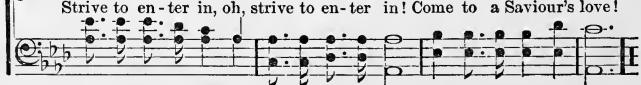
CHORUS.



Strait is the gate and narrow is the way That leadeth unto life a-bove;



Strive to en-ter in, oh, strive to en-ter in! Come to a Saviour's love!



Mrs. E. C. ELLSWORTH.

W. A. OGDEN.

Cantabile.

1. Are you willing to wander from Jesus, And live without love and the light?
 2. Do you know that the Spirit is grieving O'er all who will wander away?
 3. Do you know what your soul may be leaving? The good that his love may provide?

Oh, what will you do in the darkness, When closes around you the night?
 His voice may be heard if you listen,—For you he is calling to-day!
 He of-fers the purest of pleasures To all who will walk by his side!

CHORUS.

Oh, turn, turn from your fol-ly! Oh, seek for the no-ble and true!
 Oh, turn from your sin and your fol-ly!

With the help that the Saviour has promised, What are you willing to do?

With the help that the Saviour has promised, What are you willing to do?

S. MARTIN.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. I am saved, yes, I'm saved! Praise the Lord, O my soul, I have found his sal-
 2. I have laid down my heart at the foot of the cross, Where by faith my Re-
 3. I am saved by his grace, I am saved by his love, Thro' the blood he has
 4. There is room at the fount, at the life-giv-ing fount, There is room, weary

va-tion so free; I am washed in his blood, I have plunged in its flood:
 deem-er I see; I will shout, for I must, Halle-lu-jah to God!
 offered so free; And with joy I can sing, to the cross while I cling,
 wand'rer, for thee; Now the bliss that is mine may this moment be thine:

CHORUS.

Oh, the blood of Jesus cleanseth me. cleanseth me. I'm be-liev-ing and re-

ceiv-ing,—yes, I'm trusting in the Lord, For I know the blood of

Je - sus cleans - eth me; I'm be-liev-ing and re-ceive-ing, yes, I'm

Believing and Receiving.—CONCLUDED.

trusting in the Lord, For the blood of Je-sus cleans-eth me. cleanseth me.

226

Calling You and Me.

S MARTIN.

CHILDREN'S HYMN.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. 'Tis the Shepherd's voice we hear Calling you and me; To the
2. He is ev - er watching nigh, Calling you and me; Looking
3. Where the sweetest flowers grow. Calling you and me; Where the
4. To his gen - tle, lov - ing breast, Calling you and me; Where the

CHORUS.

precious fold so dear, Calling you and me. Many times in ev'ry day
 down from yonder sky, Calling you and me.
 brightest waters flow, Calling you and me.
 lambs in safety rest, Calling you and me.

We can hear him in our play, Calling to the better way, Calling you and me.

The Open Arms.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Oh, why are you slighting the Saviour, So patient, forgiv-ing, and true?
 2. Once led as a lamb to the slaughter, He suffered, and languished, and died;
 3. A - gain the dear Saviour is call - ing, O turn ye, for why will ye die?
 4. A - gain the dear Saviour is pleading; Oh, look to his mer - cy and live;

The arms of his mer - cy are o - pen; He of - fers a welcome to you.
 And now, in his ten - der com - pas - sion, He shows you his hands and his side.
 Your sun may go down in a moment, The ar - row of death may be nigh.
 The pleasures of time are but fleeting, Then trust not the promise they give.

CHORUS.

O come to the arms that are wait - ing, They long have been
 Come, come, come to the arms that are wait - ing, wait - ing, Come, they long have been

wait - ing for you; Oh, come to your loving Re -
 wait - ing for you, wait - ing for you; Come, come, come to your lov - ing Re -

poco, rit.

deem - - - er, So gen - tle, forgiv - ing, and true.
 deem - er, your loving Redeem - er, Gen - tle, gen - tle, for - giv - ing, and true, forgiv - ing and true.

Rev. M. LOWRIE HOFFORD.

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. Oh, name of names the sweet - est To mor - tals ev - er given!
 2. Oh, name of names the sweet - est! Well may each heart and voice
 3. Oh, name of names the sweet - est! Be - hold, he dies for me;

Oh, gift of gifts the dear - est That ev - er came from heaven!
 With rap - ture tune his prais - es, With ec - sta - sy re - joi - ce.
 Oh, gift of gifts the dear - est! He makes sal - va - tion free.

REFRAIN.

The Lord of life and glo - ry, The King of kings a - bove,

De - scends to earth as Je - sus, And shows for man his love;

De - scends to earth as Je - sus, And shows for man his love. *ad lib.*

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. On - ly a beam of sun - shine, But oh, it was warm and bright; The
 2. On - ly a beam of sun - shine That in - to a dwell - ing crept, Where,
 3. On - ly a word for Je - sus! Oh, speak it in his dear name; To

heart of a wea - ry trav - 'ler Was cheered by its wel - come sight.
 o - ver a fad - ing rose - bud, A moth - er her vig - il kept.
 per - ish - ing souls a - round you The message of love pro - claim.

On - ly a beam of sun - shine That fell from the arch a - bove, And
 On - ly a beam of sun - shine That smiled thro' her falling tears, And
 Go, like the faith - ful sun - beam, Your mission of joy - ful - fil; Re -

ten - der - ly, soft - ly whispered A mes - sage of peace and love.
 showed her the bow of prom - ise, For - got - ten perhaps for years.
 member the Saviour's prom - ise, That he will be with you still.

CHORUS.

On - ly a word for Je - sus, On - ly a whispered prayer

Only a Beam of Sunshine.—CONCLUDED.

O - ver some grief-worn spir - it May rest like a sun-beam fair.

230

Hail to the Brightness.

THOMAS HASTINGS.

J. J. HOOD.

1. Hail to the brightness of Zi-on's glad morning! Joy to the
2. Hail to the brightness of Zi-on's glad morning! Long by the
3. Lo, in the des-ert rich flow-ers are springing; Streams ev-er
4. See, from all lands, from the isles of the o-ccean, Praise to Je-

lands that in dark-ness have lain! Hushed be the ac-cents of prophets of Is-rael fore-told; Hail to the mil-lions from co-pious are glid-ing a-long; Loud from the mountain tops ho-vah as-cend-ing on high; Fallen are the en-gines of

sor-row and mourning; Zi-on in triumph be-gins her mild reign. bond-age return-ing; Gen-tiles and Jews the blest vision be-hold. ech-oes are ring-ing; Wastes rise in verdure, and min-gle in song. war and commotion; Shouts of salva-tion are rend-ing the sky.

PRISCILLA J OWENS,
DUET. *Allegretto.*

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Hap - py pilgrims, as you journey To the Fa - ther's house on high
2. Thro' the shadows to the glo - ry He is go - ing on be - fore,
3. Thro' the des - ert and the darkness, Thro' this world of changing strife,

O'er the des - ert, take the promise, "I will guide thee with mine eye."
To his praise we chant the story, How our hu - man griefs he bore.
Fol - low Je - sus, fol - low ful - ly, Keep the nar - row way of life.

SOLO.

Pilgrims, tell us, is it shin - ing? Is the fie - ry pil - lar nigh?
Pilgrims, tell us, does the man - na Still afford its bounteous store?
Pilgrims, tell us, does the riv - er Fail amid the desert's strife?

DUET.

Je - sus is our Star of glo - ry, He is watching from on high.
Je - sus lead - eth, Jesus feed - eth, Bread of life for - ev - er - more.
Je - sus is our Rock forev - er, Still he pours the stream of life.

CHORUS. *faster.*

Follow Je - sus on to Zi - on, Follow closely at his side;
Zi - on, fol - low Je - sus,

Follow Jesus.—CONCLUDED.

Follow Je-sus on to Zi - on: Je-sus is a faithful guide.
 on to Zi-on, on to Zi-on,

232

Lean on Him.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO R. SWENEY.

1. Troubled heart, thy fear dis - pel; He who loves and loves thee well,
2. Troubled heart, oh, why dismayed? Let thy hope on God be stayed;
3. Troubled heart, despond no more, He who once thy sor - row bore,
4. Troubled heart, be still, be still, Learn to know thy Saviour's will;

Fine.

Though thy star of faith is dim, Kind - ly bids thee lean on him.
 Go to him whose name is love; Prayer will ev - 'ry cloud re - move.
 He who wept on earth for thee, Ev - 'ry tear of thine can see.
 He thy dear - est friend will be, Lean on him who died for thee.

D. S.—What - so - e'er thy tri - al be, Lean on him who cares for thee.

CHORUS.

D. S.

Lean on him, lean on him, Though the light of faith is dim;

Jesus, my Lord.

AMELIA M STARKWEATHER.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. I'd rather get down at the feet of my Lord, And gather the crumbs as they fall,
2. I'd rather my body a temple should be, Where Jesus my Master would stay,
3. I'd rather have him for companion and friend, His book for my counsel and guide,
4. I want to leave all in his hands ev'ry day, To do as it seemeth him best;

Than sit as a guest at a sumptuous board, Where Jesus has not had a call.
 Than have all the wealth of the kingdoms, and see Him driven forever a - way.
 Than walk in vain pleasure, and find at the end No refuge in which I may hide.
 And self on the al - tar a sac - rifice lay, And on his sweet promises rest.

CHORUS.

Je - sus, my Lord! Je - sus, my King! Down at thy feet I fall;

Je - sus, my Saviour, my Refuge, my Friend, Jesus, my Lord, my all.

1. Journeying homeward, we joyous - ly sing. Eyes looking up - ward like
 2. What tho' the storm - clouds may threaten and lower? What tho' our friends pass a -
 3. Pitfalls are wait - ing, but Je - sus is near; Cold are the wa - ters, but

dai - sies of spring, Hearts full of glad - ness and earn - est love,
 way with the hour? Storms never en - ter the pear - ly gates;
 Je - sus will cheer; So shall we walk in the way he guides,

CHORUS.

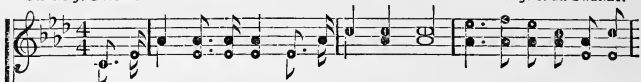
Trusting the Fa - ther who reigneth a - bove. Marching to Zi - on, the
 Je - sus with friendship e - ter - nal a - waits.
 Sure of the mer - cy that ev - er a - bides.

ci - ty of gold, There in his beau - ty the King to be - hold; Bravely each

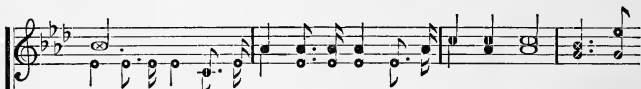
tri - al we strive to bear, Knowing the glo - ry a - waiting us there.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

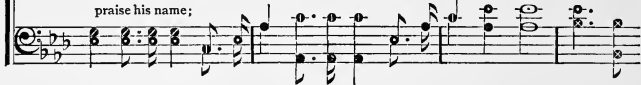


1. There's a shout in the camp, for the Lord is here, Hal - le - lujah! praise his
2. There's a shout in the camp like the shout of old, Hal - le - lujah! praise his
3. There's a shout in the ranks of the King of kings, Hal - le - lujah! praise his
4. There's a shout in the camp while our souls repeat Hal - le - lujah! praise his

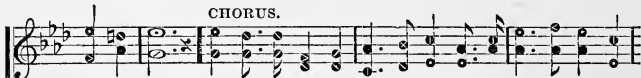


name; To the feast of his love we again draw near, Praise, oh,
 name; For the cloud of his glo - ry we now be - hold, Praise, oh,
 name; While we drink at the Rock from the living springs, Praise, oh,
 name; There is room for the world at the Saviour's feet, Praise, oh,

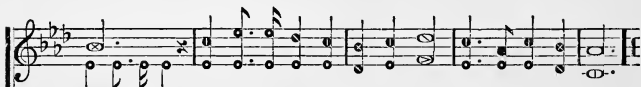
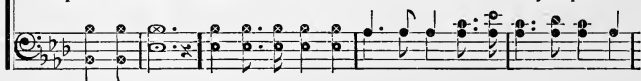
praise his name;



CHORUS.



praise his name. Room for the millions! room for all! Halle - lu - jah! praise his



name; Come to the banquet, great and small, Praise, oh, praise his name.

praise his name;



1. Ho! ev-'ry one that thirsteth! The fountain full and free,— The fountain
 2. Ho! ev-'ry one that thirsteth! With ready heart and hand Ac-cept the
 3. Ho! ev-'ry one that thirsteth! The Spir it say-eth, Come, The Bride u-

Key D.

of sal - va - tion,—Is flow-ing now for thee. Come, taste the liv-ing
 bless-ing of - fered, Its val - ue un-der-stand. Lift up the voice in
 nites her gentle voice, And bids thee welcome home. The spring of life e-

wa - ter; Come, take the cup I give: The gift is life e - ter - nal,—
 ear-nest, 'And cry, for-ev - er - more: Give me the liv - ing wa - ter,
 ter - nal Is opened here for thee, The fountain of sal - va - tion

Key G. CHORUS.

Canst thou refuse to live? Ho! ev-'ry one that thirsteth! The fountain
 That I may thirst no more.
 Is flow-ing full and free.

full and free,—The fountain of sal - va - tion,—Is flow-ing now for thee.

Andante con espress.

1. A - las! a - las! a wayward sheep Had wandered from the fold, Far
2. He sought with many-a footstep sore, From early morn till night; Thro'
3. How long, O Lord, must I still go? How long search for the sheep? They've

o'er the mountains rough and steep, Where howling tempests rolled; The
rock - y wastes, where torrents roar, —All pathways but the right; Then
wandered far a - way, I know, —Discouraged, lo, I weep: How

Shepherd, with a burdened mind, Went forth the missing one to find, The
cried, with sad and burdened mind, The missing I have failed to find, The
long thus go, with burdened mind? "Go," Jesus saith, "until ye find;" The

miss - ing one, far, far a - way, The miss - ing one to find.
miss - ing one, far, far a - way, A - las! I've failed to find.
miss - ing one must not be lost, —Go, seek un - til ye find!

CHORUS.

Go, seek un - til ye find; Go, seek un - til ye find; The
Chorus to last verse:—
Joy! joy! the lost is found; Joy! joy! the lost is found; The

Until Ye Find.—CONCLUDED.

miss - ing one must not be lost,—Go, seek un - til ye find.
miss - ing one, no long - er lost, The miss - ing one is found.

4 I've sought my friends for many-a day,
Have prayed for many-a year;
Yet, still they wander far away,
O'er mountains dark and drear;
How long thus seek with burdened mind?
"Seek," Jesus saith, "until ye find!"
The missing one must not be lost,—
"Go, seek until ye find!"

5 Lord, at thy word I go again,
Believing I shall find:
I listened, and a low refrain
Came to me on the wind;
Led by the sadly joyful sound
I rushed, and, lo, the lost was found!
Joy! joy! O blessed joy divine!
The lost one I have found.

238

Trustingly.

H. BONAR.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Trust - ing - ly, trust - ing - ly, Je - sus, to thee Come I; Lord,
2. Peace - ful - ly, peace - ful - ly Walk I with thee; Je - sus, my
3. Hap - pi - ly, hap - pi - ly Pass I a - long, Ea - ger to

lov - ing - ly, Come thou to me! Then shall I lov - ing - ly,
Lord, thou art All, all to me; Peace thou hast left to us,
work for thee, Ear - nest and strong; Life is for ser - vice true,

Then shall I joy - ful - ly walk here with thee, Walk here with thee.
Thy peace hast giv - en us; So let it be, So let it be.
Life is for bat - tle, too, Life is for song, Life is for song.

239 The Rock that is Higher than I.

E. JOHNSON.

Wm. G. FISCHER.

1. Oh, sometimes the shadows are deep, And rough seems the path to the goal,
 2. Oh, sometimes how long seems the day, And sometimes how weary my feet;
 3. Oh, near to the Rock let me keep, Or blessings, or sorrows prevail;

And sorrows, sometimes how they sweep Like tempests down over the soul.
 But toil - ing in life's dusty way, The Rock's blessed shadow, how sweet!
 Or climbing the mountain-way steep, Or walking the shadow - y vale.

CHORUS.

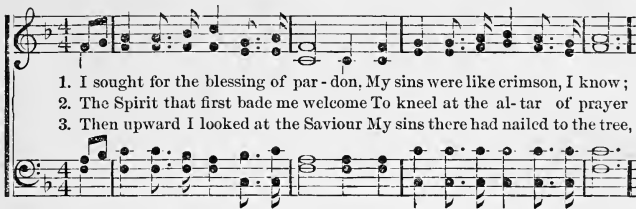
Oh, then, to the Rock let me fly, let me fly, To the

Rock that is high - er than I; Oh, then, to the Rock let me
 is high - er than I,

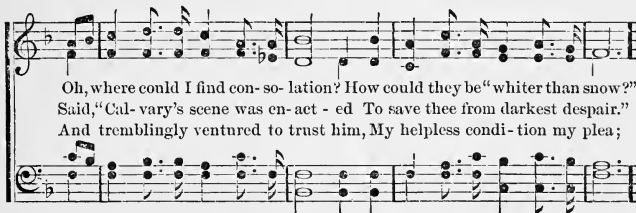
fly, let me fly, To the Rock that is high - er than I.

H. L. G.

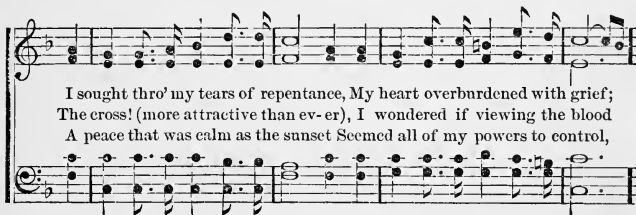
"Neither is there salvation in any other."—Acts iv. 12. Dr. H. L. GILMOUR.



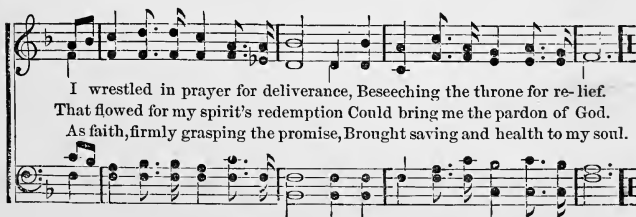
1. I sought for the blessing of par - don, My sins were like crimson, I know ;
 2. The Spirit that first bade me welcome To kneel at the al - tar of prayer
 3. Then upward I looked at the Saviour My sins there had nailed to the tree,



Oh, where could I find con - so - lation? How could they be "whiter than snow?"
 Said, "Cal - vary's scene was en - act - ed To save thee from darkest despair."
 And tremblingly ventured to trust him, My helpless condi - tion my plea ;



I sought thro' my tears of repentance, My heart overburdened with grief ;
 The cross! (more attractive than ev - er), I wondered if viewing the blood
 A peace that was calm as the sunset Seemed all of my powers to control,



I wrestled in prayer for deliverance, Beseeching the throne for re - lief.
 That flowed for my spirit's redemption Could bring me the pardon of God.
 As faith, firmly grasping the promise, Brought saving and health to my soul.

I am Happy in the Lord.

MARY E. HAMLIN.

JNO R. SWENEY.

1. I am hap- py in the Lord, hal- le - lu - jah! Of his goodness I am
 2. He is leading me a- long, hal- le - lu - jah! I am walking in his
 3. I will praise him o'er and o'er, halle - lu - jah! I will praise him for the
 4. Then with all the saints above, halle - lu - jah! When I stand arrayed in

telling all the day; I am trusting in his word, halle - lu - jah! And my shadow all the while; Oh, he fills my heart with song, hallelu- jah! And my mercy shown to me Till I reach the other shore, halle - lu - jah! And my righteousness complete; I will shout redeeming love, hallelu - jah! While I

Fine. CHORUS.

joy the world can never take a- way. I am happy in the Lord, sweetly
 faith can see his tender, lov- ing smile.
 bark shall drop its anchor o'er the sea.
 cast my crown of glo- ry at his feet.

D. S.—dwelling will be read- y by and by.

resting on his word, Looking upward to his temple in the sky;
 in the sky;

D. S.

Where his servants day and night swell their anthems of delight, And my

1. How blest was the life once lived up-on earth, The life of the
 2. The Friend of our need, the hope of the world, A-bides with us
 3. O Lord of the sea, who once walked a-broad On treach-er-ous
 4. Thou art not a - far,— in reg - ions unknown,—Our faith reacheth

Sav-iour of men; What joy was their part who learn'd at his feet, Who
 still as of old; When wander-ing far in sor-row and sin He
 waves of the tide, We know that thy strong and pi-tying arms Our
 up un-to thee; And still, thro' the mists of ag - es long past, The

CHORUS.

loved and who worshipped him then. I know that he liv-eth, Re-
 lead-eth us home to the fold.
 wav - er - ing footsteps still guide.
 Sav-iour of sin - ners doth see.

deem-er and Friend, To bless and to comfort our way; I know the glad

song of the heav-en-ly throng,—He liveth, he liveth to - day!

The Anchor Holds.

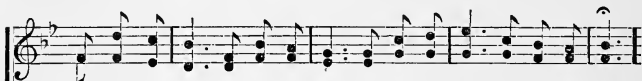
"Which hope we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast, and which entereth into that within the vail."—Heb. vi. 19.

MARY D. JAMES.

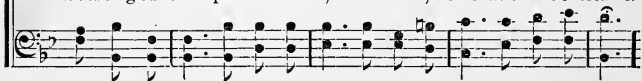
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



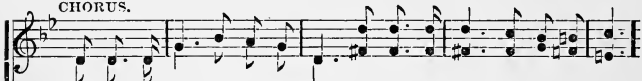
1. Christ Je - sus is my anch'rage ground, No firmer ev - er can be found;
2. The storms may rage, the billows roll, The watery deep surround my soul;
3. The clouds are pierced by faith's strong eye, It sees the sun above the sky,
4. And when we've gained the heav'nly shore, Our voyage ended, storms all o'er,



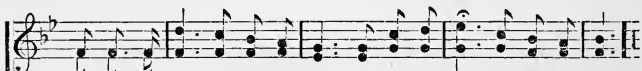
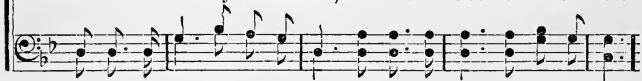
And, anchored here, I cannot fail To ride in triumph ev-'ry gale.
 Their surging billows, mountain high, But lift me near - er to the sky!
 And tells the tem-pest-beaten soul Of rest, where billows nev-er roll.
 We'll sing our triumph in his name,—The Lamb,—thro' whom we overcame.



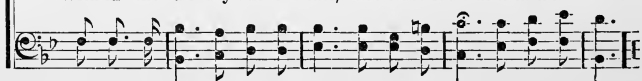
CHORUS.



With-in the vail my anchor's cast, It holds! it holds a-mid the blast!



With-in the vail my anchor's cast, It holds! it holds a-mid the blast!



FRANK GOULD.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. O, my heart is full of joy, for my sins are wash'd away, Clinging to the
 2. I have laid my burden down, I have cast it on the Lord, Clinging to the
 3. I have found the hallow'd peace which the world can never give, Clinging to the
 4. I am happy in his love, I am safe beneath his care, Clinging to the

cross of Je - sus; I am trusting more and more in his mercy ev'ry day,
 cross of Je - sus; I can now believe and claim ev'ry promise in his word,
 cross of Jesus; I have promised by his grace while he spares me I will live
 cross of Jesus; Tho' temptations I shall meet they shall never harm me there,

CHORUS.

Clinging to the cross of Je - sus. Clinging to the cross, where his

blood was shed for me, Clinging to the cross, where the flowing stream I see,

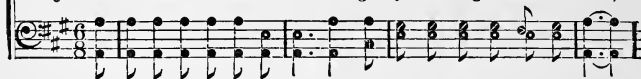
Clinging to the cross, where I come on bended knee; Blessed, blessed cross of Jesus!

FANNY J. CROSBY.

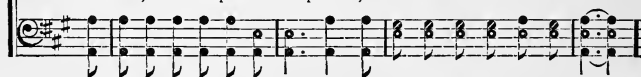
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Redeemed, how I love to proclaim it, Redeemed by the blood of the Lamb;
2. Redeemed, and so happy in Je - sus, No language my rapture can tell,
3. I think of my blessed Redeemer, I think of him all the day long,
4. I know I shall see in his beauty The King in whose law I de - light,
5. I know there's a crown that is waiting In yonder bright mansion for me,



Redeemed thro' his infi - nite mer - cy, His child and forev - er I am.
 I know that the light of his presence With me doth continual - ly dwell.
 I sing, for I cannot be si - lent, His love is the theme of my song.
 Who loving - ly guardeth my footsteps, And giveth me songs in the night,
 And soon, with the spirits made perfect, At home with the Lord I shall be.



REFRAIN.



Re - deemed, re - deemed, redeemed by the blood of the Lamb,
 redeemed, redeemed,



Re - deemed, re - deemed, His child and forev - er I am.
 redeemed, redeemed,



Mrs. E. C. ELLSWORTH.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Oh, take the lamp of faith! Let grace the oil sup- ply; Its
 2. Yes, take the lamp of faith! Ne'er dark thy path shall be; For
 3. Then take the lamp of faith; Per-chance its gold-en light May

beams shall glow with hope and love, Thy God to glo - ri - fy.
 light shall chase a - way the gloom, And sha - dows quick - ly flee.
 fall a - round an - oth - er's feet And make his pathway bright.

CHORUS.

O prec - ious, precious light! We'll bless thy heav'nly ray; While

walk - ing by the light of faith We'll sing a - long the way,

We'll sing, we'll sing, We'll sing a - long the way.

March Steadily Onward.

S. MARTIN.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. March steady - ly onward to the battle-field a-way, Haste! follow our
 2. March steady - ly onward like the armies gone before, Wear bravely the
 3. March steady - ly onward to the conquest here below, March steady - ly

Lead-er, let one and all his voice obey; Oh, march steadily onward, let the
 armor, the shield that once on earth they wore; Oh, march steadily onward till our
 onward, nor let us fear to meet the foe; But march steadily onward, shouting

ranks be filled to-day, March un-der the banner of the Sav - iour.
 life's great work is o'er, March un-der the banner of the Sav - iour.
 vict - ry as we go, March un-der the banner of the Sav - iour.

March hopeful - ly on-ward, our col - ors display - ing, No long - er de -
 March trust - ing - ly on-ward through sorrow or gladness, Through sunshine or
 March joy - ful - ly on-ward, what - ev - er be - fall us, Till Je - sus shall

lay - ing our place at once to fill; No e - vil can harm us,
 sad - ness with joy our way pur - sue; Our hearts will be light - er
 call us, and say our work is done; Keep step to the cho - rus

March Steadily Onward.—CONCLUDED.

D. C.

no dang-er a-larm us While to the Saviour faithful still,
our path will grow brighter Walk-ing with Je-sus firm and true.
of millions be-fore us, Soon will our glorious crown be won.

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Salvation.

MARY D. JAMES.

JNO R. SWENEY.

1. Grand-er than the billowy o - cean, Glo-rious in its might-y sweep,
2. Wid - er than th'expan-sive o - cean Is our Saviour's matchless love;—
3. Roll! roll on, sal - vation's wa - ter's! Oh, submerge us in thy waves,
4. Je - sus, stamp on us thine im - press, Make us shine with heavenly rays;

Rolls the tide of full sal - va-tion, Deep - er than the wa - t'ry deep.
Boundless, fathom - less, e - ternal,—Here his wondrous name we prove.
Till our be - ing, all transfigured, Shows the power of him who saves.
Let us bear thy love - ly im - age, Let us here show forth thy praise.

CHORUS.

Je - sus saves! oh, ring the chorus, Je - sus saves, he saves the lost;

Je - sus saves! oh, great sal - va-tion! Saves un - to the ut - ter - most!

Jesus Wept.

Sir EDWARD DENNY.

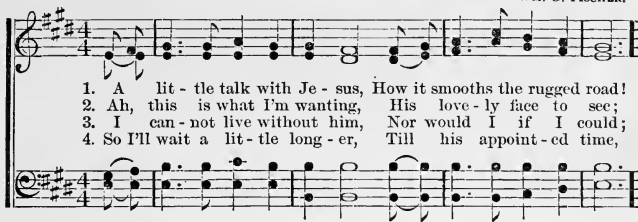
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Jesus wept! those tears are o - ver, But his heart is still the same;
 2. When the pangs of tri - al seize us, When the waves of sor - row roll,
 3. Je - sus wept! and still in glo - ry, He can mark each mourner's tear;
 4. Je - sus wept! that tear of sor - row Is a leg - a - cy of love;

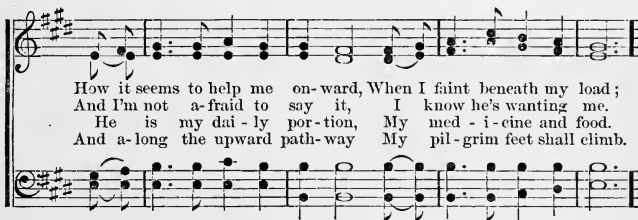
Kinsman, Friend, and Elder Broth - er, Is his ev - er - lasting name.
 I will lay my head on Je - sus, Pillow of the troubled soul.
 Living to retrace the sto - ry Of the hearts he solaced here.
 Yester - day, to - day, to - mor - row, He the same doth ev - er prove.

p
 Saviour, who can love like thee, Gracious One of Beth - a - ny?
 Sure - ly, none can feel like thee, Weep - ing One of Beth - a - ny!
 Lord, when I am called to die, Let me think of Beth - a - ny.
 Thou art all in all to me, Liv - ing One of Beth - a - ny!

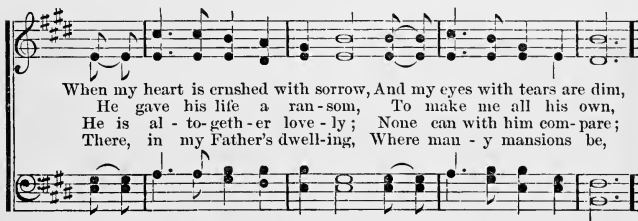
p *rit.*
 Saviour, who can love like thee, Gracious One of Beth - a - ny?
 Sure - ly, none can feel like thee, Weep - ing One of Beth - a - ny!
 Lord, when I am called to die, Let me think of Beth - a - ny.
 Thou art all in all to me, Liv - ing One of Beth - a - ny!



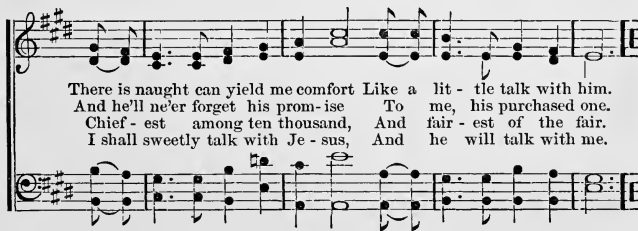
1. A lit - tle talk with Je - sus, How it smooths the rugged road!
 2. Ah, this is what I'm wanting, His love - ly face to see;
 3. I can - not live without him, Nor would I if I could;
 4. So I'll wait a lit - tle long - er, Till his appoint - ed time,



How it seems to help me on - ward, When I faint beneath my load;
 And I'm not a - fraid to say it, I know he's wanting me.
 He is my dai - ly por - tion, My med - i - cine and food.
 And a - long the upward path - way My pil - grim feet shall climb.



When my heart is crushed with sorrow, And my eyes with tears are dim,
 He gave his life a ran - som, To make me all his own,
 He is al - to - geth - er love - ly; None can with him com - pare;
 There, in my Father's dwell - ing, Where man - y mansions be,



There is naught can yield me comfort Like a lit - tle talk with him.
 And he'll ne'er forget his prom - ise To me, his purchased one.
 Chief - est among ten thousand, And fair - est of the fair.
 I shall sweetly talk with Je - sus, And he will talk with me.

With feeling.

1. Touch my spir - it with thy Spir - it, Lord of All, my Sav - iour;
 2. I have found him, what a treasure!—Found my blessed Sav - iour;
 3. I have found him: past my weeping, Blessed, bles - sed Sav - iour;

Let me thy sweet rest in - her - it, This my high - est fa - vor.
 This the pleasure of all pleasures, Rest in my dear Sav - iour.
 And my soul to thy kind keep - ing I com - mit, dear Sav - iour.

CHORUS.

Rest, sweet rest, rest, sweet rest In my bles - sed Sav - iour;

Rest, sweet rest, rest, sweet rest In my bles - sed Sav - iour.

4 On the earth this heavenly resting
 Comes to me, dear Saviour;
 This is love's own manifesting,
 Through my blessed Saviour.

5 In this rest toil does not weary,—
 Toil for thee, my Saviour;
 In the gloom there's nothing dreary,
 With thee, O my Saviour.

W. P. MACKAY, M. A.

P. G. FITHIAN.

With spirit.

1. Praise the Lord with hearts and voices, Gathered in his ho - ly name;
 2. Praise the liv - ing God who gave us, Lost and ru - ined as we lay,
 3. Praise him; en - e - mies as - sail us, As we through the desert go,

Ev - 'ry quickened soul re - joie - es, Hear - ing of the Saviour's fame.
 His be - lov - ed Son to save us, Bear - ing all our sin a - way.
 But his sword can nev - er fail us, It shall si - lence ev - 'ry foe.

CHORUS.

Praise the Lord, oh, praise him ev - er, Let our voic - es sweet - ly sing;

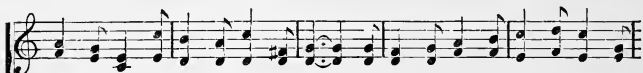
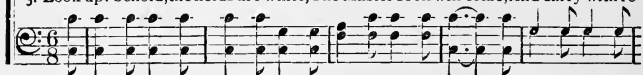
Praise the Lord! oh, may we ev - er Sing a - loud to God our King.

4 Praise him for the water flowing
 Freely in its boundless tide;
 Christ the smitten rock we're knowing,
 Praise him for his wounded side.

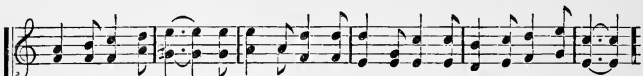
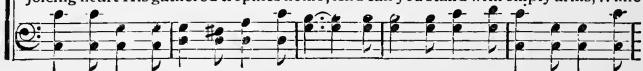
5 Praise him, thro' the desert marching,
 Onward to the golden shore;
 For our Saviour we are watching,
 And we'll praise him evermore.



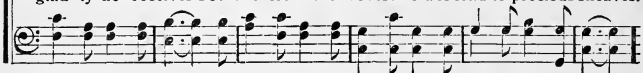
1. Look up! behold, the fields are white, The harvest time is near; The summons of the
2. Look up! behold, the fields are white, The laborers are few, The gather'ing of the
3. Look up! behold, the fields are white, The Master soon will come, And carry with re-



Mas-ter falls Up-on the reaper's ear: Go forth in-to the gold-en grain And har-vest must By grace depend on you: Go forth throughout the busy world, The joying heart His gathered trophies home; And can you stand with empty arms, While



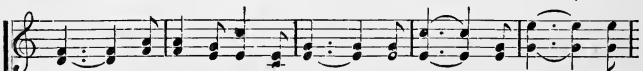
bind the precious sheaves, And garner for the Lord of Hosts The harvest which he gives, world of want and sin, And gather for the Lord of Hosts Its dying millions in. glad-ly he receives From others in the harvest field A load of precious sheaves.



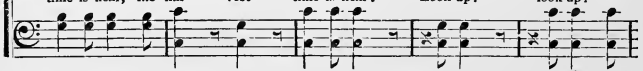
CHORUS.



Look up! look up! behold, the fields are white, The harvest time is
Look up! look up! be-hold! be-hold! the fields are white, The har-vest



near, The har-vest time is near: Look up! look up! be-
time is near, the har-vest time is near: Look up! look up!



Behold, the Fields are White.—CONCLUDED.

hold, the fields are white, Look up! behold, the fields are white, The harvest time is near.

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Little Friends of Jesus.

S. MARTIN.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Do you know what makes us hap - py, When so man - y hearts are sad?
2. Je - sus loves the children dear - ly,— In his Word he tells them so;
3. We are lit - tle lambs of Je - sus: He, our Shepherd kind and dear,
4. If we try our best to please him He will take us by and by

We are lit - tle friends of Je - sus, That is why we are so glad.
 Once he took them up and blessed them, Many, man - y years a - go.
 Speaks, and, though we do not see him, In our hearts his voice we hear.
 Where our spir - it eyes will know him, Far beyond the star - ry sky.

CHORUS.

We are lit - tle friends, we are loving friends, We are happy, hap - py lit - tle

friends of Jesus; We are little friends, we are loving friends, We are happy all day long.

Keep Step Ever.

C. R. BLACKALL.

H. R. PALMER.

1. Would you gain the best in life? Win the prize 'mid all the strife? Hold your
 2. Life is more than i - dle play; It will quickly pass away; Use a-
 3. Look beyond the present hour; Nev-er yield to Satan's power; Tho' a-

place thro' troubles rife? With the right keep step! Know the world is watching you;
 right each golden day; With the good keep step! There are earnest pressing needs,
 bove the clouds may lower, With the truth keep step! Onward press! nor, on the way,

Be sincere in all you do; With the good, the pure, and true, Ever firm keep step!
 Filled alone by purest deeds; Happy he the call who heeds—With the true keep step!
 Loiter once or waste the day; God and truth and right all say, Strong in faith, keep step!

CHORUS.

Keep step, keep step ev-er, Keep step, keep step ev-er,

Keep step, keep step, Keep step, keep step ev-er.

W. H. GEISTWEIT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Oh, wondrous love that Je - sus shows, To save from sin and
 2. Dear Sav - iour, I will love thee more, And la - bor on till
 3. Then hearken, sin - ner, come to - day, Come thou to Je - sus
 4. Come, brother, — sis - ter, — full of sin, His "wondrous love" will

all its woes, And lead us up to heaven! He died that we should
 life is o'er, Proclaim - ing "wondrous love;" I'll tell to all thy
 while you may, For soon 'twill be too late; Come, all is read - y, —
 let you in, And make you all his own; Come, an - gels wait to

nev - er die; He rose that we should dwell on high; 'Twas all in mercy given.
 saving grace, And bid poor wand'ers seek thy face, And enter heaven above.
 pardon, peace, A long life's path sustaining grace, — Come, enter heaven's gate.
 bear a - way The joyful news that you to - day Are coming, coming home.

CHORUS.

Oh, wondrous is the Saviour's love! 'Tis par - don full and free;

Oh, blest sal - va - tion! wondrous love! It reach - es e - ven me.

Jesus has died for Me.

ISAAC WATTS.

[Music from "The Quiver," by per.]

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. A - las! and did my Saviour bleed? And did my Sov'reign die?
 2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned upon the tree?
 3. Well might the sun in darkness hide, And shut his glo - ries in,

Would he devote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
 A - maz - ing pi - ty! grace unknown! And love beyond de - gree!
 When Christ, the mighty Mak - er, died, For man, the creature's sin.

REFRAIN.

Je - sus has died for me, Suf - fer'd up - on the tree, I'm

saved by his blood, redeemed unto God, For Je - sus has died for me.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
 While his dear cross appears,
 Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
 And melt mine eyes to tears

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
 The debt of love I owe
 Here, Lord, I give myself away,—
 'Tis all that I can do.

Take hold, hold on.

Advice of an aged colored man to young converts, "Take hold, hold on, hold fast and never let go!"

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. O, turn not back in the Christian race Till the prize is won we know ;
 2. O, turn not back on life's battle-field, Tho' the world's a mighty foe,
 3. Truth's anchor firm - ly, sure - ly clasp, As the billows near thee flow,
 4. Though danger threatens or death alarms, In each ris - ing flood of woe,

Reach up to Christ for abounding grace, Take hold and nev - er let go!
 God's arms are round thee as a shield, Take hold and nev - er let go!
 God's hand will close o'er thy feeble grasp, Take hold and nev - er let go!
 Still cling to God's ev - er - last - ing arms, Take hold and nev - er let go!

CHORUS.

Take hold, hold on, Hold fast and nev - er let go! No
 Take hold, hold on, hold on!

matter how the wind in the tempest may blow, Take hold and never let go!

Trusting in His Word.

"Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth my word, and believeth on him that sent me, hath everlasting life."—John v. 24.

W. H. G.

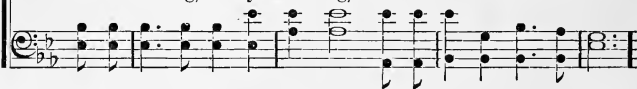
W. H. GEISTWEIT.



1. I am trusting in the prom-ise Of the Saviour's blessed word;
2. I am cry-ing, "Ab-ba Fa-ther," For the promise I be-lieve,
3. From my sins for-ev-er turn-ing, I receive thee now, O Lord;
4. Ho-ly Spir-it, gracious Wit-ness, Make the word all power to me;



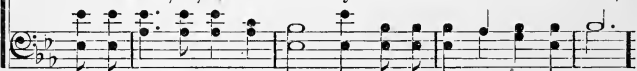
I am saved from all my vile-ness Through the merits of his blood.
 If from sin I turn, and trust him, Endless life I then re-ceive.
 I will fol-low, love, and serve thee, Resting whol-ly on thy word.
 I am trust-ing, ful-ly trust-ing, I am now from sin set free.



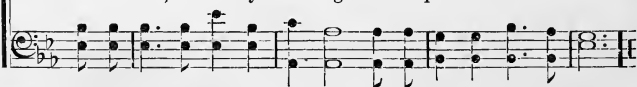
CHORUS.



I am saved; oh, wondrous sto-ry! I am saved thro' Je-sus' blood;



I am saved; I'm ful-ly rest-ing On the promise of his word.



Glory to Jesus forever.

LIZZIE EDWARDS.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. O, my song is ever new and my faith is bright and clear, Glory to Jesus! I'm
 2. O, the story of his grace, I can tell it o'er and o'er, Glo-ry to Jesus! I'm
 3. I have left my all to him and I know he cares for me, Glo-ry to Jesus! I'm
 4. I am on my journey home,—hallelujah to his name,—Glory to Jesus! I'm

happy in his love; To a mansion in the sky I can read my ti-tle clear,
 happy in his love; For it brings to me a joy that I never knew before,
 happy in his love; In his mercy I can trust, for his guiding hand I see,
 happy in his love; With the ransom'd of the Lord, soon to join the loud acclaim,

D. S.—sing redeeming love, while e-ternal a-ges roll,

Fine. CHORUS.

Glo - ry to Je - sus for - ev - er! Praise him, praise him, praise him, O my soul!

Glo - ry to Je - sus for - ev - er!

D. S.

In the precious blood of Cal-vary he cleans'd and made me whole; I will

1. 'Tis a sto - ry oft re - peat - ed, but it nev - er can grow old, The
 2. How it rings thro' earth and heaven, sung by ransomed choirs above, Who
 3. As I lis - ten to the message, how it thrills me with delight; The
 4. Then why should I tarry long - er? Je - sus' call I will o - bey; I

5. Oh, this wonder - ful sal - vation, praise the dear Redeemer's name, It

story of the blood that makes us clean; 'Tis the sweetest story ears have heard or
 by its power o'ercome and were made clean; How 'tis echoed by the pure of earth, sav'd
 fountain now is o - pen, en - ter in; Whoso - ever will may venture in and
 come, I wash, the promised rest I win, I will trust his power to keep me clean each

eaches me!—his praise I must begin; This my greatest joy, with all the saved for-

lips have ev - er told, The blood of Je - sus cleanseth from all sin.
 by redeeming love; The blood of Je - sus cleanseth from all sin.
 wash his garments white; The blood of Je - sus cleanseth from all sin.
 moment, ev - ry day; The blood of Je - sus cleanseth from all sin.

ev - er to proclaim, The blood of Je - sus cleanseth from all sin.

CHORUS.

A - ble to save to the uttermost, He of - fers us cleansing, and oh, it is free!

Wondrous salva - tion! it saves e - ven me! Washed in the blood of the Lamb.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Ev-'ry day my soul is hap-py, For I feel my Saviour near;
 2. Ev-'ry day, tho' storm and sorrow Dark-ly round my pathway rise,
 3. Ev-'ry day my home is hap-py, For with Je-sus I a-bide;
 4. Ev-'ry day my hopes grow brighter, Tho' the hopes of earth are gone;

'Tis his presence makes my sunshine, And his love destroys my fear.
 I am look-ing up for com-fort, Far beyond earth's changing skies.
 Drinking from the liv-ing fountain, With his good-ness sat-is-fied.
 Ev-'ry day my rest draws nearer, As my Sav-iour leads me on.

CHORUS.

I am con-tent . . . with thee, O my Sav-iour, I have re-

solved . . . thy will shall be mine; Keep me faith-ful,
 I have resolved

true and faith-ful; Fill my soul . . . with love di-vine.
 Fill my soul

1. O - pen the door that so long you have bolted ; Je - sus your Saviour is
 2. Nailed to the cross from your sins to redeem you, Bleeding and dying ; what
 3. Turn not away from the voice that is calling, Full of compassion so
 4. O - pen the door while the life lamp is burning, Je - sus is waiting to

knocking once more ; Have you no welcome ? Oh, think of his mercy ;
 more could he do ? How can you slight him and treat him so cold - ly,
 ten - der and true ; O - pen the door, he is pleading to en - ter,
 cleanse you from sin ; O - pen the door and receive him with gladness,

CHORUS.

Rise while he tarries and open the door. O - pen the door, o - pen the door,
 Jesus, who suffered such anguish for you ?
 Lov - ingly pleading, O lost one, for you.
 Let the dear Saviour this moment come in.

Je - sus is knocking, is knocking once more ; Let him come in ere he

leave you for - ey - er, Hasten while he lingers and o - pen the door.

We'll Know Each Other.

Mrs. E. C. ELLSWORTH. [From "The Wells of Salvation," by per.] WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Oh, we'll meet, and know each other, In the light of full-orbed day,
 2. Wrongs that have our hearts withholden Stand aghast when light they see,
 3. Oh, that bright and last up-lifting Of the mists which hide the true!
 4. O that faith might nev-er waver, O that love would long for-bear,

Where the splendors of the morning Chase the shadows all a-way.
 Doubts that have a brother questioned, There be-fore the day-light flee.
 Heart to heart shall quickly answer When our love is stirred a-new.
 Hope should point to yonder meet-ing, Per-fect love and trust are there.

CHORUS.

Yes, we'll meet, and know each other, Griefs no more shall hidden lie,

Bro-ther grasp the hand of brother, Face to face and eye to eye.

"BEULAH." "I will declare what he hath done for my soul."—Ps. lxxvi. 16. GRACE WEISER.

1. Once my eyes saw noth-ing come-ly In the low-ly Naz-ar-ene,
 2. Once my dull ears found no mu-sic In his ten-der, pleading voice;
 3. Once my robes, by sin pol-lut-ed, Were as filth-y rags unclean;
 4. Once I roamed in des-erts drea-ry, Sought in vain a place of rest;

All his grace was hid-den from me By the clouds of sin be-tween;
 Now he speaks, and each low whisper Makes my trembling heart rejoice.
 In the great King's roy-al presence I could nev-er thus be seen.
 Now my soul, no long-er wea-ry, Leans entranced up-on his breast;

I was blind, but now I see,— Je-sus paid the debt for me.
 His dear word hath made me free,— Oh, what boundless lib-er-ty!
 I am whit-er now than snow,— Je-sus' blood has made me so.
 Bless-ed-ness beyond de-gree, Je-sus is a rest for me!

I was blind but now I see,— Je-sus paid the debt for me.
 His dear word hath made me free,— Oh, what boundless lib-er-ty!
 I am whit-er now than snow,— Je-sus' blood has made me so.
 Bless-ed-ness be-yond de-gree, Je-sus is a rest for me!

5 Hallelujah, what a Saviour!
 Half his love was never told;
 I have found his kingly favor
 Richer treasure far than gold.
 ||: Praise him, O my ransomed soul,
 While eternal ages roll. :||

6 Oh, that all who hear the story
 For themselves would taste and see;
 Come to him; his banner o'er thee
 Everlasting love shall be.
 ||: To thy weary soul be given
 Rest on earth and rest in heaven. :||

Rev. JOSEPH WARDLE.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. The King, as he stood by his char-iot one day, In pi-ty re-
 2. How oft we had met in the jour-ney of life, How oft he had
 3. The char-iot of love, on its way to the sky, Is bear-ing me
 4. And when to the riv-er of Jor-dan we come, And cross to the

gard-ed my sin; Then, tak-ing my hand with a kind, gentle smile, He
 knocked at my door; Though much I have lost by re-ject-ing his call, From
 swift-ly a - long, While joy-ful I sing of my Lord and my King, Be-
 green, sunny shore; Oh, still will I sing of my Lord and my King, Till

CHORUS.

said, wouldst thou like to step in? May I en-ter? I cried, may I
 him I will wan-der no more.
 guil-ing each moment with song.
 safe at his own pal-ace door.

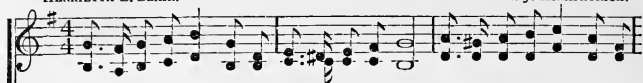
sit by thy side? Is it mine such an honor to know? Then he opened mine

eyes and I gazed with surprise, For my garments were white as the snow.

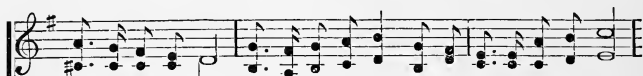
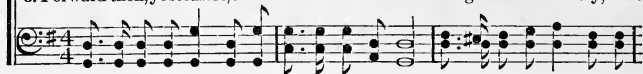
Victory Through Jesus.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR.

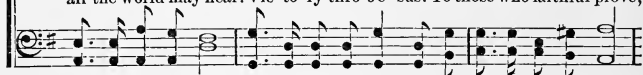
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



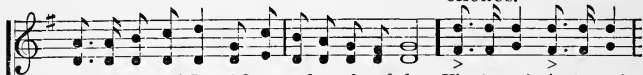
1. Vic-tory thro' Jesus! Oh, catch the word divine, Pass it quickly onward A-
2. Vic-tory thro' Je-sus! Our Victor o-ver sin, He himself has promised The
3. Forward then, yesoldiers, Behold our Leader near! Sound again the watch-cry, That



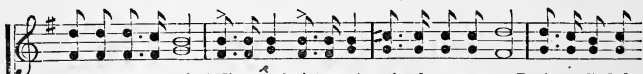
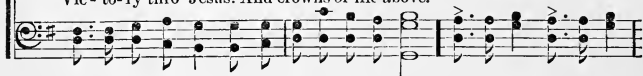
long the bat-tle line; Write it on our ban-ner, Proclaim it as we go:
 faithful soul shall win; Long may be the contest, And hard the work to do;
 all the world may hear: Vic-to-ry thro' Je-sus! To those who faithful prove;



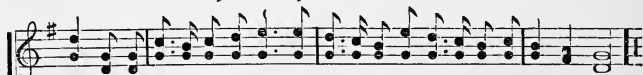
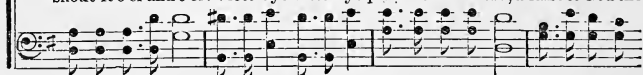
CHORUS.



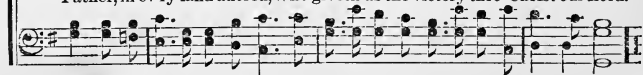
Vic-to-ry thro' Jesus! Our watch-cry here below. Vic-to-ry! vic-to-ry!
 On-ly look to Jesus, His grace will bring us through.
 Vic-to-ry thro' Jesus! And crowns of life above.



shout it o'er and o'er! Vic-to-ry! vic-to-ry! praise forevermore; Praise to God the



Father, in ev'ry land adored, Who giveth us the victory thro' Christ our Lord.



Rev. W. J. STEVENSON.

S. B. ELLENBERGER.

1. I stand be-side the crimson stream That flows from Calv'ry's mount,
 2. The blood of Christ a-lone will save From guilt, and fear, and care;
 3. I claim the promised bles-sing now, Freedom from ev-'ry sin,
 4. I sink in-to the crimson stream, Christ's blood is now ap-plied?

And long to wash a-way all sin, With-in its cleans-ing fount.
 His blood will sweetly pur-i-fy, When sought in ear-nest prayer.
 The power to lead a ho-ly life, With Christ in God shut in.
 I rise a-gain, redeemed by him, And whol-ly pur-i-fied.

CHORUS.

Now wash me, now wash me, And cleanse me from sin;
Chorus to last verse:—
 Halle-lu-jah! halle-lu-jah! I'm washed from all sin;

Now wash me, now wash me, And I shall be clean.
 Halle-lu-jah! halle-lu-jah! Yes, now I am clean.

The Summer Land.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. To the summer-land of beauty we are going, inst. going,
 2. In the summer-land of beauty they are singing, inst. singing,
 3. From the summer-land of beauty they are calling, calling,

going, Where the o-ocean-tide of love is brightly flowing,
 singing, And the mel-ody that sweetly there is ringing,
 calling, And their voices in the dewy night are falling,

Gently through the sunny, sunny vales; There to wake far away from
There, there to wake,
 Waft-ed in a vision oft we hear; Home at last they have gone be-
Safe, safe at home,
 Fall-ing on the weary, weary soul; Look be-yond, soon will dawn the
Look, look beyond,

sor - row, Every sor - row, every sor - row; There to
 there, there to wake, there, there to wake, there, there to wake;
 fore us, Gone be-fore us, gone be-fore us; Hark the
 safe, safe at home, safe, safe at home, safe, safe at home;
 morn - ing, Blissful morn - ing, blissful morn - ing; Ho - ly
 look, look beyond, look, look beyond, look, look beyond;

The Summer Land.—CONCLUDED.

hail joy's eternal mor - row When the toils of earth shall cease, There to
 There, there to hail, there, there to hail,
 song, listen to the cho - rus, "Praise the Lord the King of kings: Saved by
 Hark, hark the song hark, hark the song,
 light soon the sky adorn - ing We shall meet with joyful eyes; We shall
 Pure holy light, pure ho - ly light,

dwel by the crystal riv - er, Blessed riv - er, blessed riv - er,
 There, there to dwell, there, there to dwell, there, there to dwell, there, there to dwell,
 grace; glory! halle - lu - jah! Halle - lu - jah! halle - lu - jah!
 Saved, saved by grace, saved, saved by grace, saved, saved by grace, saved, saved by grace,
 meet by the crystal riv - er, Shining riv - er, shining riv - er;
 Yes, we shall meet, yes, we shall meet, yes, we shall meet, yes, we shall meet,

With the Lord happy and for - ev - er, When the toils of earth shall cease.
 Dwell with the Lord, dwell with the Lord,
 Crowned with love; glory! halle - lu - jah! Praise the mighty King of kings."
 Crowned, crowned with love, crowned, crowned with love,
 On its banks meet no more to sev - er, Look beyond with joyful eyes.
 There on its banks, there on its banks,

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F. J. C.

The Prince of Peace.

Tune above.

1 'Twas a night of long ago when all were
 sleeping, sleeping, sleeping, [keeping,
 When the lonely silent stars a watch were
 Softly o'er the dreaming, dreaming earth;
 Floods of light bursting forth in glory,
 (Pure floods of light, pure floods of light, etc.)
 Brightest glory, brightest glory,
 Harp and voice told the joyful story
 (Sweet harp and voice, sweet harp and voice),
 Of his birth the Prince of Peace.

Cho.—He has come; hail the lovely stranger,
 (Yes, he has come, yes, he has come, etc.)
 Lovely stranger, lovely stranger;
 Lo, the babe cradled in a manger
 (O blessed babe, O blessed babe),
 Is the King and Prince of Peace.

2 See the rosy blushing morn again is
 breaking, breaking, breaking,

And the melody of song again is waking
 Music in the hearts of all to day;
 Praise the Lord, come with happy voices,
 (Praise, praise the Lord, praise, praise the Lord),
 Happy voices, happy voices,
 Praise the Lord, how the world rejoices,
 (Praise, praise the Lord, praise, praise the Lord),
 At his birth the Prince of Peace.

3 Hark the merry silver bells are sweetly
 ringing, ringing, ringing,
 And the multitude of angels now are singing
 Glory in the highest evermore;
 Sing aloud, glory! hallelujah!
 (Sing, sing aloud, sing, sing aloud, etc.)
 Hallelujah! hallelujah!
 Sing aloud, glory! hallelujah!
 (Sing, sing aloud, sing, sing aloud),
 At his birth the Prince of Peace.

I. WATTS.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. Am I a sol-dier of the cross,— A foll'wer of the Lamb,— And
 2. Must I be car-ried to the skies On flowery beds of ease; While
 3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood? Is

CHORUS.

shall I fear to own his cause, Or blush to speak his name? The conflict's be-
 others fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' bloody seas?
 this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God.

fore us and we must a-rise, To battle for Jesus, his hon-or defend; As-

sured of a mansion and crown in the skies, If faithful unto the end.

4 Sure I must fight if I would reign;
 Increase my courage, Lord!
 I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
 Supported by thy word.

5 Thy saints in all this glorious war
 Shall conquer though they die:
 They see the triumph from afar,—
 By faith they bring it nigh.

The Countersign.

NOTE.—George H. Stuart, Pres. U. S. Christian Commission, coming from a battle-field, was halted by a picket-guard and ordered to give the countersign. Giving the wrong word he was compelled to return to headquarters. Coming back, and giving the correct word, the guard shouted, "All right, pass on!" Mr. Stuart then asked, "Sentinel, have you *the* countersign?" "Yes." "What is it?" "The blood of Jesus."

Rev. JNO. O. FOSTER, A. M.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. In the darkness, as I trod On a wayward, lost de-sign,
 2. Trav-ler, halt! where now you stand There is drawn a dead - ly line;
 3. Back to where the words were given, There I sought the love di-vine;

Sud-den-ly a man of God Shout-ed for the coun-ter - sign.
 Ere you pass to yon-der land You must give the coun-ter - sign.
 When the order came from heaven, "Christ shall be your coun-ter - sign."

CHORUS.

Pass the word from soul to soul, Let it ring a - long the line:

"Je - sus Christ has made me whole!" This shall be my coun-ter - sign.

4 Sentinel, have you the word
 Given from thy God to thee?
 Yes, I know the blessed Lord,
 "Th'blood of Jesus" cleanseth me.

5 Guards will not arrest me now,
 Nothing's wrong within the line;
 Heaven's light is on my brow,—
 Christ withing the countersign.

Faithful Remain.

Rev C W RAY, D. D.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Faith-ful remain to thy Saviour and King, Dai-ly fresh to-kens of
 2. Faith-ful remain, for the end draweth nigh, All earthly hopes must soon
 3. Faith-ful remain to thy Saviour and Lord, Ev-'ry good deed shall his

grat-i-tude bring; Grate-ful-ly serve him and hope-ful-ly cling To
 with-er and die. Storm-clouds and tempest may blacken our sky, And
 an-gels re-cord, Quickly he com-eth our toils to reward, If

each pre-cious prom-ise di-vine; Seek-ing to know his a-
 dark-ness thy path may ob-scure; Dark-ness and gloom must pre-
 we to the end shall en-dure; Soon his bright form in the

dor-a-ble will. Striving his pleasure in love to ful-fil, Stead-fast-ly,
 cede the glad day, Night with its shadows shall vanish away; Yield to no
 clouds we shall see, Soon in his presence and glo-ry shall be, Soon from all

joy-ous-ly serv-ing him till We each in his kingdom shall shine.
 fear, to no thought of dis-may, Thy rest and thy home are se-
 sin and all sor-row be free, And ev-'ry complaint find a cure.

Faithful Remain.—CONCLUDED.

CHORUS.

Faith - - ful re - main to thy Sav - - iour and King,
Faithful remain, faithful remain, Faithful remain to thy Saviour and King,

Dai - - ly fresh to - - kens of grat - - i-tude bring;
Daily fresh to-kens of grat-itude bring, Daily fresh tokens of grat-itude bring;

Grate - - ful-ly serve him, and hope - - ful-ly cling To
Gratefully serve him, gratefully serve him, Gratefully serve him, and hopefully cling To

each precious prom - ise, to each precious promise di-vine.
each precious promise, to each precious promise, each promise divine.

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Matt. vi.

The Lord's Prayer.

GREGORIAN.

Our Father, who art in heaven, | hallowed | be thy | name; || Thy kingdom come,
Thy will be done on | earth, : as it | is in | heaven;

Give us this | day our | daily | bread; || And forgive us our debts, as | we for- |
give our | debtors.

And lead us not into temptation, but de- | liver | us from | evil; || For thine is
the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for- | ever. | A - | men.

DUET.

1. At home or a-broad, in the al - ley or street, Wherev - er I
 2. And when I see those o'er whom long years have roll'd, Whose hearts have grown
 3. No mat - ter how far from the right she hath strayed, No mat - ter what
 4. No mat - ter how way - ward his footsteps have been; No mat - ter how
 5. That head hath been pillowed on ten - derest breast; That form hath been

chance in the wide world to meet A girl that is thoughtless, a
 hardened, whose spir - its are cold; Be it wo - man all fal - len, or
 in - roads dis - hon - or hath made; No mat - ter what el - e - ments
 deep he is sunk - en, in sin; No mat - ter how low is his
 wept o'er, those lips have been pressed; That soul hath been prayed for in

boy that is wild, My heart echoes soft - ly—'tis some mother's child.
 man all de - filed, A voice whispers sad - ly—'tis some mother's child.
 cankered the pearl—Tho' tarnished and sullied, she's some mother's girl.
 standard of joy,—Tho' guil - ty and loathsome, he's some mother's boy.
 tones sweet and mild; For her sake deal gently with some mother's child.

REFRAIN.

"Tis some mother's child! "Tis some mother's child! For her sake deal gently with

some mother's child, For her sake deal gen - tly with some mother's child.

Nature's Lullaby.

JENNIE GARNETT.

ADAM GRIBEL.

1. Evening shades around us gath - er, Fades the light in yon - der sky,
 2. See the li - ly on her bo - som Gent - ly close its languid eye,
 3. Father, hear thy wea - ry chil - dren, To thy bo - som may we fly,
 4. Un - derneath thy wings protect us, Guard, oh, guard us from the sky;

Soft and low the voice of na - ture Sings a - gain her lul - la - by.
 Now the birds their wings are fold - ing While she sings her lul - la - by.
 Ah, thy ten - der love can soothe us With a sweet - er lul - la - by.
 Thou hast taught the voice of na - ture How to sing her lul - la - by.

CHORUS.

p Lul - la - by, lul - la - by, Soft and
p Lul - la - by, lul - la - by,

low the voice of na - ture Sings a - gain her lul - la - by, *pp* Soft and

low the voice of na - ture Sings a - gain her lul - la - by.

On to the Work.

JENNIE GARNETT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. On to the work! for the fields are white, And waiting for you and me;
2. On to the work! tho' the seed may fall In silence, perhaps in tears;
3. On to the work with a firm resolve To labor with all our might!
4. On to the work! and the strength we need Shall never be sought in vain;



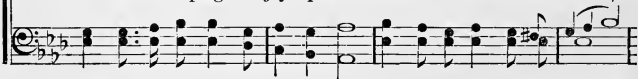
On - ly the toil of a few more days, And ended our work will be.
 God will remember, and we shall see The fruitage of endless years.
 Looking beyond, where the daystar shines O'er regions of endless light.
 Glad-ly we toil, and the cross endure, With Jesus to live and reign.



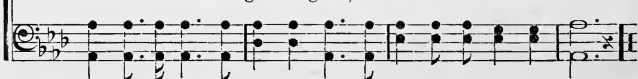
CHORUS.



Then to the reaping of joy up there Master and workers shall come;



We with our sheaves of gold-en grain, And He with our welcome home.



Oh, Where are the Reapers?

EBEN E. REXFORD.

GEO. F. ROOT.

Moderato.

1. Oh, where are the reap - ers that gar - ner in The sheaves of the
 2. Go out in the by - ways and search them all; The wheat may be
 3. The fields all are ripe - ning, and far and wide The world now is
 4. So come with your sick - les, ye sons of men, And gath - er to -

good from the fields of sin; With sickles of truth must the work be done,
 there, tho' the weeds are tall; Then search in the highway, and pass none by,
 wait - ing the harvest - tide: But reapers are few, and the work is great,
 geth - er the gold - en grain; Toil on till the Lord of the harvest come,

CHORUS.

And no one may rest till the "harvest home." Where are the reapers! oh,
 But gath - er from all for the home on high.
 And much will be lost should the harvest wait.
 Then share ye his joy in the "harvest home."

who will come And share in the glo - ry of the "harvest home?" Oh,

who will help us to gar - ner in The sheaves of good from the fields of sin?

We are Going.

Rev. JNO. O. FOSTER, A. M.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. We are go - ing, we are go - ing, Far beyond the set - ting sun: To a
 2. We are going where the fountains Of the healing wa - ters flow, Where the
 3. We are go - ing where the ho - ly En - ter joys they cannot tell, Where the

kingdom that is growing From the nations it has won; For the honor-covered
 valleys and the mountains Bathed in sunlight ever glow; Where the crystal streams are
 meek and blessed lowly With the pure in spirit dwell; Where no hungry hearts are

sages, Who have passed the vale of tears, Have been gathering for ages Where the
 flowing In their bright and silv'ry sheen, And the tree of life is growing On the
 ach - ing For the bread of life to share, But for - ev - er are partak - ing Of the

CHORUS.

throne of God appears. We are going, we are going Where the weary work is
 banks of liv - ing green.
 fulness o - ver there. going, going,

o'er, Where the morning light is glowing On the blessed, sun - ny shore.

The Lily of the Valley.

English Melody, arranged for this work.

1. I have found a friend in Jesus, he's ev'ry thing to me, He's the fairest of ten
 2. He all my griefs has taken, and all my sorrows borne; In temptation he's my
 3. He will never, never leave me, nor yet forsake me here, While I live by faith and

thousand to my soul; The Li-ly of the Valley, in him alone I see All I
 strong and mighty tower; I have all for him forsaken, and all my idols torn From my
 do his blessed will; A wall of fire about me, I've nothing now to fear; With his

D. S.—Lily of the Valley, the bright and Morning Star, He's the

Fine.

need to cleanse and make me fully whole; In sorrow he's my comfort, in
 heart, and now he keeps me by his power; Tho' all the world forsake me, and
 manna he my hungry soul shall fill; Then sweeping up to glo-ry to

fair-est of ten thousand to my soul. CHO.—In sorrow, etc. (after each verse.)

D. S.

trouble he's my stay, He tells me ev'ry care on him to roll. He's the
 Satan tempts me sore, Thro' Jesus I shall safely reach the goal. He's the
 see his blessed face, Where rivers of delight shall ever roll. He's the

The Mighty Conqueror.

Rev. W. C. WILBOR.

[EASTER CAROL]

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. Je - sus the might-y Conq'ror, Now ris - es from the tomb, His
 2. The grave its aw - ful conquest O'er man for ag - es won, De-
 3. Death's power fore'er is bro - ken, God's saints no long - er mourn, Its

res - ur - rection glo - ry Dis - pels its chilling gloom. While, from its o - pen
 feat - ed, now surrenders, To God's vic - torious Son; The mighty Conq'ror,
 sting can bring no torture, For Christ the curse hath borne, His glorious exalt-

por - tals, An an - gel, clad in light, Doth re - veal to mor - tals The
 cap - tive Now leads cap - tiv - i - ty, Precious gifts be - stow - ing Of
 a - tion, Let men and an - gels sing, Je - sus, might - y Conq'ror! In

CHORUS.

triumphs of his might. For the Lord hath ris - en, The Lord hath
 life and lib - er - ty.
 earth and heaven is King.

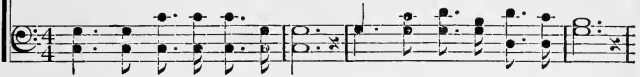
ris - en, The Lord hath ris - en, And conquered ev - 'ry foe.

EDGAR PAGE.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



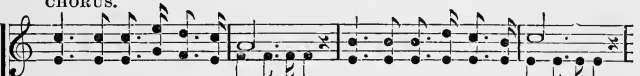
1. Sim - ply trust - ing ev - 'ry day; Trust - ing, though a stormy way;
2. Bright - ly doth his Spir - it shine In - to this poor heart of mine;
3. Sing - ing, if my way is clear; Pray - ing, if the path is drear;
4. Trust - ing as the moments fly, Trust - ing as the days go by,



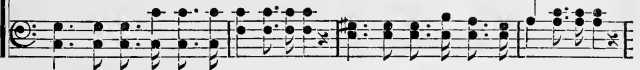
Ev - en when my faith is small, Trust - ing Je - sus, that is all.
 While he leads I can - not fall, Trust - ing Je - sus, that is all.
 If in dan - ger, for him call— Trust - ing Je - sus, that is all.
 Trust - ing him, whate'er be - fall— Trust - ing Je - sus, that is all.



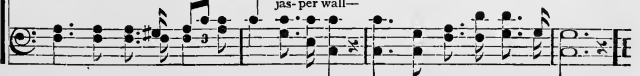
CHORUS.



Trusting him while life shall last, Trusting him till earth is past—
 life shall last, earth is past—



Till with - in the jas - per wall— Trust - ing Je - sus, that is all.
 jas - per wall—



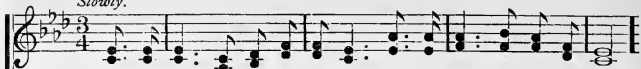
Can you do without Him?

"Without me ye can do nothing."—John xv. 5.

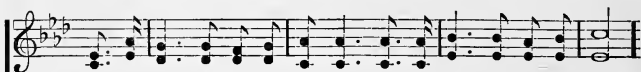
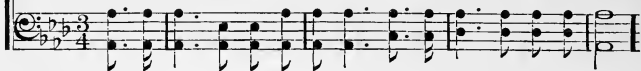
Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN.

CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.

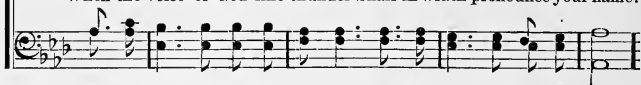
Slowly.



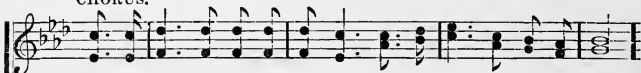
1. Can you do without the Saviour, Tend'rer far than human friend?
2. Can you do without the Saviour When the last loud trump shall sound?
3. Can you do without the Saviour, With the elements a-flame?



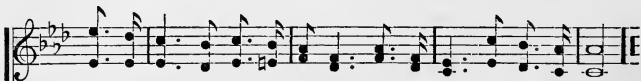
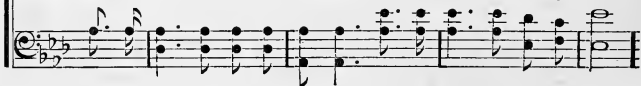
When this poor, weak frame with anguish Direst pain and sor-row rend?
 When th'entomb-ed millions gath-er, And the judgment seat surround?
 When the voice of God like thunder Shall in wrath pronounce your name?



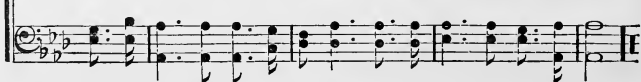
CHORUS.



Can you, can you do without him? Shall you not his pi-ty need?



Trembling sin-ner, can you, can you Do without this Friend indeed?



Come to the Rock.

MISS ALEXCENAH THOMAS. "That Rock was Christ."—1 Cor. x. 4.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Come to the Rock, the Smitten Rock, Pier'd by the rod of love;
 2. Come from the desert dark and drear, Come from the path of sin;
 3. Come to the fountain free to all, Drink, "whosoever will!"

See what a precious fountain flows Forth from its source above.
 Drink of these waters pure and clear, Drink and be clean within.
 Jesus invites: obey the call! Mercy is flowing still.

CHORUS.

Flow - ing for - ev - - - er, Bound - less and free; . . .
 Flowing for - ev - er, 'tis flowing for - ev - er, Boundless and free, it is boundless and free.

Flow - - ing for - ev - - er! 'Tis flowing for you and for me.
 Flow - ing for - ev - er, 'tis flowing for - ev - er.

LIZZIE EDWARDS.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

Andante, con espress.

1. Why art thou waiting till an-oth-er day, Greiving the Saviour
 2. Why art thou waiting and the door so near? Why art thou turning
 3. Why art thou waiting till an-oth-er hour? Break from the fet-ters
 4. Why art thou waiting when he bids thee come? Why art thou staying

from thy heart a-way? There is no ref-uge for thy soul but he;
 from a friend so dear? Think of the mer-cy he has bought for thee;
 of the tempter's power; Fly from the pleasures that are light as air,
 from a fath-er's home? Oh, there's a welcome in that home for thee,

CHORUS.

Wilt thou re-ject him, and a wanderer be? One more mes-sage
 Wilt thou re-fuse it, and a wanderer be?
 Come to the shel-ter of the Saviour's care.
 Wilt thou re-fuse it, and a wanderer be?

hast thou heard in vain?—One more warning o'er thy life-time pass'd!—

What shall it profit, though the world thou gain, If thou shalt lose thy soul at last?

Andante.

1. Is that a cry from a storm-tossed bark, A voice from the an - gry
2. Some mother's once - be - lov - ed child Now is pleading with ear - nest
3. See care - less souls on the dreadful brink Of that gulf of unnumbered
4. Our pitying Sav - iour walks the sea, Where no life-boat could dare the

waves? 'Tis a voice from the floods of ru - in dark, Where in -
 breath, A - drift in the tem - pest of er - ror wild, Sweeping
 graves: Oh, hold them back, Lest they reel and sink 'Neath the
 tide, And back at his voice will the bil - lows flee,— To the

temperance fierce - ly raves, Where intemperance fierce - ly raves.
 out on that sea of death, Sweeping out on that sea of death.
 mer - ciless, yawn - ing waves, 'Neath the mer - ciless, yawn - ing waves.
 res - cue he will guide, To the res - cue he will guide.

CHORUS. *Allegro.*

Bear a hand, bear a hand, With courage ev'ry man, Where the breakers wildly roll;

By the grace of God we'll do all we can To res - cue that perishing soul.

ad lib.

Make Room for Me.

Jamie S—, a most wonderful violinist at the age of eight, was withal a very frail child. One afternoon after playing at a matinee, he fainted, and was carried home in his father's arms. He was also engaged to play that night in another place, but was urged to remain at home, on account of his extreme weakness; but he pleaded with his father until he was again in the music hall. Returning he lay down to sleep, with his father by his side. Thinking his boy comfortable for the night the father, too, retired. Very soon he heard his boy saying, softly, "Lord Jesus, make room in heaven for a little boy like me." When morning came the father found that "room" had been made for his child, for Jamie had passed out, and up, and in!

W. H. G.

W. H. GEISTWEIT.

1. A lit - tle boy lay down to rest Close by his fa - ther's side,
 2. The fa - ther heard the sim - ple prayer And closely held his boy,
 3. The Saviour heard his yearning plea, And sent an an - gel down

And dreamed of heaven, that city fair, Whose gate stands open wide;
 When o'er his face a light broke forth Of heaven's last - ing joy;
 To tell the child to en - ter in, And take his gold - en crown;

He saw the Saviour's lov - ing face, He oft had longed to see,
 No oth - er words came from his heart Save these, said earnest - ly,
 Up through the sky he sped his way To yon - der ci - ty fair,

While from his lips went forth a prayer, "Make room in heaven for me."
 "Dear, blessed Lord, make room in heaven For-a little boy like me."
 And found, indeed, a room in heaven, For-ev - er his,—up there.

Make Room for Me.—CONCLUDED.

CHORUS.

Make room for me, Lord Je - sus, Make room in heaven for me; Hast

thou not room up yon - der, Lord, For a lit - tle boy like me?

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I'll Live for Him.

C. R. DUNBAR.

1. My life, my love I give to thee, Thou Lamb of God, who died for me;
 2. I now believe thou dost receive, For thou hast died that I might live;
 3. Oh, thou who died on Cal - va - ry, To save my soul and make me free,

CHO.—I'll live for him who died for me, How happy then my life shall be!

Oh, may I ev - er faith - ful be, My Saviour and my God!
 And now henceforth I'll trust in thee, My Saviour and my God!
 I con - se - crate my life to thee, My Saviour and my God!

I'll live for him who died for me, My Saviour and my God!

Praise for a Full Salvation.

JENNIE GARNETT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK,

1. I am ransomed by the blood my Redeem - er shed for me, When he
 2. On a fear - ful brink I stood, — ev - 'ry earthly hope had fled, — Then I
 3. With a faltering step I came, for my heart was sore oppressed, Now I
 4. Mourning soul, whoe'er thou art, he is speaking now to thee, Do not

bore my guilt and sin in his bo - dy on the tree; I am
 heard a gen - tle voice; oh, how lov - ing - ly it said, "I was
 walk with him by faith, lean - ing sweet - ly on his breast; Ev - 'ry
 lose an - oth - er hour, — to the pre - cious fount - ain flee, — Lay thy

ransomed by the blood that for all is flow - ing free, Praise the
 wound - ed for thy sake, and for thee my blood I shed;" Praise the
 doubt is swept a - way, — I en - joy a per - fect rest, — Praise the
 bur - den at the cross; come, oh, come, re - joice with me, Praise the

CHORUS.

Lord for a full sal - va - tion! Glo - ry to Jesus! his mercy I a - dore;

Glo - ry to Je - sus! who saves me ev - er - more; I will sing it till I

Praise for a Full Salvation.—CONCLUDED.

die, then proclaim it thro' the sky, Praise the Lord for a full salva - tion!

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Onward March.

Mrs. R. N. TURNER.

"Fight the good fight of faith."—1 Tim. vi. 12.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. In the bat-tle-field of life, Christian, take thy place; When thy foes be-
2. Raise thy banner high and free, Christ shall lead thee on, Safe thro' all the
3. Clad in ar-mor of the Lord, Read-y for the foe, Shield and breast-plate

CHORUS.

fore thee rise Meet them face to face. Onward march! onward march!
 storm of war, Till the vict'ry's won.
 strong and sure, Onward, Christian, go!

Cross of Christ thy sign; Forward march! forward march! Viet'ry shall be thine!

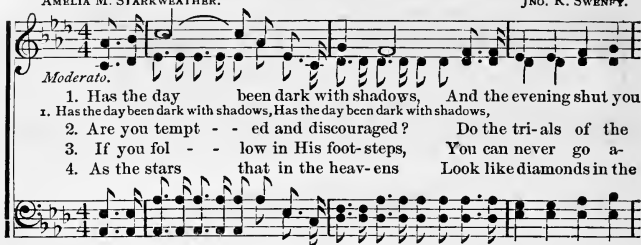
4 See, thine enemies approach,
 Armies of the world!
 Meet them bravely, meet them well,
 With thy flag unfurled!

5 Onward, Christian, for the war,
 Join the noble fight;
 Christ shall lead the army forth,—
 Battle for the right!

Step out upon the Promises.

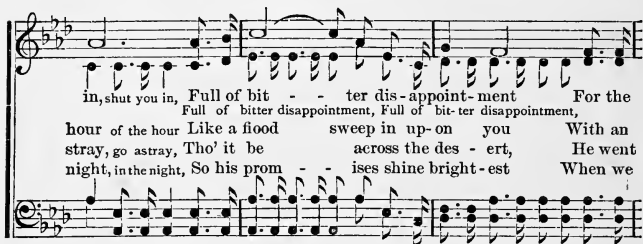
AMELIA M. STARKWEATHER.

JNO. R. SWENFY.

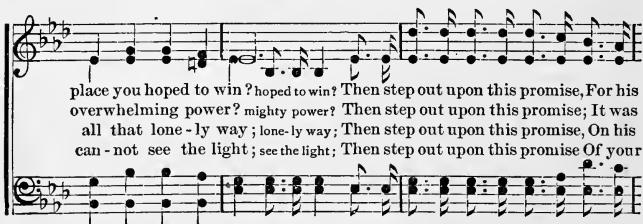


Moderato.

1. Has the day been dark with shadows, And the evening shut you
1. Has the day been dark with shadows, Has the day been dark with shadows,
2. Are you tempt - - ed and discouraged? Do the tri- als of the
3. If you fol - - low in His foot- steps, You can never go a-
4. As the stars that in the heav- ens Look like diamonds in the



in, shut you in, Full of bit - - ter dis- appoint- ment For the
 Full of bitter disappointment, Full of bit- ter disappointment,
 hour of the hour Like a flood sweep in up- on you With an
 stray, go astray, Tho' it be across the des - ert, He went
 night, in the night, So his prom - - ises shine bright - est When we



place you hoped to win? hoped to win? Then step out upon this promise, For his
 overwhelming power? mighty power? Then step out upon this promise; It was
 all that lone - ly way; lone - ly way; Then step out upon this promise, On his
 can - not see the light; see the light; Then step out upon this promise Of your



word is good and true: "If you love the blessed Master, All things work for good to you;"
 tried by one of old: "I'll be with thee in all trouble, And will bring thee forth as gold;"
 word you may rely: "In the right way I'll instruct thee, I will guide thee with mine eye;"
 best and truest friend: "I will never, never leave thee; I'll be with thee to the end;"

Step out upon the Promises.—CONCLUDED.

"If you love the blessed Mas - ter, All things work for good to you."
 If you love the blessed Master, If you love the blessed Master,
 "I'll be with thee in all trou - ble, And will bring thee forth as gold."
 "In the right way I'll instruct thee, I will guide thee with mine eye."
 "I will nev - er, never leave thee; I'll be with thee to the end."

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Glory to His Name.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

"I will glorify thy name forevermore."

Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.

1. Down at the cross where my Saviour died, Down where for cleansing from
2. I am so won - drously sav'd from sin, Je - sus so sweetly a -
3. Oh, precious fountain, that saves from sin, I am so glad I have
4. Come to this fountain, so rich and sweet; Cast thy poor soul at the

sin I cried; There to my heart was the blood applied; Glo - ry to his
 bides with-in; There at the cross where he took me in; Glo - ry to his
 entered in; There Je - sus saves me and keeps me clean, Glo - ry to his
 Saviour's feet; Plunge in to-day, and be made complete; Glo - ry to his

D.S.—There to my heart was the blood applied; Glo - ry to his

Fine. CHORUS.

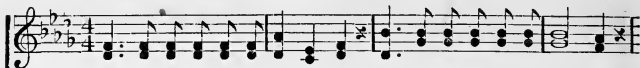
name. Glo - ry to his name, Glo - ry to his name;

God be with You.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

"The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you."
Rom. xvi. 20.

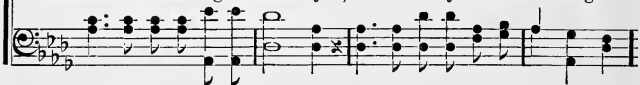
W. G. TOMM.



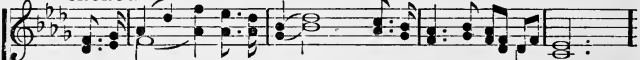
1. God be with you till we meet again, By his counsels guide, uphold you,
2. God be with you till we meet again, 'Neath his wings securely hide you ;
3. God be with you till we meet again, When life's perils thick confound you ;
4. God be with you till we meet again, Keep love's banner floating o'er you ;



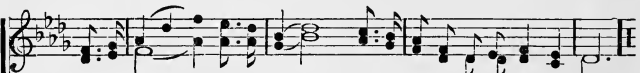
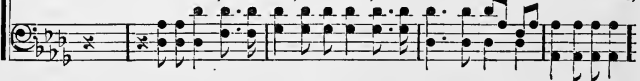
With his sheep securely fold you, God be with you till we meet again.
 Dai - ly manna still provide you, God be with you till we meet again.
 Put his arms unfailling round you, God be with you till we meet again.
 Smite death's threat'ning wave before you, God be with you till we meet again.



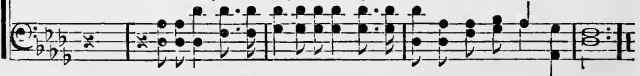
CHORUS.



Till we meet, till we meet, Till we meet at Je - sus' feet ;
 Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet, till we meet ;



Till we meet, till we meet, God be with you till we meet again.
 Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet,



I believe in God the Maker of heaven | And in Jesus Christ | Who was conceived |
 Father Almighty, and earth: his only Son our Lord; by the Holy Ghost,

Born of the Virgin Mary; | Suffered under Pontius Pilate, | Was crucified, dead, and buried; | The third day he rose |
 from the dead;

He ascended into heaven, | And sitteth on the right hand of God the Father Almighty; | From thence he shall come to judge |
 The quick and the dead.

I believe in the Holy Ghost; | The holy catholic Church; | The communion of saints; | The forgiveness of sins;

The resurrection of the body, | And the life everlasting. | A - men, a - - men.



295 O Love Divine.

- 1 O LOVE divine, how sweet thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by thee?
I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me.
- 2 Stronger his love than death or hell;
Its riches are unsearchable;
The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see;
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length, the breadth, the height.
- 3 God only knows the love of God;
O that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart!
For love I sigh, for love I pine;
This only portion, Lord, be mine;
Be mine this better part.
- 4 O that I could forever sit
With Mary at the Master's feet!
Be this my happy choice;
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth, be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice.
- 5 O that I could, with favored John,
Recline my weary head upon
The dear Redeemer's breast!

From care, and sin, and sorrow free,
Give me, O Lord, to find in thee
My everlasting rest.

296 O could I Speak.

- 1 O COULD I speak the matchless worth,
O could I sound the glories forth,
Which in my Saviour shine,
I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings,
And vie with Gabriel while he sings
In notes almost divine.
- 2 I'd sing the precious blood he spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin, and wrath divine;
I'd sing his glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect, heavenly dress
My soul shall ever shine.
- 3 I'd sing the characters he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on his throne;
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all his glories known.
- 4 Well, the delightful day will come
When my dear Lord will bring me
And I shall see his face; [home,
Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace.

Vigorous.

297 I love Thy kingdom.

- 1 I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode,
The Church our blest Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood.
- 2 I love thy Church, O God!
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.
- 3 For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend:
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.
- 4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.
- 5 Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

298 Grace!

- 1 GRACE! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.
- 2 Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.
- 3 Grace taught my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.
- 4 Grace all the work shall crown
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves our praise.

299 Stand up, and bless.

- 1 STAND up, and bless the Lord,
Ye people of his choice;
Stand up, and bless the Lord your God,
With heart, and soul, and voice.
- 2 Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear his holy name,
And laud, and magnify?
- 3 O for the living flame
From his own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our souls inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought!
- 4 God is our strength and song,
And his salvation ours;
Then be his love in Christ proclaimed
With all our ransomed powers.
- 5 Stand up, and bless the Lord;
The Lord your God adore;
Stand up, and bless his glorious name,
Henceforth, forevermore.

300 Purity of heart.

- 1 BLEST are the pure in heart,
For they shall see our God;
The secret of the Lord is theirs;
Their soul is his abode.
- 2 Still to the lowly soul
He doth himself impart,
And for his temple and his throne
Selects the pure in heart.
- 3 Lord, we thy presence seek,
May ours this blessing be;
O give the pure and lowly heart,—
A temple meet for thee.

Doxology. S. M.

To God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit, One in Three,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall forever be.

The image shows a musical score for the hymn 'Zerah. C. M.' by Dr. L. Mason. It consists of two systems of music, each with a treble and bass clef staff. The first system is in 3/4 time and features a melody in the treble staff and a bass line in the bass staff. Dynamics markings include *p* (piano) and *f* (forte). The second system continues the melody and bass line, ending with a double bar line. The music is written in a style typical of 19th-century hymnals.

301 Come, ye that love.

- 1 COME, ye that love the Saviour's name,
And joy to make it known,
The Sovereign of your hearts proclaim,
And bow before his throne.
- 2 Behold your Lord, your Master crowned
With glories all divine;
And tell the wondering nations round
How bright those glories shine.
- 3 When, in his earthly courts, we view
The glories of our King,
We long to love as angels do,
And wish like them to sing.
- 4 And shall we long and wish in vain?
Lord, teach our songs to rise:
Thy love can animate the strain,
And bid it reach the skies.

302 What glory gilds.

- 1 WHAT glory gilds the sacred page!
Majestic, like the sun,
It gives a light to every age;
It gives, but borrows none.
- 2 The power that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat;
Its truths upon the nations rise;
They rise, but never set.
- 3 Lord, everlasting thanks be thine
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.
- 4 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

303 The Prince of Peace.

- 1 To us a Child of hope is born,
To us a Son is given;
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
Him, all the hosts of heaven.
- 2 His name shall be the Prince of Peace,
Forevermore adored;
The Wonderful, the Counselor,
The great and mighty Lord.
- 3 His power, increasing, still shall spread;
His reign no end shall know;
Justice shall guard his throne above,
And peace abound below.
- 4 To us a Child of hope is born,
To us a Son is given;
The Wonderful, the Counselor,
The mighty Lord of heaven.

304 The joyful sound.

- 1 SALVATION! O the joyful sound
What pleasure to our ears!
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.
- 2 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.
- 3 Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb!
To thee the praise belongs:
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.

Doxology. C. M.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

Antioch. C. M.



305 O for a thousand tongues.

- 1 O FOR a thousand tongues, to sing
My great Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!
- 2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad,
The honors of thy name.
- 3 Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 4 He breaks the power of canceled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.
- 5 He speaks, and, listening to his voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice;
The humble poor believe.

- 6 Hear him, ye deaf; his praise, ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come;
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

306 Joy to the world!

- 1 Joy to the world! the Lord is come;
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.
- 2 Joy to the world! the Saviour reigns;
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and
Repeat the sounding joy. [plains,
- 3 No more let sin and sorrow grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.
- 4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

307 Evils of Intemperance. Tune, BOYLSTON.

- 1 MOURN for the thousands slain,
The youthful and the strong;
Mourn for the wine-cup's fearful reign,
And the deluded throng.
- 2 Mourn for the ruined soul—
Eternal life and light
Lost by the fiery, maddening bowl,
And turned to hopeless night.
- 3 Mourn for the lost,—but call,
Call to the strong, the free;
Rouse them to shun that dreadful fall,
And to the refuge flee.
- 4 Mourn for the lost,—but pray,
Pray to our God above,
To break the fell destroyer's sway,
And show his saving love.

308 What Ruin! Tune, EVAN.

- 1 WHAT ruin hath intemperance wrought!
How widely roll its waves!
How many myriads hath it brought
To fill dishonored graves!
- 2 And see, O Lord, what numbers still
Are maddened by the bowl,
Led captive at the tyrant's will
In bondage, heart and soul.
- 3 Stretch forth thy hand, O God, our King,
And break the galling chain;
Deliverance to the captive bring,
And end the usurper's reign.
- 4 The cause of temperance is thine own;
Our plans and efforts bless;
We trust, O Lord, in thee alone
To crown them with success.

Alida. C. M. Double.

D. B. THOMPSON.

309 How happy every child.

- 1 How happy every child of grace,
Who knows his sins forgiven!
"This earth," he cries, "is not my place,
I seek my place in heaven,—
A country far from mortal sight;
Yet O, by faith I see
The land of rest, the saints' delight,
The heaven prepared for me."
- 2 O what a blessed hope is ours!
While here on earth we stay,
We more than taste the heavenly
And antedate that day; [powers,
We feel the resurrection near,
Our life in Christ concealed,
And with his glorious presence here
Our earthen vessels filled.
- 3 O would he more of heaven bestow,
And let the vessels break,
And let our ransomed spirits go
To grasp the God we seek;
In rapturous awe on him to gaze,
Who bought the sight for me;
And shout and wonder at his grace
Through all eternity!

310 I heard the voice of Jesus.

- 1 I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
"Come unto me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon my breast!"
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad,
I found in him a resting-place,
And he hath made me glad.
- 2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold, I freely give
The living water; thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live!"
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul re-
And now I live in him. [vived,
- 3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's light;
Look unto me, thy morn shall rise
And all thy day be bright!"
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In him my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk,
Till all my journey's done.

311 Work, for the night is coming.

- 1 WORK, for the night is coming,
Work through the morning hours;
Work, while the dew is sparkling,
Work 'mid springing flowers;
Work, when the day grows brighter,
Work in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.
- 2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon,

Give every flying minute *

- Something to keep in store:
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.
- 3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.



312 Thus far the Lord hath led.

- 1 **THUS** far the Lord hath led me on,
Thus far his power prolongs my days;
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.
- 2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I, perhaps, am near my home;
But he forgives my follies past,
And gives me strength for days to come.
- 3 I lay my body down to sleep;
Peace is the pillow for my head;
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.
- 4 Thus, when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.

313 O that my load.

- 1 **O THAT** my load of sin were gone!
O that I could at last submit
At Jesus' feet to lay it down—
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet!
- 2 Rest for my soul I long to find;
Saviour of all, if mine thou art,
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart.
- 3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free;
I cannot rest till pure within,
Till I am wholly lost in thee.
- 4 Fain would I learn of thee, my God,
Thy light and easy burden prove,
The cross, all staid with hallowed
The labor of thy dying love. [blood,
- 5 I would, but thou must give the power;
My heart from every sin release;
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
And fill me with thy perfect peace.

314 Lord, I am thine.

- 1 **LORD**, I am thine, entirely thine,
Purchased and saved by blood divine;
With full consent thine I would be,
And own thy sov'reign right in me.
- 2 Grant one poor sinner more a place
Among the children of thy grace;
A wretched sinner, lost to God,
But ransomed by Immanuel's blood.
- 3 Thine would I live, thine would I die,
Be thine through all eternity;
The vow is past beyond repeal,
And now I set the solemn seal.
- 4 Here, at that cross where flows the blood
That bought my guilty soul for God,
Thee my new Master now I call,
And consecrate to thee my all.
- 5 Do thou assist a feeble worm
The great engagement to perform;
Thy grace can full assistance lend,
And on that grace I dare depend.

315 The pilgrims' song.

- 1 **CHILDREN** of the heavenly King,
As we journey let us sing;
Sing our Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.
- 2 We are traveling home to God,
In the way our fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.
- 3 O ye banished seed, be glad;
Christ our Advocate is made:
Us to save our flesh assumes,
Brother to our souls becomes.
- 4 Lift your eyes, ye sons of light;
Zion's city is in sight;
There our endless home shall be,
There our Lord we soon shall see.
- 5 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of our land;
Jesus Christ, our Father's Son,
Bids us undismayed go on.
- 6 Lord, obediently we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below:
Only thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

R. KELSO CARTER.

Arr. by E. E. NICKERSON.

1. O Je - sus, Lord, thy dy - ing love Hath pierced my con - trite heart;
 2. A - mid the night of sin and death Thy light hath filled my soul;
 3. I kiss thy feet, I clasp thy hand, I touch thy bleed - ing side;
 4. My Lord, my light, my strength, my all, I count my gain but loss;

Now take my life, and let me prove How dear to me thou art.
 To me thy lov - ing voice now saith, Thy faith hath made thee whole.
 O let me here for - ev - er stand, Where thou wast cru - ci - fied.
 For - ev - er let thy love enthrall, And keep me at the cross.

CHORUS.

At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light, And the

bur - den of my heart roll'd a - way, It was there by

faith I receiv'd my sight, And now I am hap - py night and day!

FOR

Times of Refreshing and Revival,

SELECTED BY

THOMAS HARRISON.


MUSICAL EDITORS:

Jno. R. Sweney and Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

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N experience of many years' work as a Revivalist has made manifest to me the desirableness of having a MUSIC edition of hymns contained in the smaller book of words only. In preparing the same I received the assistance as musical editors of Jno. R. Sweney, Mus. Doc., and Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. The valuable service rendered by these authors in the field of Christian song is widely recognised, and it is believed will recommend the musical department of PRECIOUS HYMNS to Gospel Singers generally.

THOS. HARRISON.

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PREGIOUS HYMNS.

317

He will Gather the Wheat.

HARRIET B. M'KEEVER.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. When Je - sus shall gather the na - tions Be - fore him at last to ap - pear,
 2. Shall we hear, from the lips of the Saviour, The words, ' Faithful servant, well done;'
 3. He will smile when he looks on his children, And sees on the ransomed his seal;

Then, oh, how shall we stand in the judgment, When summoned our sentence to hear?
 Or, trembling with fear and with anguish, Be banished away from his throne.
 He will clothe them in heavenly beau - ty, As low at his footstool they kneel,

CHORUS.

He will gather the wheat in his gar - ner, But the chaff will he scatter a-way;

Then, oh, how shall we stand in the judgment Of the great Resur-recti-on Day?

4 Then let us be watching and waiting,—
 Our lamps burning steady and bright,—
 When the Bridegroom shall call to the wed-
 Our spirits made ready for flight. [ding

5 Thus living with hearts fixed on heaven,
 In patience we wait for the time,
 When, the days of our pilgrimage ended,
 We'll bask in the presence divine.

Hallelujah, He Saves Us.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

[From "The Wells of Salvation," by per.]

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Sing glo - ry to God in the highest, For wonderful things he hath done;
2. Oh, perfect redemption to sinners, The purchase of Jesus' own blood!
3. Rejoice, then, rejoice, all ye people, The wondrous transaction is done,

He so loved the world that he gave us His on - ly begot - ten dear Son.
The vil - est offend - er is pardoned, Is saved thro' the promise of God.
The life-gate is opened; come, enter, Thro' Je - sus the Cru - ci - fied One.

CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - - jah! he saves us Thro' the death of his Son;
Hal - le - lu - jah!

Hal - le - lu - jah! he saves us Thro' the Cru - ci - fied One.
Hal - le - lu - jah!

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Je - sus is waiting to save you, Bring him your burden of sin ;
 2. Come when the morning is bright - est, Come in the springtime of youth,
 3. Come, and the Saviour will give you Life and its pleasures un - told,
 4. Come, for the moments are fly - ing, Come ere they vanish a - way ;

Knock at the portals of mer - cy, Jesus will welcome you in.
 Come in the vig - or of man - hood, Drink at the fountain of truth.
 Come, and his mercy will keep you Guarded and safe in his fold.
 Trust not the dawn of to - mor - row, Je - sus is waiting to - day.

CHORUS.

Stay not, stay not, Faith - ful his prom - ise and true ;

Stay not, stay not, Now there is par - don for you.

How Lovely is Jesus.

REV. A. J. HOUGH.

"He is altogether lovely."—S. of Sol. 5, 16.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. How love-ly is Je - sus, the Lamb that was slain, To win a world's
 2. Oh, love-ly sur-passing all love - li - ness! he Who died with the
 3. How love-ly that life, do - ing good ev'-rywhere! How love-ly that
 4. How love-ly is Je - sus! When close to his side, From doubt and temp-

par - don by sor - row and pain; How love - ly that crown on his
 thief for a lost world and me, That I might be per - fect - ed
 death, with its mer - ci - ful prayer! And love - ly that blood which on
 ta - tion se - cure - ly we hide! And love - ly his presence,—when

once bleeding brow, And love - ly his love which o'er - sha - dows me now.
 here by his love, And meet him with white robes in heav - en a - bove.
 Cal - va - ry flow'd, When washing the stain'd heart, and light'ning its load.
 lov - ing him best, He comes to our hearts with the bless - ing of rest.

CHORUS. *Faster.*

He's the One al - to - gether love - ly! He's all that the soul can crave;

He's the One alto - gether love - ly! Je - sus, the mighty to save.

From "Goodly Pearls," by per.

F. J. C.

JNO. R. SWINNEY.

1. Oh, the joy that fills my heart! Oh, the grateful tears that start, When I
2. Lost but found, oh, wondrous thought! To his fold in mercy brought; Saved by

think . . . of Je- sus' love! . . . How he came that he might bear All my
When I think Jesus' love!
grace, . . . his grace di- vine; . . . Heir with him of bliss untold, Soon his
Saved by grace, grace divine;

weight of sin and care, How he came . . . from heav'n a -bove.
How he came from heav'n a -bove.
glory I'll behold, What a bless - ed hope is mine!
What a blessed hope is mine, What a blessed hope is mine

CHORUS.
Endless praise, endless praise To the Lord . . . my soul shall raise;
To the Lord, my soul shall raise!

Lost but found, O happy strain! Dead but now . . . I live a - gain,
Lost but found, O happy strain! Dead but now I live, but now I live again, live again.

3 Lost but found! I now can sing
Vict'ry through my Saviour King,
||: Vict'ry ev'ry day and hour; :||
Vict'ry still will be my song
When I join the ransom'd throng,
||: Vict'ry o'er the tempter's power. :||

4 O that all the world would prove
How a pard'ning God can love,
||: How he waits for all who come! :||
O that all the world might see
What his grace hath done for me!
||: How he welcomes wand'ers home.:||

Only His Love.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

[From "The Wells of Salvation," by per.]

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Oh, to be near - er, near - er The feet of my Lord and King!
 2. Oh, to be near - er, near - er, Communing with him in prayer!
 3. Oh, to be near - er, near - er My Refuge, my Hope, my All!
 4. Oh, for a faith still brighter, And clearer from day to day!

Oh, to en-joy his pres-ence, And on - ly his love to sing!
 Oh, to be strong - er, strong-er, My bur - den of toil to bear!
 Oh, to be al - ways read - y To an - swer my Sav - iour's call!
 Oh, to be more like Je - sus, In all that I do and say!

CHORUS.

On - ly his love, on - ly his love, Ev - er my song shall be: His

wonder - ful love, pre - par - ing a - bove A robe and a crown for me.

The Old Ship.

"The ship was now in the midst of the sea"—Matt. xiv. 24. T. C. O'KANE.

1. We are on the deep, we are sail - ing to our home In the
 2. We are on the deep, see our sails how full they swell, And our
 3. Are you on the deep, in the sin - ner's bark so frail? You will

land be - yond the shores of time, Where the wea - ry rest, and no
 stand - ard float - ing proudly high; 'Tis the blood - stained banner of
 per - ish - leave without de - lay; Come on board with us, and at

Fine.
 sor - rows ev - er come, In that brighter, bet - ter, hap - pier clime.
 King Imman - u - el, We will sail beneath it—"live or die."
 once for glo - ry sail, And be saved while you are called to - day.
 D. S.—safe at an - chor ride, In the port on Canaan's peace - ful shore.

CHORUS.
 In the old ship Zi - on we are sail - ing on the tide; Though the

D. S.
 waves may dash, and billows roar, "We will stand the storm," we will

The New Song.

FLORA L. BEST.

JNO. R. SWENKY.

Moderato.

1. There are songs of joy that I loved to sing, When my heart was as blithe as a
2. There are strains of home that are dear as life, And I list to them oft 'mid the

bird . . . in spring ; But the song I have learned is so full of cheer, That the
din . . . of strife ; But I know of a home that is wondrous fair, And I

CHORUS. *Vivace.*

dawn shines out in the darkness drear. O, the new, new song ! O, the
sing the psalm they are singing there. O, the new, new song !

new, new song, I can sing it now With the
O, the new, new song, I can sing just now With the

ran - som'd throng : . . . Pow-er and do - min-ion to him that shall
ransom'd, the ransom'd throng : . . .

The New Song.—CONCLUDED.

reign; Glo - ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain.
that shall reign;

- | | |
|--|---|
| 3 Can my lips be mute, or my heart be sad,
When the gracious Master hath made me
glad? | 4 I shall catch the gleam of its jasper wall
When I come to the gloom of the evenfall,
For I know that the shadows, dreary and
dim,
Have a path of light that will lead to him. |
|--|---|

From "Gems of Praise," by per.

325

Fill Me Now.

Rev. E. H. STOKES, D.D.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Hov - er o'er me, Ho - ly Spir - it; Bathe my trembling heart and brow;
2. Thou can'st fill me, gracious Spir - it, Tho' I can - not tell thee how;
3. I am weakness, full of weakness; At thy sa - cred feet I bow;
4. Cleanse and comfort; bless and save me; Bathe, oh, bathe my heart and brow!

:8:

Fine.

Fill me with thy hal - low'd presence, Come, oh, come and fill me now.
But I need thee, great - ly need thee, Come, oh, come and fill me now.
Blest, di - vine, e - ter - nal Spir - it, Fill with power, and fill me now.
Thou art comfort - ing and sav - ing, Thou art sweet - ly fill - ing now.

D.S. Fill me with thy hal-low'd presence,—Come, oh, come and fill me now.

CHORUS.

D.S.

Fill me now, fill me now, Je - sus, come, and fill me now;

Calling for You.

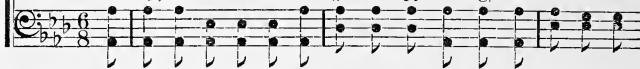
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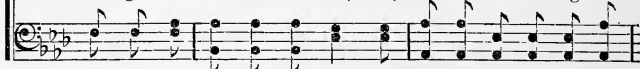
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



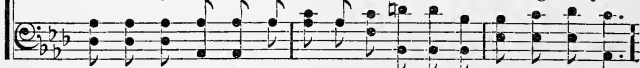
1. Oh, come to the Saviour, his arms are ex-ten-d-ed, Oh, come to the
2. Oh, come to the Saviour, for why will you wander? The world and its
3. A-way to the fountain, the life-giv-ing fountain, Its soul-cheering
4. A-way, for the shadows of night are approaching, Then lose not his



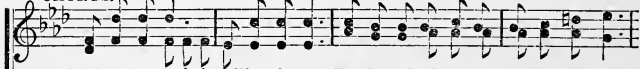
Sav-iour so lov-ing and true; Be-hold, he is call-ing in
 pleasures no long-er pur-sue; A-gain he is call-ing: how
 wa-ters your strength will renew; Then come while the day-beams of
 blessings that fall like the dew; Still, still he is wait-ing and



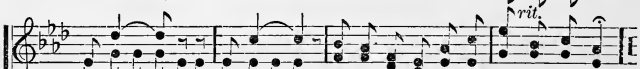
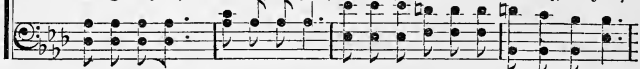
ten-der compas-sion, O brother, the Saviour is call-ing for you.
 can you re-ject him? O brother, the Saviour is call-ing for you.
 mer-cy are shin-ing, O brother, the Saviour is call-ing for you.
 ten-der-ly call-ing, O brother, the Saviour is call-ing for you.



CHORUS.



Calling for you, he is calling for you, Brother, the Saviour is calling for you,



Call-ing, call-ing, Brother, the Saviour is calling for you.
 Call-ing for you, he is call-ing for you,



Yes, there is Pardon for You.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

[From "Brightest and Best," by per.]

HUBERT P. MAIN.

Slowly.

1. Oh, come to the Sav-our, be - lieve in his name, And
 2. The way of trans-gres-sion that leads un - to death, Oh,
 3. Be warned of your dan - ger; es - cape to the cross; Your

ask him your heart to re - new; He waits to be gracious, O
 why will you long-er pur - sue? How can you re-ject the sweet
 on - ly sal - va-tion is there; Be-lieve, and that moment the

turn not a - way, For now there is par-don for you.
 mes-sage of love That of - fers full par-don for you?
 Spir - it of grace Will ans - wer your pen - i - tent prayer.

CHORUS.

Yes, there is par-don for you, . . . Yes, there is par-don for you; . . .
 for you, for you,

For Je-sus has died to redeem you, And offers full pardon to you.

How can I live without Jesus.

"Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world."—MARK xxviii. 20.

"Without me ye can do nothing."—JN. xv. 5.

Mrs. EMMA PITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. How can I live without Je - sus? My Rock and my Fortress is he; I'm
 2. How can I bear without Je - sus The storms that encompass me here? For
 3. How can I hope without Je - sus, For he is my bright Morning Star? His
 4. How can I die without Je - sus? He'll be with me un-to the end; He

trusting a-lone in his mer - cy; He ev - er my Saviour will be,
 tho' in the darkest mid - o - cean, He speaks, "It is I, do not fear."
 blood that hath bought my salvation, Brought me nigh who once was a-far.
 nev - er will leave nor forsake me, My loving, un - change - a - ble Friend.

How can I live, how can I live, How can I live without Je - sus?
 How can I live? how can I work? How can I bear, without Je - sus?
 How can I hope, how can I hope, How can I hope without Je - sus?
 How can I die, how can I die, How can I die without Je - sus?

He is my Rock, He is my Hope! How can I live without Je - sus?
 He is my Strength, Comfort and Song! How can I bear without Je - sus?
 His blood alone can guilt a - tone; How can I hope without Je - sus?
 Je - sus, my Rock! Je - sus, my Hope! How can I die without Je - sus?

Waiting for the Light.

JHO R. SWENEY.

1. I am waiting, O my Fa-ther, For the coming of the light,—
 2. I am waiting, bless-ed Saviour, Let thy presence light my way,
 3. I am waiting, Lord, why tarry? En-ter quick the open door,
 4. I am waiting, O my Fa-ther, Yet I see the coming light,

For the sun-shine of thy presence, That shall lift the clouds of night.
 Let thy loving hand e'er lead me, Let me nev-er from thee stray.
 Let me feel that thou art with me, And I ask for nothing more.
 Yet I feel thy ten-der presence, Nev-er more shall it be night.

CHORUS.

I am waiting for thy foot - step, As it comes toward my door;— . . .
 I am waiting, I am waiting for thy footstep, As it comes, yes, as it comes toward my door;

O, my Fa-ther, en-ter quickly, Leave me never, never more.

330

That Beautiful Land.

Key Bb.

1 A BEAUTIFUL land by faith I see,
 A land of rest from sorrow free:
 The home of the ransomed, bright and fair,
 And beautiful angels, too, are there.

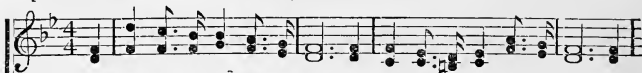
Cho.—Will you go? will you go?
 Go to that beautiful land with me?
 Will you go? will you go?
 Go to that beautiful land.

2 That land is called the City of Light;
 It never has known the shades of night:

The glory of God, the light of day,
 Hath driven the darkness far away.
 3 In vision I see its streets of gold,
 Its gates of pearl I, too, behold,
 The river of life, the crystal sea,
 The ambrosial fruit of life's fair tree.
 4 The ransomed throng, arrayed in white,
 In rapture range the plains of light;
 In one harmonious choir they praise
 Their glorious Saviour's matchless grace.

[From "The Wells of Salvation," by per.]

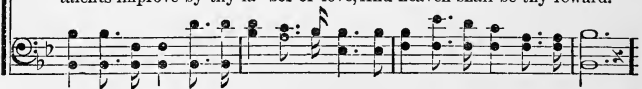
WM. M. MORRIS.



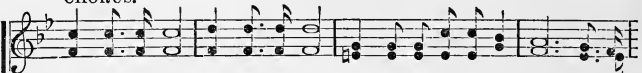
1. Go work in my vineyard to-day, Why stand ye so i - dle around? The
2. Go work in my vineyard to-day, Be earnest, be ac - tive, be strong; Go
3. Go work in my vineyard to-day, Precious souls may be brought by thy love From the
4. Go work in my vineyard to-day, Go honor thy Master and Lord; All thy



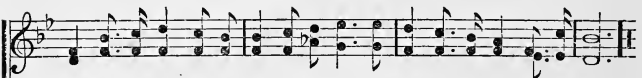
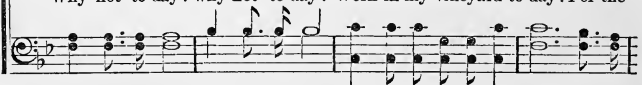
day is far gone and the night cometh on, Why not with the lab'ers be found?
 forth in his might who will honor the right, And give thee thy wages ere long.
 darkness of night to his marvellous light, To-a home with the ransom'd above.
 talents improve by thy la - bor of love, And heaven shall be thy reward.



CHORUS.



Why not to-day? why not to-day? Work in my vineyard to-day: For the



day is far gone and the night cometh on, Go work in my vineyard to-day.



332 Will Jesus Find us Watching?

FANNY J. CROSBY.

[From "Gospel Music," by per.]

W. H. DOANE.

1. When Je - sus comes, to re - ward his servants, Whether it be
 2. If at the dawn of the ear - ly morning, He shall call us
 3. Have we been true to the trust he left us? Do we seek to
 4. Bles - sed are those whom the Lord finds watching, In his glo - ry

noon or night, Faith - ful to him will he find us watching,
 one by one, When to the Lord we re - store our tal - ents,
 do our best? If in our hearts there is naught condemns us,
 they shall share; If he shall come at the dawn or midnight,

rit. REFRAIN.

With our lamps all trimm'd and bright. Oh, can we say we are
 Will he ans - wer thee—Well done?
 We shall have a glo - rious rest.
 Will he find us watch - ing there?

rea - dy, brother? Rea - dy for the soul's bright home? Say, will he

find you and me still watching, Waiting, waiting when the Lord shall come?

Resting on the Lord.

"Help us, O LORD our God; for we rest on thee, and in thy name go against this multitude."
2 CHRON. xiv. 11.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I rest on Him, the Cru - ci - fied, Re - deem - ing Lord of all;
2. I rest up - on his lov - ing arm, He watches o'er my way;
3. I rest up - on his promise sweet, That promise dear to me;
4. I rest in peace, confid - ing - ly I trust me in his hand;

Con - fess - ing all my sin - ful - ness, Low at his feet I fall.
My all - sus - tain - ing hope is he, Who leads me day by day.
That in his home from sin and grief My soul shall e'er be free.
I know that he will lead me on To heav'n, that pro - mised land.

CHORUS.

I'm resting on the Lord, I'm resting on the Lord, My soul shall never, never fear;
never fear;

For I'm resting on the Lord, I'm resting on the Lord, My King and Friend so dear.

Come to thy Father.

FLORA B. HARRIS.

[From "The Wells of Salvation," by per.]

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Wand'rer from thy Father's mansion, Soft as dew's at ev - en fall - ing
 2. All thy guilt shall be for - giv - en, Fes - tal joys his grace will of - fer,
 3. There shall be a sound of mu - sic, Chiming sweet with angels' voic - es;
 4. Send, O send the joy - ful tid - ings To thy Fa - ther's heart of yearning;

Hear his grac - ious Spir - it call - ing, "Rise and come to me."
 Ring and robe his hand will prof - fer, Rise and seek his face.
 Ev - 'ry harp in heav'n re - joic - es When the lost is found.
 Say, with foot - steps homeward turn - ing, "I will rise and go."

CHORUS.

Come, come, come to thy Fa - ther, Thou wilt wel - come be;

Come, come, come to thy Fa - ther, Love will wel - come thee.

Come, ye Sinners.

[Tune, PRAY FOR REAPERS, from "The Wells of Salvation," by per.]

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Come, ye-sinners, poor and need - y, Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
 2. Now, ye need - y, come and wel - come; God's free bounty glo - ri - fy;
 3. Let not conscience make you lin - ger, Nor of fitness fond - ly dream;
 4. Come, ye wea - ry, heavy - lad - en, Bruised and mangled by the fall;

Je - sus ready stands to save you, Full of pi - ty, love and power: He is
 True belief and true re - pent - ance, Ev'ry grace that brings you nigh, Without
 All the fit - ness he re - quir - eth Is to feel your need of him: This he
 If you tar - ry till you're better, You will nev - er come at all; Not the

a - ble, He is a - ble, He is able, He is willing: doubt no more; He is
 money, ||:Without money;|| Come to Jesus Christ and buy; Without
 gives you, ||:This he gives you;|| 'Tis the Spirit's glimm'ring beam; This he
 righteous, ||:Not the righteous,—|| Sinners Jesus came to call; Not the

a - ble, He is a - ble, He is a - ble, He is willing: doubt no more.
 money, Without money, Without money, Come to Jesus Christ and buy.
 gives you, This he gives you, This he gives you; 'Tis the Spirit's glimm'ring beam.
 righteous, Not the righteous, Not the righteous,—Sinners Jesus came to call.

Shall We Meet?

H. L. HASTINGS.

ELISHA S. RICE.

1. Shall we meet beyond the riv-er, Where the surg-es cease to roll?
2. Shall we meet in that blest harbor, When our storm-y voyage is o'er?

Where in all the bright-for-ev-er, Sor-row ne'er shall press the soul?
Shall we meet and cast the anchor By the bright ce-less-tial shore?

D.S. Shall we meet be-yond the riv-er, Where the surg-es cease to roll?

CHORUS.

D.S. f

Shall we meet, shall we meet, Shall we meet be-yond the riv-er?

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>3 Shall we meet in yonder city,
Where the towers of crystal shine?
Where the walls are all of jasper,
Built by workmanship divine?</p> <p>4 Where the music of the ransomed
Rolls its harmony around,
And creation swells the chorus
With its sweet melodious sound</p> | <p>5 Shall we meet there many a loved one,
That was torn from our embrace?
Shall we listen to their voices,
And behold them face to face?</p> <p>6 Shall we meet with Christ our Saviour,
When he comes to claim his own?
Shall we know his blessed favor,
And sit down upon his throne?</p> |
|--|--|

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The Land of the Blest.

Tune, "In the sweet by and by."

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 We speak of the land of the blest,
A country so bright and so fair,
And oft are its glories confest,
But what must it be to be there.</p> <p><i>Chorus.</i>— In the sweet by and by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore,
In the sweet by and by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore.</p> <p>2 We speak of its pathways of gold,
Its walls decked with jewels so rare,
Its wonders and pleasures untold,
But what must it be to be there.</p> | <p>3 We speak of its peace and its love,
The robes which the glorified wear,
The songs of the blessed above,
But what must it be to be there.</p> <p>4 We speak of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation, and care,
From trials without and within,
But what must it be to be there.</p> <p>5 Do thou, Lord, midst pleasure or woe,
For heaven our spirits prepare,
Then shortly we also shall know,
And feel what it is to be there.</p> |
|---|---|

A Smile from Jesus.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

[From "The Wells of Salvation," by per.]

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Tho' kin-dred ties around us Like i - vy branches twine, Tho'
 2. We meet in Christian con - verse, We speak of joys to come, We
 3. One look, one smile from Je - sus, For whom our souls would live, Not

life has man - y pleas - ures That o'er my path - way shine, Tho'
 lift our eyes ex - pect - ant To E - den's bliss - ful home; Tho'
 heav'n's transcendant beau - ty Such ho - ly joy can give; Be -

words to friend - ship sa - cred More sweet than mu - sic fall, One
 sweet and prec - ious bless - ings With ev - 'ry mo - ment fall, One
 yond the si - lent riv - er Though spir - it voic - es call, One

Fine.
D. S. look, one smile from Je - sus Is dear - er far than all.

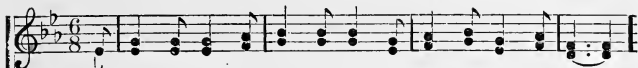
CHORUS. *D. S.*
 Dear - er, yes, dear - er, Dear - er far than all, One
 Dearer than all, dear - er than all, Dear - er, yes, dear - er far than all.

I am Thine.

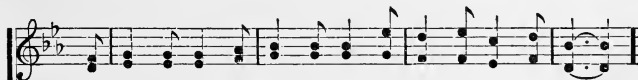
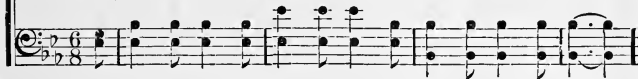
Rev. JOHN PARKER.

[From "The Wells of Salvation," by per.]

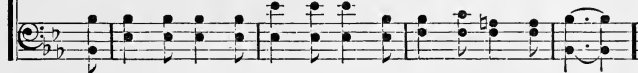
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. My God, thy mer-cies gird me round, Thy help is ev - er near,
2. By day by night, by shade by light I have thy shelt'ring wing;
3. I'll praise the Lord for mer-cies past, For mer-cies yet to come,
4. Home, where my hopes are anchor'd fast, Home, where my friends have gone,



And all thy gifts to me abound; I have no cause for fear.
 And in thine all-surround-ing might I trust, I rest, I sing.
 For sure thy goodness still shall last Till thou shalt bring me home.
 And where I too shall rest at last, When toils and tears are done.



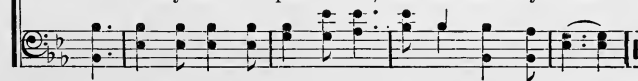
CHORUS.



For I am thine and thou art mine, Sav - iour ev - er near;



O fill my heart with per-fect love, Ban-ish ev - 'ry fear.



Let the Master In.

Rev. S. D. PHELPS. D. D.

[From "Pure Gold," by per.]

Rev. R. LOWRY.

1. Once I heard a sound at my heart's dark door, And was roused from the
 2. Then he spread a feast of re-deem-ing love, And he made me his
 3. In the ho - ly war with the foes of truth, He's my Shield, he my
 4. He will feast me still with his pres-ence dear, And the love he so

slum-ber of sin; It was Jesus knock'd, he had knock'd before; Now I
 own hap-py guest; In my joy I thought that the saints above Could be
 ta - ble pre-pares. He re-stores my soul, he renews my youth, And gives
 free - ly hath given, While his promise tells, as I serve him here, of the

CHORUS.

said, Blessed Mas - ter, come in. Then o - pen, o - pen,
 hard - ly more fa - vored or blest.
 tri - umph in an - swer to prayers.
 ban-quet of glo - ry in heaven. Then o - pen to him, o - pen to him,

O - pen; let the Mas - ter in; For the heart will be
 let him in,

bright with a heaven - ly light, When you let the Mas - ter in.

By and by.

ANNA H. C. HOWARD.

[From "The Wells of Salvation," by per.]

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. There will be no sin nor pain By and by, by and by, All that's
 2. Then life's lessons we shall learn By and by, by and by, Je-sus'
 3. We shall see him eye to eye By and by, by and by, We shall

dark will be made plain By and by, by and by; For the
 voice we shall dis - cern By and by, by and by. He will
 meet him in the sky By and by, by and by. We shall

Lord will come a - gain, Oh, how glo - ri - ous his reign!—Like the
 ban - ish ev - 'ry sigh; Let us lift our heads on high, Our re-
 hear his ten - der tone, We shall be no more a - lone, He is

CHORUS.

sunshine af - ter rain, By and by, by and by. By and by,
 demption draweth nigh By and by, by and by.
 com - ing to his own By and by, by and by. yes,

by and by, With our loved ones we shall meet, And the story oft re-

By and by.—CONCLUDED.

peat, Cast our crowns at Je - sus' feet, By and by, by and by.

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Jesus is Mine.

[From "The Wells of Salvation," by per.]

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Now I have found a Friend; Je - sus is mine! His love shall
 2. When earth shall pass a - way Je - sus is mine! In the great
 3. Fare - well, Mor - tal - i - ty Je - sus is mine! Wel - come, E -
 4. Fa - ther, thy name I bless: Je - sus is mine! Thine was the

nev - er end; Je - sus is mine! Tho' earthly joys decrease, Tho' human
 judgment day, Je - sus is mine! Oh! what a glorious thing, Then to be -
 ter - ni - ty; Je - sus is mine! He my Redeem - er is, Wisdom and
 sovereign grace; Je - sus is mine! Spir - it of Ho - li - ness, Seal - ing the

friendships cease, Now I have last - ing peace; Je - sus is mine!
 hold my King, On tune - ful harp to sing, Je - sus is mine!
 Righteous - ness, Life, Light, and Ho - li - ness; Je - sus is mine!
 Fa - ther's grace, Thou needst my soul embrace, Je - sus is mine!

Mrs. F. J. A.

[From "Welcome Tidings," by per.]

W. H. DOANE.

1. Is there a - ny sad heart that is heav - y lad - en? A - ny one here?
 2. Is there a - ny who thirsts for the liv - ing wa - ter? A - ny one here?
 3. Is there a - ny would ask for a word of com - fort? A - ny one here?
 4. Is there a - ny who longs to be owned by Je - sus? A - ny one here?

a - ny one here? Is there a - ny poor soul who would love the Saviour?
 a - ny one here? Is there a - ny who sighs for the crim - son fountain?
 a - ny one here? Is there any who feels that our prayers would cheer you?
 a - ny one here? Is there a - ny will say, I believe this moment?

REFRAIN.

Come, and we will help you on your way. Just as you are the

Lord will save you, Come with - out de - lay; Is there a - ny poor

soul who would follow Je - sus? Come, and we will help you on your way.

Coming Home To-day.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

[From "Our Sabbath Home," by per.]

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. 'Tis the gospel message, Hark! we hear it say, Leave the world for Jesus,
 2. Who-so-ev-er thirsteth, Let them now draw near To the waters flowing
 3. Leave the world for Jesus, Cling to him a-lone: Oh, the tender mer-cy

Haste without delay; Leave the world for Jesus, Happy we shall be; We are coming,
 Ever bright and clear, To the living waters Welcome all shall be: We are coming,
 Thro' the Saviour shown; From the yoke of bondage He has made us free; We are, etc.,

CHORUS.

glad-ly coming, Lord, to thee. Coming home to-day, Coming home to-day,

We are coming, gladly coming, Coming, Lord, to thee: Coming home to-day,

Coming home to-day, We are coming, gladly coming, Singing all the way.

Jesus Loves Me so.

W. H. FLAVILLE.

(From "The Wells of Salvation," by per.)

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. I love my Saviour dear,—How much can never tell; He comes so
 2. I love his own dear word, The book of books to me, In ev-'ry
 3. I love his ho-ly day, The day he calls his own, That keeps me

ver-y near, And with him all is well; I love my Saviour dear, How
 land is heard Its gos-pel full and free. I love his own dear word, With
 on the way To my ce-les-tial home, I love his ho-ly day, That

much can never show; He makes my pathway clear, And ever loves me so.
 love 'tis all a-glow, My very heart is stirr'd, For Je-sus loves me so.
 gives me grace to grow, And ever watch and pray, For Jesus loves me so.

CHORUS.

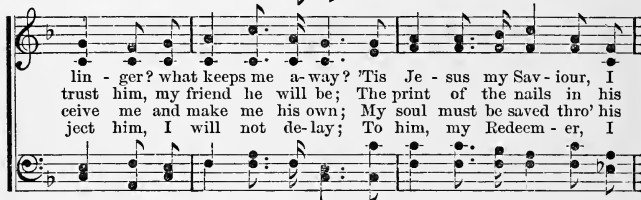
Je - sus loves me so, Je - sus loves me so, I will love him

more and more, For Jesus loves me so.

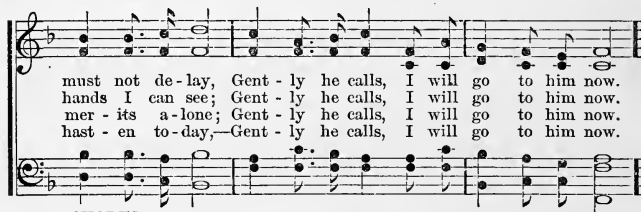
- 4 I love the Sunday-school,
 Oh, who can stay away?
 Its teachings be my rule
 Of life from day to day,
 I love the Sunday-school;
 Oh, would that all might know
 Its joys so rich and full,
 For Jesus loves me so.



1. There's a voice in my heart, and I hear it to-day; But why do I
 2. There's a voice in my heart, and it whispers to me That, if I will
 3. There's a voice in my heart, and how gentle its tone,—He waits to re-
 4. Oh, that voice in my heart I will hear and o-bey, I will not re-

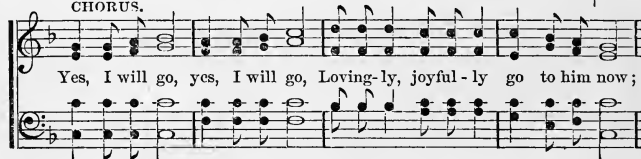


lin - ger? what keeps me a-way? 'Tis Je - sus my Sav - iour, I
 trust him, my friend he will be; The print of the nails in his
 ceive me and make me his own; My soul must be saved thro' his
 ject him, I will not de-lay; To him, my Redeem - er, I

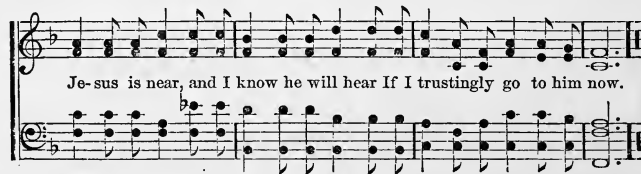


must not de-lay, Gent - ly he calls, I will go to him now.
 hands I can see; Gent - ly he calls, I will go to him now.
 mer - its a-lone; Gent - ly he calls, I will go to him now.
 hast - en to-day,—Gent - ly he calls, I will go to him now.

CHORUS.



Yes, I will go, yes, I will go, Loving-ly, joyful - ly go to him now;



Je-sus is near, and I know he will hear If I trustingly go to him now.

349 Oh, Speak to Me, my Saviour.

Rev. J. M. ENGARD.

[From "The Wells of Salvation," by per.]

W. J. K.

1. Oh, speak to me, my Sav-our, Some words of ho - ly cheer, That
 2. Oh, speak to me, my Sav-our, And tell me of thy grace, —Suf-
 3. Oh, speak to me, my Sav-our, I long to hear thy voice, For

I in joy or sorrow May know that thou art near; O Lord, how conde-
 ficient for thy peo - ple, For ev'ry time and place; Oh, speak to me in
 when I am de - spondent It makes my heart rejoice; Thou lovest me my

scending To stoop and talk with me! I know I am unworth - y, But
 trou - ble Some con - so - lations dear, Be with me in the con - flict, And
 Sav-our, Thy love I feel, —I know, But oh, my soul is wait - ing To

CHORUS.

hear my hum - ble plea. Oh, speak to me, my Sav - ous, I wait with
 I shall feel no fear.
 hear thee tell me so.

listening ear, Thy words, so full of com - fort, My soul delights to hear.

Tell it to Jesus.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

Matt. xiv. 12.

E. S. LORENZ.

1. Are you wea - ry, are you heavy-heart - ed? Tell it to Je - sus,
 2. Do the tears flow down your cheeks unbidden? Tell it to Je - sus,
 3. Do you fear the gath'ring clouds of sor - row? Tell it to Je - sus,
 4. Are you trou - bled at the thought of dy - ing? Tell it to Je - sus,

Tell it to Je - sus; Are you griev - ing o - ver joys de - part - ed?
 Tell it to Je - sus; Have you sins that to man's eye are hid - den?
 Tell it to Je - sus; Are you anx - ious what shall be to - mor - row?
 Tell it to Je - sus; For Christ's coming Kingdom are you sigh - ing?

CHORUS.
 Tell it to Je - sus a - lone. Tell it to Je - sus, Tell it to Je - sus,

He is a friend that's well known; You have no oth - er

such a friend or broth - er, Tell it to Je - sus a - lone.

Keep Looking unto Jesus.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. [From "The Wells of Salvation," by per.] WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Keep looking un - to Je - sus as we march a - long, Keep looking un - to
 2. Keep looking un - to Je - sus with the night around, Keep looking un - to
 3. Keep looking un - to Je - sus when the storms are out, Keep looking unto
 4. Keep looking un - to Je - sus, Author of our faith, Keep looking un - to

Jesus all the day, When our hopes are steadfast and our hearts are strong,
 Je - sus, Star and Sun. We shall yet behold him with full glo - ry crowned,
 Je - sus, sore - ly tried; We shall win the bat - tle with a song and shout;
 Je - sus as we move, We shall share his triumph ov - er sin and death,

CHORUS.

We can tread the nar - row way. Keep looking un - to Je - sus,
 When the fi - nal vic - t'ry's won.
 We shall find new strength sup - plied.
 We shall reign with him a - bove.

looking un - to Je - sus, Looking un - to Je - sus ev - 'ry day. Till our

cares grow lighter and our hopes grow brighter, And our sorrows flee away.

Give me Jesus.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JMO. R. SWENEY.

1. Take the world, but give me Je - sus,—All its joys are but a name;
 2. Take the world, but give me Je - sus, Sweetest com - fort of my soul;
 3. Take the world, but give me Je - sus, Let me view his constant smile;
 4. Take the world, but give me Je - sus; In his cross my trust shall be,

But his love a - bid - eth ev - er, Through e - ter - nal years the same.
 With my Sav - iour watching o'er me I can sing, though billows roll.
 Then throughout my pil - grim journey Light will cheer me all the while.
 Till, with clear - er, brighter vis - ion, Face to face my Lord I see.

O the height and depth of mer - cy, O the length and breadth of love.

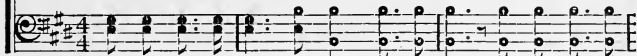
O the ful - ness of redemption, Pledge of end - less life a - bove.

JOHN NEWTON.

R. E. HUDSON



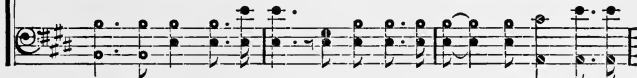
1. Tho' troubles as-sail, and dang-ers affright, Tho' friends should all
2. The birds, without barn or storehouse, are fed; From them let us
3. When Sa-tan appears to stop up our path, And fills us with
4. He tells us we're weak,—our hope is in vain: The good that we



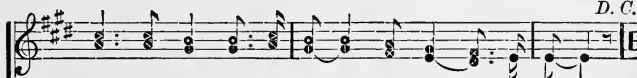
CHORUS.—Yes, I will re-joyce, re-joyce in the Lord, Yes, I will re-



fail, and foes all u-nite, Yet one thing secures us, whatev-er be-learn to trust for our bread, His saints, what is fitting, shall ne'er be de-fears, we tri-umph by faith; He cannot take from us, tho' oft he has seek we ne'er shall obtain: But when such suggestions our graces have



joyce, re-joyce in the Lord, Yes, I will re-joyce, re-joyce in the



D. C.

tide, The prom-ise as-sures us,—the Lord will pro-vide.
nied, So long as 'tis written,—the Lord will pro-vide.
tried, The heart-cheer-ing promise,—the Lord will pro-vide.
tried, This ans-wers all questions,—the Lord will pro-vide.



Lord, Will joy in the God of my sal-va-tion.

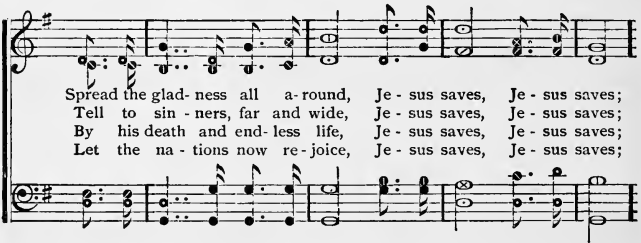
- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>5 No strength of our own, nor goodness we claim;
Our trust is all thrown on Jesus' great
In this our strong tower for safety we
hide;
The Lord is our power,—the Lord will
provide,</p> | <p>6 When life sinks apace, and death is in
view,
The word of his grace shall comfort us
through:
Not fearing or doubting, with Christ on
We hope to die shouting,—the Lord will
provide,</p> |
|--|---|

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

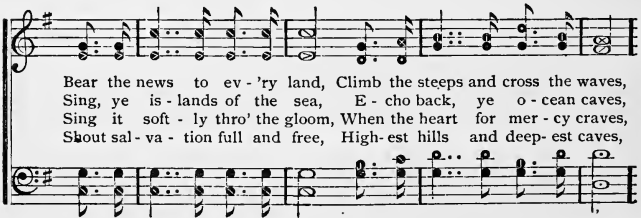
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. We have heard a joy - ful sound, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 2. Waft it on the roll - ing tide, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 3. Sing a - bove the bat - tle's strife, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 4. Give the winds a might - y voice, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;



Spread the glad - ness all a - round, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 Tell to sin - ners, far and wide, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 By his death and end - less life, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 Let the na - tions now re - joice, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;



Bear the news to ev - 'ry land, Climb the steeps and cross the waves,
 Sing, ye is - lands of the sea, E - cho back, ye o - cean caves,
 Sing it soft - ly thro' the gloom, When the heart for mer - cy craves,
 Shout sal - va - tion full and free, High - est hills and deep - est caves,



Onward, 'tis our Lord's command, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
 Earth shall keep her ju - bi - lee, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
 Sing in tri - umph o'er the tomb, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
 This our song of vic - to - ry, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.

I am Saved.

Mrs. S. L. OBERHOLTZER.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. I am sav'd! the Lord hath sav'd me, Help me shout the glorious news!
 2. Loud I sing my ex-ul-ta-tion, Hoping it will reach the skies,
 3. Free sal-va-tion! glad sal-va-tion! Let us shout from pole to pole,
 4. When at last the days are gathered In-to thy great judgment one,

I have tast-ed God's sal-va-tion, And 'tis sweet as honeyed dews.
 Keep, dear Lord, my soul for-ev-er Under thy pro-tecting eyes.
 Un-til each dis-eas-ed na-tion Feels that God hath made it whole.
 May I find my name deep written, In the re-cords of thy Son.

CHORUS.

Glo-ry, glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah! I re-joice sal-va-tion came;

Glo-ry, glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah! I am saved in Jesus' name.

Rev. I. N. WILSON

JNO. R. SWENEY, by per.

1. { While we bow in thy name, Oh, meet us a-gain, Fill our
May the Spir - it of grace, And the smiles of thy face, Gent - ly

D. S.—light streaming down makes the pathway all clear, It is

Fine. REFRAIN.
hearts with the light of thy love; } It is good to be here, it is
fall on us now from a - bove. }

good for us, Lord, to be here.

D. S.
good to be here, Thy perfect love now drives a-way all our fear, And

2 Our souls long for thee;
Oh, may we now see
A sin-cleansing blood-wave appear;
And feel, as it rolls
In power o'er our souls,
It is good for us, Lord, to be here.

3 Thou art with us, we know;
We feel the sweet flow [tide;
Of the sin-cleansing wave's gladd'ning
We are washed from our sin,
Made all holy within,
And in Jesus we sweetly abide.

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DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

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OH, HOW HAPPY ARE THEY.

Tune and Chorus above.

OH, how happy are they
Who the Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasures above;
Tongue can never express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love.

2 That sweet comfort was mine,
When the favor divine
I received thro' the blood of the Lamb;
When my heart first believed,
What a joy I received—
What a heaven in Jesus' name!

3 'Twas a heaven below
My Redeemer to know,
And the angels could do nothing more
Than to fall at his feet,
And the story repeat,
And the Lover of sinners adore.

4 Jesus, all the day long,
Was my joy and my song;
Oh, that all his salvation might see:
He hath loved me, I cried,
He hath suffered and died,
To redeem even rebels like me.

Open the Door.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR. [From "Our Sabbath Home," by per.]

W. J. K.

1. Je - sus, the Saviour, is waiting and knocking, Standing to-day at the
 2. Long he has called thee and thou hast refused him, Long he has waited thy
 3. What if the lamp of thy life should be darken'd? What if the Saviour should
 4. While he is calling and waits to be gracious Haste to admit him, the

door of thy heart; Say, wilt thou o - pen and glad - ly receive him,
 ans - wer to hear; Still he is knocking; how canst thou be silent?
 call thee no more? Think of the anguish, thy spir - it ap - palling,
 warn - ing o - bey; While he is holding the scep - tre of pardon,

CHORUS.
 Or wilt thou bid him in sor - row de - part? O - pen the door, 'tis the
 Now at this moment thy doom may be near.
 Knowing the day of pro - ba - tion is o'er.
 Quickly receive him—no long - er de - lay.

Saviour knocking, Patiently knocking to-day at thy heart; O - pen the

ad lib.
 door, 'tis the Saviour knocking, Knocking, knocking,—must he depart?

CHARLES WESLEY.

[From "The Wells of Salvation," by per.]

W. J. K.

1. A - rise, my soul, a - rise; Shake off thy guilt - y fears; The
 2. He ev - er lives a - bove, for me to in - ter - cede; His
 3. Five bleeding wounds he bears, Re - ceived on Cal - va - ry; They

bleed - ing Sac - ri - fice In my be - half ap - pears; Be -
 all - re - deem - ing love, His prec - ious blood to plead; His
 pour ef - fect - ual prayers, They strong - ly plead for me: "For -

fore the throne my sure - ty stands, My name is writ - ten
 blood a - toned for all our race, And sprinkles now the
 give him, O for - give," they cry, "Nor let that ran - somed

on his hands, My name is writ - ten on his hands.
 throne of grace, And sprinkles now the throne of grace.
 sin - ner die," "Nor let that ran - somed sin - ner die."

4 The Father hears him pray,
 His dear anointed One:
 He cannot turn away
 The presence of his Son:
 His Spirit answers to the blood,
 And tells me I am born of God.

5 My God is reconciled;
 His pard'ning voice I hear:
 He owns me for his child;
 I can no longer fear:
 With confidence I now draw,
 And, "Father, Abba, Father," cry.

1. Tidings, happy tidings, Hark! hark! the sound! Hear the joyful e - cho
 2. Tidings, happy tidings, Hark! hark! they say, Do not slight the warning,
 3. Tidings, happy tidings, Hark! hark! a - gain! Rushing o'er the mountain,

Thro' the world resound; Christ the Lord proclaims them, Hear and heed the call,
 Come, oh, come to-day; Christ, our lov-ing Sav- iour, Still repeats the call,
 Sweeping o'er the plain; Onward goes the message, 'Tis the Saviour's call,

REFRAIN.

Come, ye starving ones that perish, Room, room for all. Whoso- ev - er ask-eth,
 Come, ye weary, hea- vy-laden, Room, room for all.
 Come, for ev'rything is ready, Room, room for all.

Jesus will receive; Whosoever thirsteth, Jesus will relieve; See the living

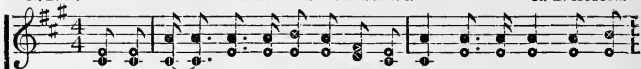
waters, Flowing full and free; Oh, the blessed whosoever! That means me.

Behold the Bridegroom.

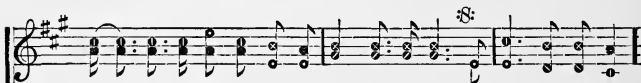
"And at midnight there was a cry made, Behold, the bridegroom cometh: go ye out to meet him."—Matt. xxv. 6.

R. E. H.

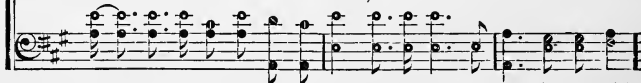
R. E. HUDSON.



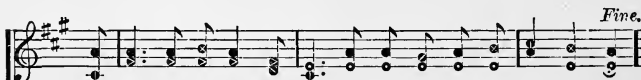
1. Are you ready for the Bridegroom When he comes, when he comes? Are you
2. Have your lamps trimm'd and burning When he comes, when he comes; Have your
3. We will all go out to meet him When he comes, when he comes; We will
4. We will chant al - le - lu - ias When he comes, when he comes; We will



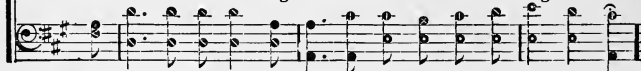
ready for the Bridegroom When he comes, when he comes, Behold! he cometh!
lamps trimm'd and burning When he comes, when he comes, He quickly cometh!
all go out to meet him When he comes, when he comes; He surely cometh!
chant al - le - lu - ias When he comes, when he comes: Lo! now he cometh!



D.S.—Behold! he cometh!



be - hold! he cometh! Be robed and read - y, for the Bridegroom comes.
he quick - ly cometh, O soul, be read - y when the Bridegroom comes.
he sure - ly cometh! We'll go to meet him when the Bridegroom comes.
lo! now he cometh! Sing al - le - lu - ia! for the Bridegroom comes.



be - hold! he cometh! Be robed and read - y, for the Bridegroom comes.

CHORUS.

D.S.

Behold the Bridegroom, for he comes, for he comes!
Behold the Bridegroom, for he comes, for he comes

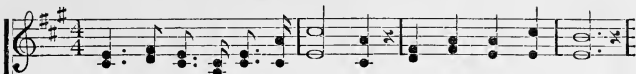


Save Me Now.

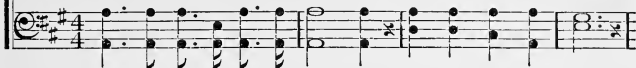
F. J. C.

[From "The Wells of Salvation," by per.]

W J. K.



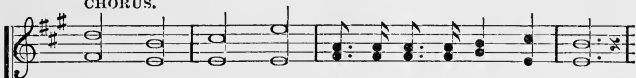
1. Lord, my wayward heart is brok - en, May I come to thee?
2. Tho' I long have grieved thy Spirit, Long re - fused thy grace,
3. Could my faith but touch thy garment Healed my soul would be;
4. Save me now, or I must per - ish, Save me, I im - plore;



In thy gen - tle arms of mer - cy Hast thou room for me?
 Do not cast me from thy pres - ence, Do not hide thy face.
 Let thy smile of sweet for - give - ness Shed one beam for me.
 Speak those lov - ing words so ten - der, "Go and sin no more."



CHORUS.



Save me! save me! Weep - ing at the cross I bow;



Hear my hum - ble sup - pli - ca - tion, Je - sus, save me now.



ANON.

ARRANGED.

1. I am dwell - ing on the mountain, Where the gold - en sunlight gleams
 2. I can see far down the mountain, Where I wandered wea - ry years,
 3. I am drink - ing at the fountain, Where I ev - er would a - bide;

O'er a land whose wondrous beauty Far ex - ceeds my fondest dreams;
 Oft - en hin - dered in my jour - ney By the ghosts of doubts and fears,
 For I've tast - ed life's pure riv - er, And my soul is sat - is - fied;

Where the air is pure, e - the - real, Laden with the breath of flowers,
 Brok - en vows and dis - appointments Thickly sprinkled all the way,
 There's no thirst - ing for life's pleasures, Nor a - dorn - ing, rich and gay,

CHO.—Is not this the land of Beu - lah, Blessed, bles - sed land of light,

D. S. Chorus.

They are blooming by the fountain, 'Neath the am - a - ranthine bowers.
 But the Spir - it led, un - er - ring, To the land I hold to - day.
 For I've found a rich - er treasure, One that fad - eth not a - way.

Where the flow - ers bloom for - ev - er, And the sun is always bright.

4 Tell me not of heavy crosses,
 Nor the burdens hard to bear,
 For I've found this great salvation
 Makes each burden light appear;
 And I love to follow Jesus,
 Gladly counting all but dross,
 Worldly honors all forsaking
 For the glory of the Cross.

5 Oh, the Cross has wondrous glory!
 Oft I've proved this to be true;
 When I'm in the way so narrow
 I can see a pathway through;
 And how sweetly Jesus whispers:
 Take the Cross, thou need'st not fear,
 For I've tried this way before thee,
 And the glory lingers near.

When the King comes in.

J. E. LANDOR.

Rev. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Call'd to the feast by the King are we, Sit-ting, perhaps, where his
 2. Crowns on the head where the thorns have been, Glo-ri-fied he who once
 3. Like lightning's flash will that instant show Things hidden long from both
 4. Joy-ful his eye shall on each one rest Who is in white wedding

peo-ple be: How will it fare, then, with thee and me,
 died for men; Splendid the vis-ion be-fore us then,
 friend and foe, Just what we are ev-'ry one will know,
 gar-ments dressed—Ah! well for us if we stand the test,

REFRAIN.

When the King comes in? When the King comes in, brother, When the King comes

in! How will it fare with thee and me When the King comes in?

Walking with Jesus.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR.

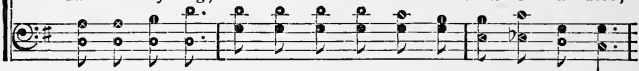
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Allegretto.

1. Walking with Je - sus, my Sav - iour di - vine; Walking with Je - sus, what
 2. Walking with Je - sus, in him I a - bide, Fearing no e - vil while
 3. Walking with Je - sus, my faith growing strong; Walking with Je - sus, O



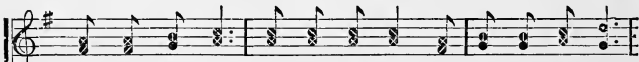
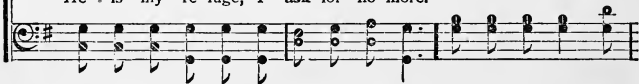
com - fort is mine; Led by his Spir - it, redeemed by his love,
 close to his side; Grace for each mo - ment my Sav - iour be - stows,
 sweet is my song; Bless - ed com - mun - ion with Him I a - dore;



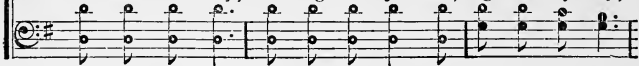
CHORUS.



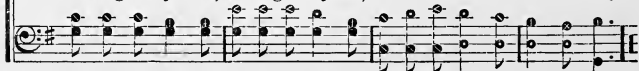
Heir to his Kingdom of glo - ry a - bove. Walking with Je - sus,
 Peace like a riv - er con - tin - ual - ly flows.
 He - is my re - fuge, I ask for no more.



how can I stray; Walk - ing with Je - sus, bright is my way;



Walking with Je - sus, walking with Jesus, Home to the realms of endless day.



Whosoever Believeth.

"For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him, should not perish, but have everlasting life."—John. 3. 16.

Rev. F. DENISON.

W. WARREN BENTLEY.

1. From Calvary's mountain sounding, What lov - ing words we hear,
 2. Who-e'er my word be - liev - eth, We hear the Sav - iour say,
 3. O broth - er, come and trust him, Oh, come to him to - day,

The love of God a-bound - ing, Dis-pell - ing all our fear.
 A par - don full re - ceiv - eth, All sins are washed a - way.
 He's wait - ing to re - ceive you, Why lon - ger then de - lay.

CHORUS.

Who - so - ev - er be - liev - eth, Who - so - ev - er be - liev - eth,

Who - so - ev - er be - liev - eth, Hath ev - er - last - ing life.

What a Gath'ring that will be.

J. H. K.

"Gather my saints together unto me."—Ps. 1. 5.

J. H. KURZENKNABE.

1. At the sounding of the trumpet, when the saints are gather'd home, We will
 2. When the angel of the Lord proclaims that time shall be no more, We shall
 3. At the great and final judgement, when the hidden comes to light, When the
 4. When the golden harps are sounding, and the angel bands proclaim, In tri-

greet each other by the crystal sea, With the friends and all the lov'd ones there a-
 gather, and the saved and ransom'd see, Then to meet again to- gether, on the
 Lord in all his glo-ry we shall see; At the bidding of our Saviour, "Come, ye
 umphant strains the glorious jubilee; Then to meet and join to sing the song of
 crystal sea:

wait-ing us to come, What a gath'ring of the faith-ful that will be!
 bright ce-lestial shore, What a gath'ring of the faith-ful that will be!
 bless-ed, to my right, What a gath'ring of the faith-ful that will be!
 Mos-es and the Lamb, What a gath'ring of the faith-ful that will be!

CHORUS.

What a gath - - 'ring, gath - - - 'ring, At the
 What a gath'ring of the loved ones when we'll meet with one an - oth - er,

sounding of the glorious ju-bi - lee! ju-bi-lee! What a gath - - 'ring,
 ju-bi-lee! What a gath'ring when the friends and all the

What a Gath'ring, etc.—CONCLUDED.

gath - - - 'ring, What a gath'ring of the faith-ful that will be!
 dear ones meet each oth - er,

368

Oh! 'tis Glory in My Soul.

FLORA L. BEST.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. To thy cross, dear Christ I'm clinging, All my re - fuge and my plea;
 2. Long my heart hath heard thee calling, But I thrust a-side thy grace;
 3. Love e - ter - nal, light e - ter - nal, Close me safe - ly, sweetly in;

Matchless is thy lov - ing kindness, Else it had not stoop'd to me.
 Yet, O boundless con - de - scension, Love is shin - ing from thy face.
 Sav - iour, let thy balm of healing, Ev - er keep me free from sin.

CHORUS.

Oh, 'tis glo - ry! oh, 'tis glo - ry! Oh, 'tis glo - ry in my soul,

For I've touch'd the hem of his garment, And his pow'r doth make me whoie.

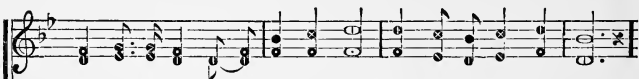
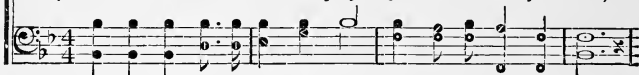
Jesus will Save You now.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



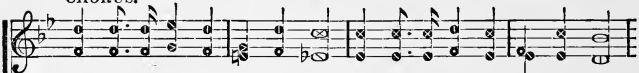
1. Come, oh, come to the ark of rest,— Je - sus will save you now;
2. Come, oh, come to the ark of grace,— Je - sus will save you now;
3. Come, oh, come to the ark of love,— Je - sus will save you now;
4. Who'll be first to a-rise for prayer? Je - sus will save you now;



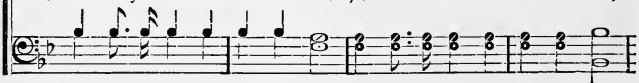
Come, with the weight of your guilt oppressed, Je - sus will save you now.
 Haste to his arms and his dear embrace, Je - sus will save you now.
 Come, like the worn and wea - ry dove, Je - sus will save you now.
 Who'll be the first the cross to bear? Je - sus will save you now.



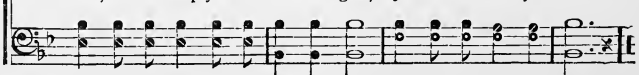
CHORUS.



Come while your cheeks with tears are wet, Come ere the star of life shall set,



Come, and the step you will ne'er re - gret, Je - sus will save you now.



1. { There is a fountain filled with blood, filled with blood, filled with blood, There
And sinners plung'd beneath that flood, beneath that flood, beneath that flood, And
2. { The dy - ing thief rejoiced to see, rejoiced to see, rejoiced to see, The
And there may I, tho' vile as he, tho' vile as he, tho' vile as he, And

is a fount - ain filled with bood, Drawn from Imman - uel's veins, }
sinners plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilt - y stains. }
dy - ing thief rejoiced to see That fount - ain in his day, }
there may I, tho' vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way. }

CHORUS.

Oh, glo - ri - ous fount - ain! Here will I stay, And in thee

3 Thou dying Lamb, ||: thy precious blood :||
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed ||: Church of God ||
Are saved, to sin no more.
ev - er Wash my sins a - way.
4 E'er since by faith ||: I saw the stream ||
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love ||: has been my theme, :||
And shall be till I die.

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Stand up! stand up for Jesus!

Tune, "Webb," Key Bb.

- 1 STAND up! stand up for Jesus!
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high his royal banner,
It must not suffer loss;
From victory unto victory.
His army he shall lead,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.
- 2 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
Stand in his strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you,—
Ye dare not trust your own;

- Put on the gospel armor,
Each piece put on with prayer,
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.
- 3 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song;
To him that overcometh
A crown of life shall be,
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

Take me as I am.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

[From "The Garner," by per.]

Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.

1. Just as I am, without one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me,
 2. Just as I am, and waiting not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
 3. Just as I am, Tho' tossed about with many-a conflict, many-a doubt,
 4. Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind; Sight, riches, healing of the mind,

And that thou bid'st me come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come!
 To thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come!
 Fightings within and fears without, O Lamb of God, I come!
 Yea, all I need in thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come!

REFRAIN.

Take me as I am, Take me as I am; Oh,
 Take me, take me as I am, Take me, take me as I am;

bring thy free sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am.

5 Just as I am—thou wilt receive,
 Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
 Because thy promise I believe,
 O Lamb of God, I come!

6 Just as I am—thy love unknown
 Hath broken every barrier down,
 Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,
 O Lamb of God, I come!

Look to Jesus.

MRS. MARY D. JAMES.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Oh, dy - ing souls, look up, and see The glorious gos - pel rem - e - dy!
 2. The serpent's stung his blood can cure! His healing power un - fail - ing, sure
 3. Oh, man - y a poor sin-bitten soul Has looked to him, and been made whole,
 4. His lov - ing heart to sin - ners turns, And e'en t'ward guilty rebels years;—

Je - sus your Sa - viour cru - ci - fied! Look up, and see his wounded side!
 Can save the most despair - ing case,—So strong his love, so rich his grace!
 And man - y a hopeless one received A cure, who on his name believed,
 He pi - ties souls defiled by sin, His mer - cy takes the vil - est in.

CHORUS.

Look to Je - sus, look, and live! Look to Je - sus, he'll for - give;

Per - ish - ing soul, he'll make thee whole; Look up, look up, and live,

With feeling.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. Be-hold a stranger at the door ; He gently knocks,—has knocked before ; Has
 2. O love - ly at - titude,—he stands With melting heart and open hands ; O
 3. But will he prove a friend indeed ? He will,—the very friend you need : The
 4. Rise, touched with gratitude divine ; Turn out his en - e - my and thine ; That
 5. Ad - mit him ere his an - ger burn,—His feet, departed, ne'er return ; Ad -

wait-ed long, is waiting still ; You treat no oth - er friend so ill.
 matchless kind - ness, and he shows This matchless kindness to his foes,
 friend of sin - ners ? Yes, 'tis he, With garments dyed on Cal - va - ry, O
 soul - de - stroy - ing monster, Sin, And let the heav - en - ly stranger in.
 mit him, or the hour's at hand, You'll at his door re - ject - ed stand.

CHORUS.

O let the dear Saviour come in, He'll cleanse the heart from sin ; O
 come in, from sin ;

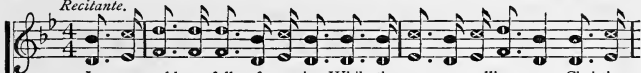
Keep him no more out at the door, But let the dear Saviour come in.
 come in.

375 While the Years are Rolling On.

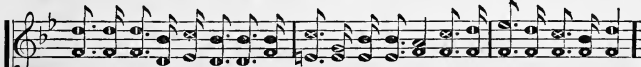
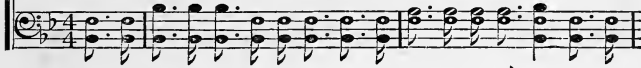
HARRIET B. MCKEEVER.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

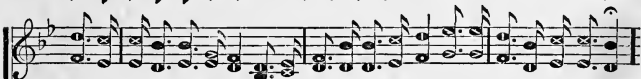
Recitante.



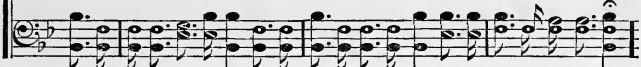
1. In a world so full of weeping, While the years are rolling on, Christian
2. There's no time to waste in sighing, While the years are rolling on; Time is
3. Let us strengthen one an-oth-er, While the years are rolling on; Seek to
4. Friends we love are quickly flying, While the years are rolling on; No more



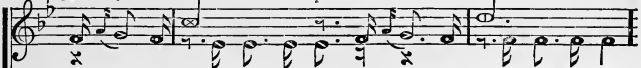
souls the watch are keeping, While the years are rolling on. While our journey we pursue,
flying, souls are dying, While the years are rolling on. Loving words a soul may win
raise a fal-len brother, While the years are rolling on. This is work for ev'ry hand
parting, no more dying, While the years are rolling on. In the world beyond the tomb



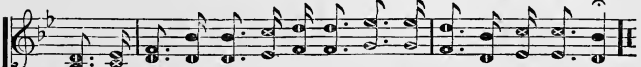
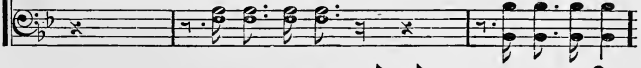
With the haven still in view, There is work for us to do, While the years are rolling on.
From the wretched paths of sin; We may bring the wand'ers in, While the years are rolling on.
Till, throughout creation's land, Armies for the Lord shall stand, While the years are rolling on.
Sorrow never more can come, When we meet in that blest home, While the years are rolling on.



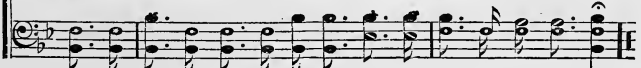
CHORUS.



Are roll - ing on, are roll - ing on, Are roll - ing on, are roll - ing on,



Oh, the joy that we may scatter, While the years are roll - ing on.



Keep me ever close to Thee.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Source from whence the streams of mercy Like a riv - er flow to me,
 2. There my life, my hope and com-fort, There a ref - uge for my soul
 3. There, in ho - ly, sweet com - munion, With thy Spir - it day by day,
 4. Close to thee, O Saviour, keep me, Till I reach the shin - ing shore,—

With thy cords of love so ten - der Bind and keep me close to thee.
 When the clouds hang dark-ly round me, And the dis-tant surg - es roll.
 Faith to realms of light and glo - ry, Bears my rap - tured soul a - way.
 Till I join the raptured ar - my, Snouting joy for ev - er - more.

REFRAIN.

Keep me ev - er close to thee, Blessed Saviour, dear to me, With thy

cords of love so tender Bind and keep me close to thee; Keep me ev - er close to

thee, Blessed Sav-our, dear to me, Bind and keep me close to thee.

Are You Washed in the Blood.

E. A. H.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

1. Have you been to Je - sus for the cleansing power? Are you
 2. Are you walk - ing dai - ly by the Saviour's side? Are you
 3. When the Bridegroom cometh, will your robes be white, Pure and
 4. Lay a - side the garments that are stained with sin, And be

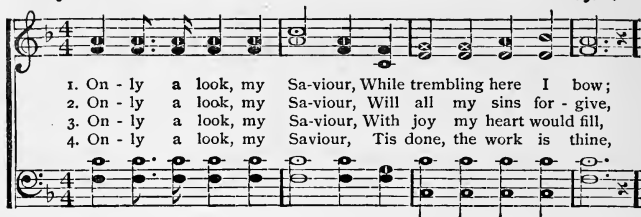
washed in the blood of the Lamb? Are you ful - ly trusting in his
 washed in the blood of the Lamb? Do you rest each moment in the
 white in the blood of the Lamb? Will your soul be ready for the
 washed in the blood of the Lamb? There's a fountain flowing for the

CHORUS.

grace this hour? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb? Are you
 Cru - ci - fied? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?
 mansions bright, And be washed in the blood of the Lamb?
 soui un - clean, O be washed in the blood of the Lamb!

washed in the blood, In the soul-cleansing blood of the Lamb?
 Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

Are your garments spotless? Are they white as snow? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

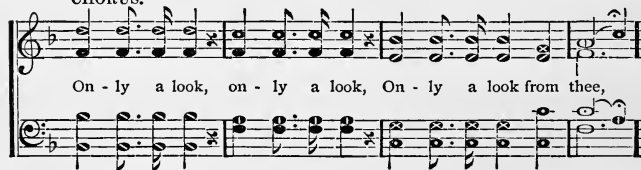


1. On - ly a look, my Sa-viour, While trembling here I bow;
 2. On - ly a look, my Sa-viour, Will all my sins for - give,
 3. On - ly a look, my Sa-viour, With joy my heart would fill,
 4. On - ly a look, my Saviour, 'Tis done, the work is thine,

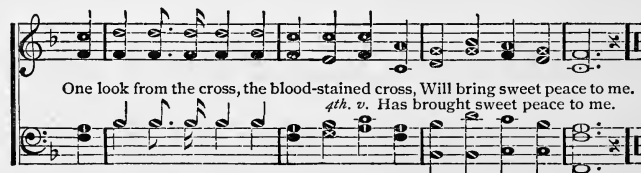


On - ly a look, my Sa - viour, My heart is breaking now.
 Ten - der - ly now be - hold me, And bid my spir - it live.
 Gra - cious - ly hear my plead - ing, And bend my way - ward will.
 Thou, by a look, hast made me An heir of grace di - vine.

CHORUS.



On - ly a look, on - ly a look, On - ly a look from thee,



One look from the cross, the blood-stained cross, Will bring sweet peace to me.
 4th. v. Has brought sweet peace to me.

I'm Redeemed.

T. C. O'K.

"Behold the Lamb of God."

T. C. O'KANE.

1. O sing of Je - sus, "Lamb of God," Who died on Cal - va - ry,
 2. O wondrous pow'r of love di - vine! So pure, so full, so free!
 3. All glo - ry now to Christ the Lord And ev - er - more shall be;

And for a ran - som shed his blood, For you and e - ven me.
 It reaches out to all mankind, Em - brac - es e - ven me.
 He hath redeemed a world from sin, And ransomed e - ven me.

REFRAIN.

I'm re - deemed, . . . I'm re - deemed, . . . Through the
 I'm redeemed, I'm redeemed, I'm redeemed,

blood of the Lamb that was slain, . . . I'm re - deemed,
 of the Lamb that was slain, I'm redeemed,

I'm re - deemed, . . . Hal - le - lu - jah un - to his name.
 I'm redeemed,

I'm Holding On.

JAMES NICHOLSON.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Tho' weak my faith, I'm holding on; To Je - sus I am cling - ing;
 2. I'm holding on, tho' Sa - tan tries To keep me from be - liev - ing;
 3. While holding on by faith I see The blood of Je - sus flow - ing;
 4. I'm clinging, clinging, holding on, My faith is ris - ing high - er,
 5. I'm holding on, and while I make A per - fect con - se - cration,

I feel that now the "Mighty One" Help to my soul is bringing.
 But, while my soul on God re - lies, The blessing I'm re - ceiving.
 The healing stream is touching me, New life and peace be - stowing.
 The last remains of sin are gone; I have my heart's de - sire.
 The Ho - ly Ghost, for Je - sus' sake, Brings in complete sal - va - tion.

CHORUS.

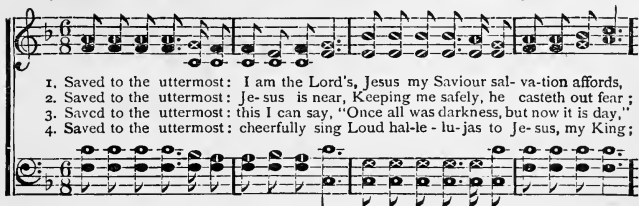
I'm holding on, I'm holding on, Fresh strength each moment gaining,

My ling'ring doubts at last are gone, And Christ within is reigning.

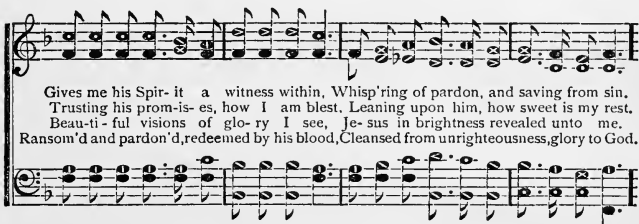
Saved to the Uttermost.

W. J. K.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

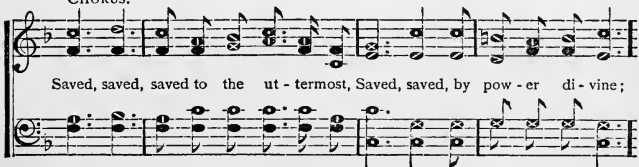


1. Saved to the uttermost: I am the Lord's, Jesus my Saviour sal-va-tion affords,
 2. Saved to the uttermost: Je-sus is near, Keeping me safely, he casteth out fear;
 3. Saved to the uttermost: this I can say, "Once all was darkness, but now it is day,"
 4. Saved to the uttermost: cheerfully sing Loud hal-le-lu-jas to Je-sus, my King;

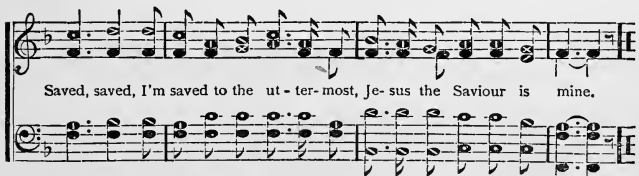


Gives me his Spir-it a witness within, Whisp'ring of pardon, and saving from sin.
 Trusting his prom-is-es, how I am blest, Leaning upon him, how sweet is my rest.
 Beau-ti-ful visions of glo-ry I see, Je-sus in brightness revealed unto me.
 Ransom'd and pardon'd, redeemed by his blood, Cleansed from unrighteousness, glory to God.

CHORUS.



Saved, saved, saved to the ut-termost, Saved, saved, by pow-er di-vine;

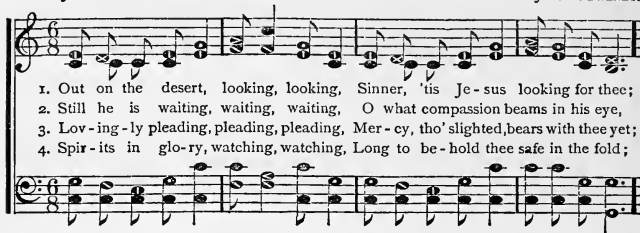


Saved, saved, I'm saved to the ut-ter-most, Je-sus the Saviour is mine.

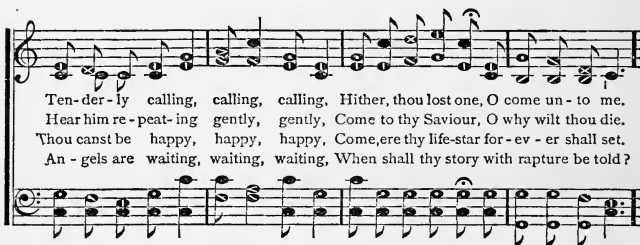
Coming To-day.

FANNY J. CROSEY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

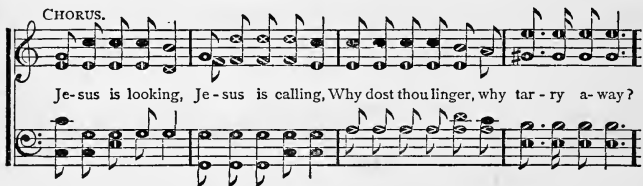


1. Out on the desert, looking, looking, Sinner, 'tis Je-sus looking for thee;
 2. Still he is waiting, waiting, waiting, O what compassion beams in his eye,
 3. Lov-ing-ly pleading, pleading, pleading, Mer-cy, tho' slighted, bears with thee yet;
 4. Spir-its in glo-ry, watching, watching, Long to be-hold thee safe in the fold;

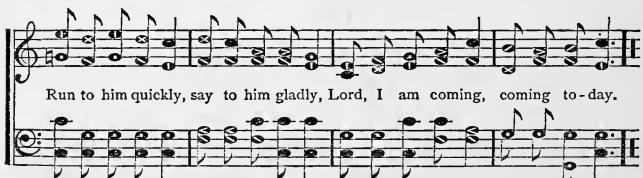


Ten-der-ly calling, calling, calling, Hither, thou lost one, O come un-to me.
 Hear him re-peat-ing gently, gently, Come to thy Saviour, O why wilt thou die.
 Thou canst be happy, happy, happy, Come, ere thy life-star for-ev-er shall set.
 An-gels are waiting, waiting, waiting, When shall thy story with rapture be told?

CHORUS.



Je-sus is looking, Je-sus is calling, Why dost thou linger, why tar-ry a-way?

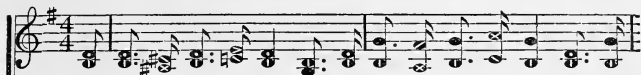


Run to him quickly, say to him gladly, Lord, I am coming, coming to-day.

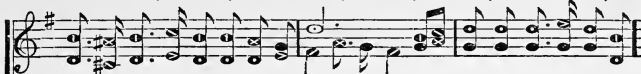
Triumph By and by.

Dr. C. R. BLACKALL.

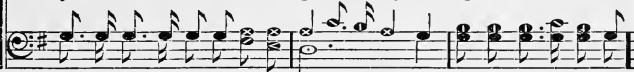
H. R. PALMER.



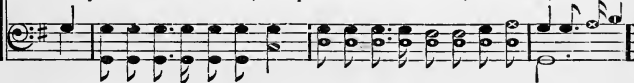
1. The prize is set be-fore us, To win, his words implore us, The
2. We'll fol-low where he lead-eth, We'll past-ure where he feed-eth, We'll
3. Our home is bright a-bove us, No tri-als dark to move us, But



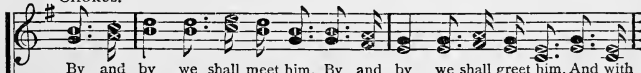
eye of God is o'er us, From on high, *from on high*; His loving tones are calling,
yield to him who pleadeth From on high, *from on high*; Then naught from him shall sever,
Jesus, dear, to love us, There on high, *there on high*; We'll give him best endeavor,



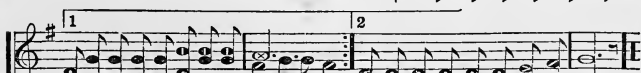
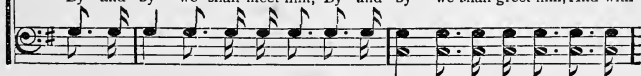
While sin is dark, appalling; 'Tis Jesus gently calling, He is nigh, *he is nigh*.
Our hope shall brighten ever, And faith shall fail us nev-er, He is nigh, *he is nigh*.
And praise his name forever; His precious ones can never, Nev-er die, *never die*.



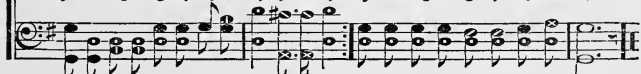
CHORUS.



By and by we shall meet him, By and by we shall greet him, And with



Jesus reign in glory, By and by, *by and by*; Jesus reign in glory, By and by.





1. When I'm hap - py, hear me sing, When I'm happy, hear me sing, When I'm
2. When in sor - row, hear me pray, When in sorrow, hear me pray, When in
3. When I'm dy - ing, hear me cry, When I'm dying, hear me cry, When I'm
4. When I'm ris - ing, hear me shout, When I'm rising, hear me shout, When I'm
5. When in heav - en, we will sing, When in heav - en, we will sing, When in



CHORUS.



hap - py, hear me sing, Give me Je - sus, Give me Je - sus, Give me
 sorrow, hear me pray, Give me Je - sus,
 dying, hear me cry, Give me Je - sus,
 rising, hear me shout Give me Je - sus,
 heaven, we will sing, Blessed Je - sus, Bles-sed Je - sus, Bles-sed



Je - sus; You may have all the world: Give me Je - sus.
 Je - sus, By thy grace we are saved, Bles-sed Je - sus.



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 DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

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O when shall I see Jesus.

- 1 O WHEN shall I see Jesus,
 And dwell with him above—
 To drink the flowing fountain
 Of everlasting love?
 When shall I be delivered
 From this vain world of sin,
 And with my blessed Jesus
 Drink endless pleasures in?

CHO.—Then palms of victory, crowns of
 glory,
 Palms of victory I shall wear. :||

- 2 But now I am a soldier,
 My Captain's gone before;

He's given me my orders,
 And tells me not to fear;
 And if I hold out faithful
 A crown of life he'll give,
 And all his valiant soldiers
 Eternal life shall have.

- 3 O, do not be discouraged,
 For Jesus is your Friend,
 And if you lack for knowledge,
 He'll not refuse to lend;
 Neither will he upbraid you,
 Though often you request;
 He'll give you grace to conquer,
 And take you home to rest.

Entire Consecration.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Take my life, and let it be Con - se - crated, Lord, to thee;
 2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau - ti - ful for thee;
 3. Take my lips, and let them be Filled with messag - es for thee;
 4. Take my moments, and my days, Let them flow in endless praise;

Take my hands, and let them move At the impulse of thy love.
 Take my voice, and let me sing Al - ways, on - ly, for my King.
 Take my sil - ver and my gold, — Not a mite would I with - hold.
 Take my in - te - lect, and use Ev' - ry pow'r as thou shalt choose.

CHORUS.

{ Wash me in the Saviour's precious blood, *the precious blood,* } Lord, I give to
 { Cleanse me in its pu - ri - fy - ing flood, *the healing flood,* }

thee my life and all, to be Thine, hence - forth e - ter - nal - ly.

5 Take my will, and make it thine;
 It shall be no longer mine;
 Take my heart,—it is thine own,—
 It shall be thy royal throne.

6 Take my love,—my Lord, I pour
 At thy feet its treasure-store!
 Take myself, and I will be
 Ever, only, all for thee!

1. I praise the Lord that one like me For mer-cy may to Je-sus flee,
 2. I was to sin a wretched slave, But Je-sus died my soul to save;
 3. I look by faith and see this word, Stamp'd with the blood of Christ my Lord,
 4. I now believe he saves my soul, His precious blood hath made me whole;

He says that who - so - ev - er will May seek and find sal - va - tion still.
 He says that who - so - ev - er will May seek and find sal - va - tion still.
 He says that who - so - ev - er will May seek and find sal - va - tion still.
 He says that who - so - ev - er will May seek and find sal - va - tion still.

CHORUS.

My Saviour's promise faileth never; He counts me in the Who-so-ev-er.

From "Gems of Praise," by per,

DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

388

We Shall Know.

Key Eb.

- 1 WHEN the mists have rolled in splendor
 From the beauty of the hills,
 And the sunshine, warm and tender,
 Falls in kisses on the rills,
 We may read love's shining letter
 In the rainbow of the spray,—
 We shall know each other better
 When the mists have cleared away.

Cho.—We shall know as we are known,
 Never more to walk alone,
 In the dawning of the morning,
 When the mists have cleared away.:

- 2 If we err, in human blindness,
 And forget that we are dust;

If we miss the law of kindness
 When we struggle to be just,
 Snowy wings of peace shall cover
 All the plain that hides away,—
 When the weary watch is over,
 And the mists have cleared away.

- 3 When the mists have risen above us,
 As our Father knows his own,
 Face to face with those that love us,
 We shall know as we are known;
 Love, beyond the orient meadows
 Floats the golden fringe of day,
 Heart to heart, we bide the shadows,
 Till the mists have cleared away.

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